

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1909

IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS

BY LORIN F. DELAND

I

WHEN Napoleon caused the names of his dead soldiers to be inscribed on the face of Pompey's Pillar, some one criticised the act as "a mere bit of imagination." "That is true," replied Napoleon, "but imagination rules the world."

The subject of imagination is a large one. Even our morals come, in part, from the imagination, — as the virtue of pity. Doubtless it would be impossible for a human being absolutely devoid of imagination to feel the emotion of pity. But let us consider the application of imagination to one thing; namely, to business. It would be easy to trace the world's inventions to its imaginative men, and tell of the gain to the individual from a single thought. We had all watched children go scuffling along to school, stubbing their toes at every step, and it meant nothing to us. But one day an imaginative man watched them, and saw the effect of putting a thin strip of copper across the toe of the boy's boot. The world gave him a million dollars. It could afford to, out of the many millions it saved. Or, leaving inventions aside, we might trace the imagination which made the water-fall of Niagara feed the electric lamps in the city of Buffalo, twenty miles away.

But, confining our thoughts within an even smaller circle, let us follow the workings of the imagination in the most material form of business, — that of ordinary merchandising. I believe that imagination is as valuable — I do not say as essential, but as valuable — in the management of trade, as in any of the

arts. It is as valuable, it is as applicable, and with the single exception of the art of literature, it is as essential.

But just what do we mean by imagination? If our research is to be carried to any distance, the word should be clearly defined. Is not the best definition, to put it concisely, this: Imagination is the synthesis of the mind; that is, the opposite of analysis? It is the putting together of things into a compound, not the separation of a compound into its parts. It is the relating of one thought or object to another and different one; or, rather, the relating of separate elements or objects. Its nature is dual; it manifests itself in two directions, — range and intensity.

Here on the wall hangs a sword carried in the Civil War. Two men of imagination look at it. One of them instantly imagines the conditions of society which brought about the war; he thinks of slavery, of the horrors of the middle passage, of the scenes of terror in the Bight of Benin, and lo, in a twinkling he is a hundred years and three thousand miles away from that sword. That is *range*. The second man looks at the same sword, and he sees the battle, the charge at the fortifications, and the fearful slaughter. He hears the bugles blowing the advance, and he listens to the deafening roar of the cannon and the higher-voiced rattle of musketry. The groans of the wounded sound in his ears. Already a whole epic is acting itself out upon the stage of his brain, and that simple sword is its beginning and its end. That is *intensity*.

Imagination, then, is the ability, upon seeing any object, to construct around

VOL. 103 — NO. 4

that object its probable or possible environment; thus, apprehending any force, to realize what produced it, and what it will produce. The man of imagination writes a drama. His dramatic instinct apprehends the power of contrasts; he constructs a plot; he realizes what each person will do, and why he will do it. His characters take possession of his will; they act out their own destiny, — often against their author's own desire. *He* relates it all together.

Take the simplest instance of this relating of one thing to another in business. Let me say here, in passing, that I shall not introduce into this article any supposititious occurrences; each illustration is an actual fact, either in my experience, or of which I have been cognizant. And one other point: it is difficult at times to draw the line between imagination and sagacity. Starting in sagacity, a man's action often proceeds by imagination. The two become blended. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that, as sagacity emerges from the present, the existing, and the seen, into the future, the unborn, and the unapprehended, it becomes imagination. I shall try to confine myself to instances of action which proceed forth from imagination.

We were about to consider the simplest illustration of this relating of one thing to another in business. Let me tell the story of two bootblacks. We can scarcely go lower in the business scale. These two boys, of about the same age, I found standing, one Saturday afternoon, on opposite sides of a crowded thoroughfare in Springfield. So far as could be judged, there was no preference between the different sides of the street, for an equally large crowd seemed to be moving on both sides. The bootblacks had no regular stand, but each had his box slung over his shoulder, and, standing on the curbstone, solicited the passers-by to stop and have a shine. Each boy had one "call," or method of solicitation, which he repeated at regular intervals. The two solicitations were entirely different, but each

was composed of four words. They never varied them. Yet one of these boys, by the peculiar wording of his solicitation, secured twice as much business as the other, so far as one could judge, and I watched them for a long time.

The cry of the first boy was, "Shine your boots here." It announced the simple fact that he was prepared to shine their boots. The cry of the second boy was, "Get your Sunday shine!" It was then Saturday afternoon, and the hour was four o'clock. This second boy employed imagination. He related one attraction to another; he joined facts together; his four simple words told all that the first boy said, and a great deal more. It conveyed the information, not simply that he was there to shine shoes, but that to-morrow was Sunday; that from present appearances it was likely to be a pleasant day; that he, as a bootblack, realized they would need an extra good shine; and, somehow, the sentence had in it a gentle reminder that the person on whose ears it fell had heretofore overlooked the fact that the next day was the Sabbath, and that any self-respecting Christian would wish his shoes shined before he repaired to the sanctuary. Perhaps it was merely good luck that this boy secured twice the business of the other, but I have seen too many of such experiences to think of them as accidental.

Take another case, not in my own experience, but which happened to Heinemann, the European publisher. He once noticed two peddlers standing side by side, selling toy dolls. One of them had a queer, fat-faced doll, which he was pushing into the faces of the passers-by, giving it the name of a well-known woman reformer, then prominently before the public. His dolls were selling rapidly, while the man beside him, who had a really more attractive doll, was doing comparatively little business. A thought occurred to Heinemann, and he tried an experiment. Calling the second peddler to one side, "My friend," he said,

"do you want to know how to sell twice as many of these dolls as you are selling now? Hold them up in pairs, two together in each hand, and cry them as 'The Heavenly Twins.'" The toy-vender somewhat grudgingly followed his advice. It was at a time when Sarah Grand's famous novel was at the height of its popularity, and the title of the book was on every one's tongue. Perhaps it was merely another case of good luck, but the Heavenly Twins dolls were an instantaneous success, and within one hour the vender of the woman-reformer dolls gave up the fight, acknowledged himself beaten, and moved five blocks down the street to escape the ruinous competition. Here, again, is the relating of one thing to another, though in this case it was the relating of a popular name to an absolutely foreign subject. Of course the relation was wholly illogical, but it "got there" just the same.

The imaginative man sends his thought through all the instincts, passions, and prejudices of men; he knows their desires, and their regrets; he knows every human weakness and its sure decoy. Let me illustrate now that use of the imagination in business which is cleverly built on the frailties of mankind. It may be instanced in as many ways as there are human weaknesses. Under this head comes the subscription book, offered to you in a delicately-worded circular, explaining that an edition of two hundred copies only is to be printed, and the plates then destroyed, thereby ensuring the rarity of the book. If we stop and think a moment, we recognize that here is a direct appeal to vanity and selfishness. Yet how it works! Men are gratified even to be included in the list of recipients of such an invitation. And yet, really, the invitation is tantamount to an insult, for it assumes your overmastering vanity and selfishness, by making its strongest appeal in this direction.

Another weakness in human nature is the inability to throw away an element of value, even though it cannot be utilized.

Many years ago a firm of large retailers of Oriental rugs in this country, the representative of leading houses in Smyrna and Constantinople, found itself overloaded with goods. The situation was critical, unless a certain part of their stock could be turned over at once. The firm had but one proposition to make: namely, a great sacrifice sale of its smaller sizes of rugs, with a reduction in price of from fifty to sixty per cent, to ensure the movement of at least a thousand rugs, at retail, within one week. An average price on small Oriental rugs — take them as they come — would be \$30 to \$35. This called for an average loss of profit on each rug of from \$15 to \$20. But just here imagination was applied, and another course was recommended and adopted, which was based upon the inability of the average person voluntarily to throw away an element of value. This was twenty years ago, and the plan has since lost much through familiarity; but in those days it was a novelty, and it worked most effectively.

Briefly, it purposed — not to sell rugs, oh, dear, no! — but to determine the relative advertising merits of the different newspapers of the city in which this house was located. A test was to be made for six days. Of course, the firm was willing to pay something for such information, and so in each paper there was printed a facsimile of a one-dollar bill, made out in the name of the firm, and good during the next six days, to the extent of one dollar, on the purchase of any Oriental rug at their establishment. The imitation one-dollar note was somewhat crude, but in size and general appearance it suggested a dollar bill, and results showed that it was difficult for many persons to regard it in any other light. At least, they found it as hard to let it go unused, as if it had been indeed a genuine dollar. To all intents and purposes it was a one-dollar bill, provided it was spent at a certain store during a certain limit of time, and for a certain article. It seems incredible now, for the experiment was not

tried in a large city, yet within three days the volume of rugs sold amounted to the largest total yearly discount limit; in other words, the greatest discount given to any retail house, if the volume of its sales in one year could be made to equal this total.

The anticipation of one thousand rugs was far exceeded in the performance, and the week ended with sales of sixteen hundred rugs. On these there had been a total discount of sixteen hundred dollars, with but little more than the customary daily amount of advertising, and a complete saving of the large sacrifice which had at first seemed to the firm to be inevitable. The experiment was a bold one, for, had it failed, the firm must have suffered ten days' delay at a time of pressing necessity. I had faith in the plan, however, because it was founded on a principle in human nature, — the inability to throw away an element of value.

Mark this fact! It was not the price. It never is. It was the *reason* for the price. If, instead of giving the buyer one dollar toward his purchase money, they had taken twelve dollars off the rug, there might have been sold, perhaps, two hundred of those rugs — scarcely more! But by making one-twelfth as good an offer in a more imaginative form, they sold — not two hundred rugs, but sixteen hundred. That is imagination in business!

When the late Phillips Brooks held a series of religious services on Sunday evenings in Faneuil Hall, some doubt was expressed as to the size of the audience, since it was plainly announced that these services were for the "waifs" and "strays" of the city, and not for churchgoers. The club of young men who had the matter in hand left to me the question of deciding what course would insure the largest possible attendance. I went the first night, and found the hall well filled. The second night the attendance had dwindled perceptibly, and the third Sunday night there was scarcely more than half an audience. I called the committee together, and told them that

the audience had grown so small that we must hereafter have admission wholly by ticket. I still remember their consternation at this proposal. Their argument was a very natural one: if you cannot get people to come now, when there is no barrier whatever to their coming, how do you expect to get them to come when you refuse to admit them unless they have a ticket? But we carried the plan through, and thereafter no one was admitted who did not have a ticket. *From that night* the hall was full at every service. The ticket resembled in appearance a season ticket to the most expensive course of lectures or entertainments. As might have been expected, the people who got these tickets found it quite impossible to sacrifice an element of value, however slight that value was. They were entitled to attend divine service that night at Faneuil Hall, while Tom, Dick, and Harry, their neighbors, were not. And this slight advantage many of them could not relinquish.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, found it necessary to employ this same method when he held services in the great tabernacle on Tremont Street many years ago. His attendance, large at first, soon fell off materially; but Mr. Moody, to correct this, announced that attendance would be by ticket only; within a week the great tabernacle was crowded at every service, and this continued up to the last meeting.

II

Perhaps we might leave the domain of business for one moment, and remind ourselves of the working of this law in the privacy of our own homes, when one's wife says, "My dear, there are only a few more of these strawberries left; they can't keep till to-morrow; I wish you'd eat them up to-night so they won't spoil!" There is the element of value again, which so rarely can be thrown away gracefully.

But returning to business, let me relate another experience along the same line. It happened back in the eighties, but

human nature has not changed in the intervening twenty years. A leading organ manufactory found that by actual count they had, in the preceding fifty years, manufactured and sold a larger number of organs than any other maker in the world. In other words, they held the world's record of sales, the number being 200,000. The problem was to determine how best to utilize the advantage contained in this fact. I suggested that they offer a prize for the best popular conception of the number 200,000; that they publish this offer widely throughout the country, which, in itself, would call attention in an interesting way to the fact that they had manufactured 200,000 organs. They were then to take the fifty best conceptions of this large total, making an engraving to illustrate each one, and publish the whole in an attractive pamphlet, of which they should issue an edition large enough to make the cost of the book not to exceed one cent. It could be mailed for another cent, so that they could supply them to the public at a cost of two cents; or, in other words, any one enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter would receive the book by mail; and if a large number of these books could be distributed, it would be substantially free advertising, for it would be advertising which involved no expenditure beyond the sending away of the books. It was found that an edition of 100,000 copies would have to be printed to bring the cost to this low limit, and the firm questioned whether so many as this could be disposed of by a simple offer that the book would be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. But their doubts yielded to my arguments, and they issued the book.

Four months later, in discussing another matter, they referred to the failure of their efforts to dispose of the book, and their chagrin at finding so large an edition on their hands, which they could not use. It appeared, on further conversation, that to dispose of them they had advertised them once in the *Youth's Companion*, a paper which at that time had a

circulation of over 400,000 copies. They showed me the advertisement. It measured about six inches, single column, and, in good plain type, announced that a book entitled "*How Large is 200,000?*" had been prepared, with over fifty illustrations, finely printed, making an attractive volume of forty-eight pages, which would be sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp. In all the time which had elapsed since that advertisement had appeared, they had received 788 replies, and, consequently, an edition of 99,212 books was still upon their hands. The man who was responsible for this operation felt his humiliation, but nevertheless he believed that he could get rid of those books, by an advertisement in the same paper, inserted once only, and in a smaller space — virtually a mere repetition of the previous offer.

Accordingly, the following advertisement appeared. At the top were the words, **PRIZE REBUS**. Under this heading there was a simple rebus, one of the old-fashioned kind so dear to the "regular subscriber," although this particular puzzle was so easy of solution that any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to work it out in a reasonable time. Under the rebus was the offer, which was to the effect that the books had been prepared, that a certain edition had been printed, that no more would be thereafter printed, and that the books would not be distributed thereafter upon request, but would be given as prizes to any one who could solve the rebus there given. Of course the rebus, being exceedingly simple, would be readily solved; it then entitled its interpreter to a book, and we find ourselves at once back on the old ground of a person entitled to an advantage, and called upon to choose whether he will avail himself of that advantage by a very slight expenditure, or sacrifice the advantage with no expenditure. The advertisement was inserted once, and nothing further was heard from the Organ Company for a time. Then came a letter saying, "Where is this thing

going to end? We have sent out 23,000 books on that one advertisement up to last Saturday night. We have now a force of five women employed in opening letters and mailing books. Had we not better prepare another edition?"

So it went on for *ten weeks* more, finally breaking all known records for the number of replies from any single advertisement.

Now, what was the defect in the first offer? It employed no imagination. It did not reckon with human nature. Or rather, it went directly contrary to a law of human nature. There is a belief, deep-seated in the human mind, that the thing which you can get for nothing is worth nothing. The public very properly accepted this book at its publisher's own appraisal; he offered it for nothing, therefore it was worth nothing. It would be possible to go further, and tell how the advantage was followed up in this case, and organs were sold to the people who had solved the prize rebus, but that is what Kipling calls "another story," and does not properly belong under this particular weakness of human nature.

I want to give just one more illustration under this head. A leading publisher conceived the idea of preparing a series of pictures of the great scenes of the Civil War. There were many pictures in the series, and they were finely executed from originals by famous artists. No pains or expense was spared, and, sure of success, a very large edition was printed. They were offered to the public at five dollars each. It was never intended to reduce this price, except to quote a slightly lower rate for the complete series. But the pictures were a dead failure. Some time after they were placed on the market the account on the books of the firm stood charged with an expenditure of over \$50,000, against which there were receipts amounting to \$700, representing the sales of the first six months. Net loss up to that date, \$49,300. It was evident that this was a bad investment. The question was whether it would not be wise,

in view of the signal failure of the enterprise, to reduce the pictures to a price of one dollar, which would represent less than the actual manufacturing cost, it is true, but which would go far, if the entire edition of fifty thousand could be sold, to reimburse the company for the very large sum which had been put into these pictures, and which, at present, there seemed to be no way of taking out. The plan was not to spend any money in advertising, but to announce to the trade, and to storekeepers generally, that these five-dollar pictures were now reduced to one dollar.

If the plan had been carried out along the lines then proposed, the result must have been an absolute failure. It is doubtful if a thousand more pictures would have been sold. Instead, the following plan was suggested, and its efficacy may be left to the judgment of any student of human nature. A circular was to be prepared and mailed to every member of the Grand Army of the Republic, which at that time numbered over 361,000 men. Enclosed with that circular was to be a receipt for \$4 on account, to apply on the purchase of one of the war pictures. It was to be made out in the name of the member and signed by the publishers. The circular was to state that the regular price of the picture was \$5, but that a comrade of any Grand Army Post could secure the picture for the nominal price of \$1. The picture would be delivered to him upon payment of \$1, with the accompanying receipt for \$4, which must be attested by the Secretary of his Post.

It was easy to imagine how this plan would work. By virtue of his membership in the Grand Army, the recipient was entitled to secure a \$5 picture for \$1. The offer would not be made to any one else. He, by virtue of his membership in this National Order, had only to pay \$1 to secure an equivalent of \$5. Let us admit at once that thousands of these men did not care to pay \$1 even for a \$5 picture. But how many of

them, do you suppose, would tear up the signed receipt for \$4? Instead, they would keep it in their pocket, look at it every few days, mention it to some of their friends, and end by making the generous offer to one of these friends that if he would like to avail himself of the chance, he could do it in *his* name. In other words, John Brown, as a G. A. R. man, is entitled to the picture, but John Brown does not care to buy it. His friend, John Smith, who is not in the G. A. R., however, will be very glad to take advantage of such an opportunity, and so Brown buys the picture for Smith in his (Brown's) name, paying for it with his \$4 receipt and Smith's \$1 in money. Inasmuch as the sales of these pictures would be naturally among members of the Grand Army, the offer amounted to a virtual reduction of the price from \$5 to \$1; yet how much more attractive was this form of making the reduction, which preserved the pictures from the shock of a precipitate and sensational discount.

III

We have now taken two weaknesses in human nature, namely, selfishness and acquisitiveness, and shown the baser use of the imagination in business, which rears its fabric on such weaknesses — using the word “baser” not to imply a moral defect, but merely to designate such usages as relatively less pleasing than other instances which might be cited. If time afforded, it would be easily possible to select other weaknesses of mankind, and instance how the imagination is employed in such cases; then, to take the reverse of these cases, that is, the traits not in themselves weak or base, but of which advantage is taken; such, for example, as the love of the material or concrete, the reasoning by analogy, the impression of value by quantity, the impression of quality by multiplication of argument, and similar instances.

It must be remembered always that

it is not the price of an article which is important, but the *reason* for the price. This is one of the backbone truths of merchandising, and when once a seller gets a firm hold of this fact, and is able to apply it in its highest efficiency, he can almost devastate the trade. I have seen on more than one occasion the delight with which a retail advertiser first clearly grasps this idea. We can detect something of it in one of the illustrations just used; but now what is the reason which underlies this law? Is it not this: that the argument for the price is the imaginative part of the transaction; the price itself is absolutely unimaginative. Admit that the reason for the price is an important thing in the transaction, and that a high price with a good reason will sell more goods than a low price with a poor reason, and it is only reaffirming, in another form, the potentiality of the imagination in business.

The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution-of-partnership sale — what are these, and many more, but arguments for the price? And note this one point: that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce your fur-lined overcoats from \$100 to \$60, and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that, owing to an expiration of your lease, and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks, you will reduce the price of your fur-lined overcoats from \$100 to \$80, and you may sell easily all you have to offer. Instinctively, the public sees the whole picture, — the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the vanishing days, the final sacrifice, and the store full of eager buyers quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction previously considered; but one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.

Approach the whole question from another standpoint. Perhaps there is no better index of the value of imagination in business than the immense importance which attaches to the selection of a name for any article. To describe an article in an imaginative vein is to sell it at once to many persons; merely to give it a good name is to sell it to a few. So important is this matter held to be by those who have successfully grasped the value of imagination in business, that it has been used for no less an object than the stifling of competition. Let us assume that tomorrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap, to compete with some of the well-known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. That is a first consideration. But, right at the outset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency, and clearness suggest the title of "amber soap." Yes, surely "amber soap" does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word "amber," for you find that this is one of a list of twenty-four possible names for a toilet soap, preempted by registration as a protectionary measure, years ago, by one of the leading American soap-makers. They have covered over one hundred names in the past quarter of a century, willingly paying the registration charges of twenty-five dollars for every title. Of course, they do not intend to use them; they register them to fight off competition, believing (and here is the important point!) that no clever business man (and it is such competition which alone they fear) — that no clever business man would embark in the enterprise of manufacturing a new soap, when from the start he was prevented from employing the powerful weapon of imagination in giving it a suitable name. If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the would-be competitor of

the appeal to the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business!

More striking instances of this endeavor to intercept competition may be found by a perusal of the trade-names and trademarks registered in Great Britain. Ten years ago there were only 27,000 trade-names registered in the United States as against 182,000 registered in England. The English, from whom we have borrowed the idea of protection by registration, take most of our American names that have any originality or value, if the owner for any reason has left them unregistered at the expiration of the six months during which the trade-name is protected for filing in Great Britain. English manufacturers have gone to the extent of protecting themselves, not merely in their own line of goods, but in all lines of manufacture, thereby preventing their trade-name from becoming commonplace by its repeated use. Thus the word "Sunlight" has been registered by its owners, not merely as the name of a soap, but for practically every article of household use to which the name could be applied.

By a peculiarity of the English Copyright laws, it is not permitted to cover every article with one name. The various articles of domestic use are arranged in groups, and one article in each group must be left unprotected, to conform to the law. In this case at hand, no little ingenuity has been used in selecting as the subject of each omission an article to which the name "Sunlight" could scarcely apply; as, for example, Sunlight Andirons; I think this was one of the articles in one of the groups left unprotected. The English charge is £10 for each registration, exclusive of all fees, and some manufacturers have expended close to \$50,000 in this form of protection. When we see shrewd manufacturers investing such sums on their belief that you ruin a man's chances when you curtail his ability to employ imagination, is it not another proof of the value of imagination in business?

I shall try now, before concluding this article, to illustrate the use of imagination in business by three business problems. I select them partly because of their remoteness from the present in point of time (there being little harm in my speaking of the occurrences at this late date), and partly because they typify widely different cases.

The first is a retail problem, the circumstance of a carpet house. The general question was whether the volume of business could be enlarged. This firm was advertising extensively in the papers, and such advertising is the fool's first resort, and the wise man's last one. It is the proper remedy in about one in four cases of the kind here considered. It could hardly be used advantageously in a carpet business, for the reason that carpets are not tempting merchandise. In other words, one is not prompted by any advertisement to rush out and buy carpets. One buys them when one needs them. The buying of carpets is done in a cold-blooded way.

Once a year, rarely oftener, a family decides that it wants a new carpet. This is usually at the strenuous period known as "spring cleaning." But there is a more important time than this, and that is when the family is removing from one house to another. Probably from twenty to thirty per cent of all buying of carpets is induced by a change of residence. Estimated roughly, there is one day in the year when each householder may buy carpets; accordingly, on three hundred and sixty-four days of the year the advertising of specific carpets for that man is wasted. For *every* man it would be wasted three hundred and sixty-four out of three hundred and sixty-five days, and such a proportion of waste will not permit of profitable advertising. The important thing, then, was to get at people when they were about to move, and it seemed at the start that the key to the situation was the real-estate agent. In this direction work was begun.

The plan was to secure from real-

estate agents, for some slight consideration, a complete record of all changes and removals from house to house in that city and its suburbs. The work had proceeded only a short distance, however, before it became evident that this was a wrong analysis of the case. The real-estate agent was not the correct clew; it was the furniture-mover! Many persons might effect a change of residence, especially in the upper class (and these changes were most valuable), without the transaction passing through the hands of any real-estate agent. But no one could remove from one residence to another, whether it was from a great establishment on Washington Square to another on Fifth Avenue, or whether a lodger with one trunk moved from a room on Bleeker Street to a room on Houston Street, without employing the furniture-mover.

Accordingly new plans were laid, a competent man was engaged to carry them out, and work proceeded on the following lines. A club was formed of all the furniture-movers in that city and its suburbs. Of course, there were isolated cases here and there of men who would not "club," but within ten days an organization was perfected, comprising forty-one of the leading furniture-movers, employing seventy-six wagons. A formal agreement was entered into and signed with each furniture-mover. The consideration for which they performed their service was comparatively slight. It has long been a custom with business houses to pay for the painting of a delivery wagon on the condition that it shall bear their advertisement; the name of the owner then appears in small letters, and the wagon ostensibly is a delivery wagon of the house whose name it bears. It is generally supposed that an advertisement thus painted on a wagon moving about through the streets of a city for a year, is well worth the cost of the painter's bill.

This old idea that furniture-movers like to escape the painting of their wagons was made to do duty here, and the repainting became a part of the compensation given

to them under the agreement. Their wagons were all painted with the name of this carpet house; a further consideration was that the house should keep them repaired at its own expense. They were to be repainted as often as required, say once in two years, and all repairs were to be paid for unless they were occasioned by gross carelessness. Contracts were made with seven or eight leading carriage-painters in the city in which this occurred, and exceptionally low rates secured by reason of the large quantity of work. Similar contracts were also made with wheelwrights for repairs.

To describe the consideration given by the furniture-mover to the carpet house, let me tell what would have happened had you, at any time desiring to move from one part of that city to another, called upon one of these furniture-movers, with a view to securing his services. The conversation might have been substantially on these lines:—

Customer. I am about to move from 32d Street to 57th Street. I don't know exactly how many loads there will be, but it is an ordinary houseful of furniture. I should like to know your charge for the job.

Furniture-Mover. Where are you now located?

(Customer gives his residence.)

And what is the new location?

(Customer gives the address. Both replies are at once entered on a slip.)

When do you propose to move?

(The date is given.)

Just how many loads would there be?

How many rooms are there in the house?
(Replies noted.)

Customer. Do you employ reliable and satisfactory men?

Furniture-Mover. Yes, sir. Here is my business card, and you will see upon the back of it what John Smith & Co., the well-known carpet house, say about me.

At this he hands the customer a business card, supplied to him without charge by the carpet house, and on the back of this business card there is a letter from

John Smith & Co., stating that they understand that this man is a reliable furniture-mover, who employs suitable help. The attitude with which the furniture-mover proudly regards the endorsement of John Smith & Co. is, in itself, an evidence that in the furniture-moving business, at least, Smith & Co. is readily conceded to be the leading carpet house of the city. In the meantime, the customer sees along the curb a number of neat-looking, attractive wagons, on each of which is the advertisement of John Smith & Co.

By direct agreement with the Smith carpet house, the furniture-mover is obliged to fill out within one hour, and forward to them by mail, a printed blank as follows:—

Name of party about to move:—; present address of party:—; new location to which he is to move:—; date when he expects to move:—; number of loads he will carry:—; etc., etc.

From forty-five to ninety of these blanks were received daily at the carpet house. When the system was started, it was the custom to send a representative, with samples, to call immediately upon the parties about to move. For a very short time one representative did all this work, but within three months it required six representatives, of whom four went in "sampler" carts built for this especial work, mounted on two wheels, and in appearance not unlike an Adams Express money-wagon. The carts were finely fitted up, and contained a complete line of samples, not only of carpetings, but of upholsteries, draperies, shades, etc. The memoranda received at the carpet house went immediately to the manager of the retail department; by him they were separated according to their locality; the presumably large customers were handed to the more expert representatives, while some poor devil who was moving with a trunk from one room to another received no call, but, instead, a circular or special letter, according to his importance, in which the

house offered its services in connection with any refurnishing which he might have to do, and suggested that one of their representatives call with samples on his daily round, for which, of course, there would be no charge. Meanwhile all newspaper advertising was stopped.

The business grew to such size that at the end of a year the carpet house had bought and was operating its own repair and paint shop. The plan worked out substantially as first conceived, with one exception. It was found necessary to employ two men whose sole business it was to go daily among the furniture-movers and keep them sharply up to their end of the agreement, ensuring immediate reports on all names, and complete memoranda. This experiment showed one solution of how to enlarge a retail carpet business. It was literally a gold mine, and the business of the house was greatly increased.

IV

So the retailer meets his difficulties and applies imagination in their solution. But the wholesaler has his problems too, and we shall find that the same panacea has lost none of its virtues as we examine a plan for the extension of a business in lithographic novelties. This house was one of the three firms who had supplied the great market of the world with its Christmas cards. The Christmas-card industry had waned, but they had taken it at its flood, and nicely calculated the moment of the ebb. The instant that the upper class of society abandoned the sending of Christmas cards, this firm was keen enough to realize that the custom was destined to have a short life, and from that day drew in its manufacturing, carried a short stock, and was well equipped to take advantage of any new turn. (The firm afterwards made a study of the question whether the custom of sending Christmas cards could be reestablished, deciding finally that as the custom had gone out through the upper class of society, it could only reënter through that

class, and no way of reestablishing it in that direction seemed to suggest itself. Many ways were open to revive the custom in other classes of society, but this firm wisely concluded that it would be impossible to work the revival upwards. The popularity of the bicycle is the only exception I know to this general rule, and it has been one of the curious anomalies in trade movements in recent years.)

The establishment in question then turned its attention to the manufacture of art novelties, booklets, hangers, etc. For these there was a fairly large demand, and the question was how to double that trade. It was a difficult problem, for the goods were marketed entirely by little stationery and periodical stores — about the smallest calibre of storekeeper that can be imagined. It was out of the question to sell to the consumer direct, as that would instantly antagonize the retailers then handling the goods. It seemed almost impossible to infuse any enterprise and life into these little two-by-four storekeepers, in whose hands lay absolutely the future prosperity of the business. However, upon a closer study of the conditions, the point which attracted attention was the wide divergence in the volume of business done by different stores. Two, located in Cleveland, Ohio, and in Providence, Rhode Island, in the same relative location, and appealing to the same class, were doing a totally different business. The two constituencies were substantially alike; but one store was doing a business of \$300, and the other of \$3000.

This indicated broadly that but few of these little storekeepers understood how to push their business, and it at once suggested the course which should be taken: first, to acquaint the trade, immediately and confidentially, with this state of affairs; and secondly, for this house to offer, as a committee of the whole, to investigate the various methods by which the business could be developed, reporting estimates and figures, with attested results as to each method. In

other words, if a man in Philadelphia had employed successfully the method of making five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cent counters, the house proposed to investigate the whole system and its results, and report its findings to all who joined the movement. If another man in another city had established \$1, \$2, \$3, and \$5 packets, and made a great success, the workings of that system would be explained, telling just what to avoid and what to do. In a similar way, to investigate the sending of canvassers, with books of samples, to interview customers in person; the advertising in magazines; and all the different ways by which one and another man in different parts of the country had made any success.

It was supposed that possibly three hundred dealers might join this movement. The first circular was sent out, and within six weeks 2900 small storekeepers and their clerks had united with the lithographing firm in the undertaking. The movement was continued successfully for several years. It grew out of its original limitations, and the monthly reports began finally to discuss methods of salesmanship, taking individual articles and illustrating different methods of presentment.

Here we see a different application of imagination, a sort of outward application to lubricate the stiffening joints of business. Let me now, as a last illustration, take an instance where the medicine was compounded to be taken internally. It was the question of a humble employee. We will say his name was Mills, and he was one of the army of workers in the service of a wholesale clothing house. He came to me with his serious problem: he had been employed by this house for three years; he had received one small raise of salary at the end of the first year, and now, after two years of waiting, he was side-tracked, as he thought, hopelessly stalled on the road to business success, one of the innumerable teeth in the mighty gear, of no special

value, and with no prospects whatever for the future. He wanted to marry (on \$6 a week!), and this had added to his discontent with his surroundings. He came to ask me whether he had not better give up his situation, and trust to luck to find something better. I urged at once against such a course, and told him to look for something better while still holding his present situation. He said he had tried that for some time, but found himself restless. I said to him, "Mills, the important thing for you in this matter, is to ascertain whether you are paid all that you are worth; and, that settled, whether you can make yourself worth any more. But first of all let us see if you can make yourself worth any more, whether you are paid it or not. If you can, you had better stick, and look for your raise at the first fair opportunity." He agreed with me in my hypothesis, but said he did not quite understand how that could be found out. I said, "I cannot find it out to-day, but if you will put yourself in my hands absolutely for three months, I will guarantee that we shall both have an answer to that question." He agreed, and I went ahead. Here were my instructions to him:

"For the first thirty days I want you to put your mind on one thing only; drop all outside nonsense, and focus your entire attention, thought, and energy upon this question: By what method which *you* can devise, can your house sell \$100,000 worth more of goods every year than they are now selling? (Mills gasped!) Or \$10,000 worth more? Or \$1000 worth more? Or \$100 worth more? When you have discovered your plan, work it all out on paper, put down the figures in black and white, verify every item of expense, and take the complete showing, at a favorable moment, to the man on whom you must depend for your raise of salary. However good the idea may be, when you present it to him view it tentatively; tell him as modestly as you can that you believe that the prosperity of the house should be as truly your concern as his; that both your fortunes are in the same

boat; say frankly that you hope it may not seem presumptuous that you should seem to suggest reforms or changes, but that you are really interested in the success of the business, and it is this interest which must be blamed for any seeming intrusion on your part. Put it to him modestly; if he decides that the idea is not good, say you are sorry for having wasted his time, and get out as quickly as you can. Then go to work on another idea. When you carry this to him, if he negatives it also, make your excuses and ask him if there is any objection to your still studying and trying to plan out some method by which the business can be extended."

In a general way, with a good deal more of explanation, I think I made him understand how he was to present his idea, so that in no case would he be in danger of losing his position or the good will of the firm, by seeming to have their interests very closely at heart. Thirty days passed, and Mills came to me. His report was brief. With all his thinking, he had found no method by which the business of the firm could be extended even one hundred dollars a year. I then put him to work upon his second month's labor, which was this: "See whether you can discover any method by which, while losing no present advantage or trade, the firm can transact its present volume of business with greater economy, so that, by your improved methods of conducting the business, there shall be effected a saving of \$50,000 a year; or \$5000 a year; or \$500 a year; or \$50 a year!" I thought he drew a rather long breath as he left me to go to work for thirty days on this proposition; but he, more or less manfully, went through the second stage of his labors, and at the end of another thirty days he came back to me with his report. He had been able to discover no new method whereby the firm could economize on its present system. He had, however, discovered one thing, namely, that he would not need to go ahead for another thirty days with our experiment, for he

had about made up his mind that he would continue where he was.

I said to him, "So Mills, you don't care for any more of my advice? Well, this time I am going to give it to you, without your wanting it. My boy, just realize for one moment where you stand. With the enormous volume of clothing business which is being done, and with the undoubted expansion which can be effected, you are not able, though you have worked three years in this house, to increase the volume of this business one hundred dollars a year; with the elaborate and necessarily wasteful methods in which that great business is transacted, you are not near enough to it to be able to point out a better system in any department whereby the small sum of fifty dollars a year may be saved. Now, Mills, let me give you a last word of advice, and it is valuable advice. My boy, lie low! Attract just as little attention to yourself as you can. Don't let the proprietors or manager remember that you have been three years in their employ, if you can help it. You are an absolutely unproductive man. If they knew how little capable you are of development and progress, they would change you off to-morrow for some young man of greater promise. Lie low, my boy. Keep out of prominence as much as you can, and go down on your knees to-night and thank God that you have got a situation where you are paid all that you are worth. I don't mean that you are a bit inferior to thousands of other young men who are in the stores and wholesale houses in this city; but you, like them, are simply sitting upon the head of the one brainy man who sits in the counting-room. He has to solve all these problems. You and fifty others in your establishment are just sitting on top of his head, like so many dead weights. If the business prospers you expect a raise of salary, when it is his head-work that has gained every inch of the progress. He has to carry you all."

The young man went off, sadder and wiser than he came. For the five years

thereafter in which I was able to follow his course, he held the same place and at the same salary. Now, in a last word, what was the object of this experiment? Of course, I did n't expect that this boy was going to revolutionize the clothing trade. It was simply to find out whether he had in him any imagination which he could employ in his business. I was willing to stake my prediction of his fate on the result of that one question, and I think the years have shown that I was right.

If space permitted, it would be worth while to enumerate the great variety of problems which arise in business. To every one of these problems, imagination, if you will employ it, will open the door. If you want some day to relieve the tedium of a railroad journey by employing your imagination upon a test problem, let me give you one. It was the first client I ever had. Two young men in Indiana conceived the idea that there would be a fortune for them if they could secure a whale, load him on a large special car, and carry him over the United States, giving exhibitions in every town and city through which they passed, where their car could be side-tracked for one day, while the great fresh-water public saw the whale at twenty-five cents a head.

They investigated the idea thoroughly, found it practical, and put into the venture every last cent that both of them had saved. They had two elaborate cars constructed in the Pullman shops. They were built on the Pennsylvania Railroad pattern; one was a car of extra length, with special appliances for switching, curves, etc., and was to hold the whale. The sides of the car let down, and served as an inclined platform upon which people could walk up and view the "monster of the deep." The other car was a hotel car, and contained bedrooms and living-rooms, accommodations for their families, business office, ticket-office, safe, etc. They were really fine cars, costing many thousands of dollars. They even went so far as to have all their printing prepared,

giving a thrilling account of the capture of the whale, and every detail, discreetly omitting the mention of its exact size. Thousands and tens of thousands of posters, flyers, and circulars were printed, and then the two cars started from the Pullman works in the west, bound for Boston. They arrived in the Boston & Albany yards, where they were side-tracked while the two men went down to Nantucket to arrange for the purchase of the whale.

There is a recognized industry on the Atlantic coast in whales. The year before these young men arrived in Boston over forty whales had been caught and brought in to Nantucket. Any one capturing a whale, dead or alive, was enabled to dispose of it to an enterprising buyer in Nantucket, who stood always ready to purchase. These young men found, however, upon arriving at Nantucket, that no whale had been captured since they refused the last one, which had been landed in July, — ten weeks too early for their purposes. Usually the catch extends well into November, and they had counted upon the cold weather to help them in the first stages of their undertaking. But that year only fourteen whales had been caught, and although they waited in Nantucket until the season closed, no more whales appeared.

Without a cent of money, with their families on their hands, and with total assets amounting to two elaborate cars, the problem is to carry these young men through one year, making them earn enough to provide for all their necessities of life, including car-storage, and equip them in the fall of the following year with a large whale. That problem was solved; those two young men were kept alive, and their families supported, and one year later I saw the tail of a sixty-five foot whale vanishing over the railroad tracks westward, where it eventually gladdened the hearts of thousands of wild and woolly Westerners at twenty-five cents a peep. I will not weary you now with an account of how it was done,

but I recommend it as a pleasant little exercise for the imagination.

v

And now, shall we not all agree that there is a faculty which can accomplish in business such remedial and constructive work as we have been considering? It is not enterprise, nor thrift, nor industry, nor sagacity, nor courage. Nor can all these qualities combined supply the place left vacant by the lack of imagination. They each have their value, and by any of these roads a man may win to success. But the faculty of which I now conceive MAKES HIM CAPABLE OF UNDERTAKING ANY BUSINESS! He may be a successful bootblack, or the able president of a bank, or the astute manager of a circus. He *may fail*, for the imagination which enables him to comprehend

human nature in the aggregate does not necessarily enable him to understand it in the individual. He may know human nature, but not individual nature. Hence he may be a judge of methods, but not of men.

And now is any apology needed for these illustrations? To some readers, perhaps, they may seem sharp and shrewd, with a little flavor of the pavement. But business is intellectual warfare, a battle of wits, — in which one does not repulse solid shot with blank cartridges. It is not a theory, but a condition, which confronts the business man. He takes his medicine as he finds it compounded. It does n't taste as he would like to have it, but no one asked him what he liked. He is n't picnicking. He's at war. He smiles through the bitter drink, and orders it up for the whole company when his turn comes!

THE LONG ROAD

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THE long road I have in mind is the long road of evolution, — the road you and I have traveled in the guise of humbler organisms, from the first unicellular life in the old Cambrian seas to the complex and highly specialized creature that rules supreme in the animal kingdom today. Surely a long journey, stretching through immeasurable epochs of geologic time, and attended by vicissitudes of which we can form but feeble conceptions.

The majority of readers, I fancy, are not yet ready to admit that they, or any of their forebears, have ever made such a journey. We have all long been taught that our race was started upon its career only a few thousand years ago, started,

not amid the warrings of savage elemental nature, but in a pleasant garden with everything needed close at hand. This belief has faded a good deal in our time, especially among thoughtful persons; but in a modified form, as the special creation theory, it held sway in the minds of the older naturalists like Agassiz and Dawson, long after Darwin had launched his revolutionary doctrine of our animal origin, putting man in the same zoölogical scheme as the lower orders.

We are slow to adjust our minds to the revelations of science, they have been so long adjusted to a revelation, so-called, of an entirely different character. It gives them a wrench more or less violent when we try to make them at home and at their ease amid these new and startling disclosures. To many good people evolu-

tion seems an ungodly doctrine, like setting up a remorseless logic in the place of an omnipresent Creator. But there is no help for it. Science has fairly turned us out of our comfortable little anthropomorphic notion of things into the great out-of-doors of the universe. We must and will get used to the chill, yea, to the cosmic chill, if need be. Our religious instincts will be all the harder for it.

When we accepted Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, we virtually surrendered ourselves to the enemy, and started upon a road, the road of natural causation, that traverses the whole system of created things. We cannot turn back, we may lie down by the roadside and dream our old dreams, but our children and their children will press on, and will be exhilarated by the journey.

It is at first sight an unpalatable truth that Evolution confronts us with, and it requires courage calmly to face it. But it is in perfect keeping with the whole career of physical science, which is forever directing our attention to common near-at-hand facts for the key to remote and mysterious occurrences.

It seems to me that Evolution adds greatly to the wonder of life, because it takes it out of the realm of the arbitrary, the exceptional, and links it to the sequence of natural causation. That man should have been brought into existence by the fiat of an omnipotent power, is less an occasion for wonder than that he should have worked his way up from the lower non-human forms. That the manward impulse should never have been lost in all the appalling vicissitudes of geologic time, that it should have pushed steadily on, through mollusk and fish and amphibian and reptile, through dinosaurs and mastodons, and all the dragons and monsters of the sea, the earth, the air, till it came to its full estate in a human being, is the wonder of wonders.

In like manner, Evolution raises immensely the value of the biological processes that are everywhere operative about us, by showing us that these pro-

cesses are the channels through which the creative energy has worked, and is still working. Not in the far-off or in the exceptional does it seek the key to man's origin, but in the sleepless activity of the creative force, which has been pushing onward and upward, from the remotest time, till it has come to full fruition in man.

It is easy to inject into man's natural history a supernatural element, as nearly all biologists and anthropologists before Darwin's time did, and as many serious people still do. It is too easy, in fact, and the temptation to do so is great. It makes short work of the problem of man's origin, and saves a deal of trouble. But this method is more and more discredited, and the younger biologists and natural philosophers accept the zoological conception of man, which links him with all the lower forms, and proceed to work from that.

When we have taken the first step in trying to solve the problem of man's origin, where can we stop? Can we find any point in his history where we can say, Here his natural history ends, and his supernatural history begins? Does his natural history end with the pre-glacial man, with the cave man, or the river-drift man, with the low-browed long-jawed Java fossil man — the *pithecanthropus erectus* of Haeckel? Where shall we stop on his trail? I had almost said "step on his tail," for we undoubtedly, if we go back far enough, come to a time when man had a tail. Every unborn child at a certain stage of its development still has a tail, as it also has a coat of hair and a hand-like foot. But could we stop with the tailed man — the manlike ape, or the ape-like man? Did his Creator start him with this appendage, or was it a later suffix of his own invention?

If we once seriously undertake to solve the riddle of man's origin, and go back along the line of his descent, I doubt if we can find the point, or the form, where the natural is supplanted by the supernatural as it is called, where causation

ends and miracle begins. Even the first dawn of protozoic life in the primordial seas must have been natural, or it would not have occurred, — must have been potential in what went before it. In this universe, so far as we know it, one thing springs from another; the sequence of cause and effect is continuous and inviolable.

We know that no man is born of full stature, with his hat and boots on; we know that he grows from an infant, and we know the infant grows from a foetus, and that the foetus grows from a bit of nucleated protoplasm in the mother's womb. Why may not the race of man grow from a like simple beginning? It seems to be the order of nature; it *is* the order of nature, — first the germ, the inception, then the slow growth from the simple to the complex. It is the order of our own thoughts, our own arts, our own civilization, our own language.

In our candid moments we acknowledge the animal in ourselves and in our neighbors, — especially in our neighbors, — the beast, the shark, the hog, the sloth, the fox, the monkey; but to accept the notion of our animal origin, that gives us pause. To believe that our remote ancestor, no matter how remote in time or space, was a lowly organized creature living in the primordial seas with no more brains than a shovel-nosed shark or a gar-pike, puts our scientific faith to severe test.

Think of it. For countless ages, millions upon millions of years, we see the earth swarming with life, low bestial life, devouring and devoured, myriads of forms, all in bondage to nature or natural forces, living only to eat and to breed, localized, dependent upon place and clime, shaped to specific ends like machines, — to fly, to swim, to climb, to run, to dig, to drill, to weave, to wade, to graze, to crush, — knowing not what they do, as void of conscious purpose as the thorns and stings and hooks and coils and wings in the vegetable world, making no impression upon the face of nature, as much a part of it

as the trees and the stones, species after species having its day, and then passing off the stage, when suddenly, in the day before yesterday in the geologic year, so suddenly as to give some color of truth to the special creation theory, a new and strange animal appears, with new and strange powers, separated from the others by what appears an impassable gulf, less specialized in his bodily powers than the others, but vastly more specialized in his brain and mental powers, instituting a new order of things upon the earth, the face of which he in time changes through his new gift of reason, inventing tools and weapons and language, harnessing the physical forces to his own ends, and putting all things under his feet, — man the wonder-worker, the beholder of the stars, the critic and spectator of creation itself, the thinker of the thoughts of God, the worshiper, the devotee, the hero, spreading rapidly over the earth, and developing with prodigious strides when once fairly launched upon his career. Can it be possible, we ask, that this god was fathered by the low bestial orders below him, — instinct giving birth to reason, animal ferocity developing into human benevolence, the slums of nature sending forth the ruler of the earth. It is a hard proposition, I say, undoubtedly the hardest that science has ever confronted us with.

Haeckel, discussing this subject, suggests that it is the parvenu in us that is reluctant to own our lowly progenitors, the pride of family and position, like that of would-be aristocratic sons who conceal the humble origin of their parents. But it is more than that; it is the old difficulty of walking by faith where there is nothing visible to walk upon; we lack faith in the efficiency of the biologic laws, or any mundane forces, to bridge the tremendous chasm that separates man from even the highest of the lower orders. His radical unlikeness to all the forms below him, as if he moved in a world apart, into which they could never enter, as in a sense he does, is where the

difficulty lies. Moreover, evolution balks us because of the inconceivable stretch of time during which it has been at work. It is as impossible for us to grasp geological time as sidereal space. All the standards of measurement furnished us by experience are as inadequate as is a child's cup to measure the ocean.

Several million years, or one million years, — how can we take it in? We cannot. A hundred years is a long time in human history, and how we pause before a thousand! Then think of ten thousand, of fifty thousand, of one hundred thousand, of ten hundred thousand, or one million, or of one hundred million! What might not the slow but ceaseless creative energy do in that time, changing but a hair in each generation! If our millionaires had to earn their wealth cent by cent, and carry each cent home with them at night, it would be some years before they became millionaires. This is but a faint symbol of the slow process by which nature has piled up her riches. She has had no visions of sudden wealth. To clothe the earth with soil made from the disintegrated mountains — can we figure that time to ourselves? The orientals try to get a hint of eternity by saying that when the Himalayas have been ground to powder by allowing a gauze veil to float against them once in a thousand years, eternity will only have just begun. Our mountains have been pulverized by a process almost as slow. In our case the gauze veil is the air, and the rains, and the snows, before which even granite crumbles. See what the god of erosion, in the shape of water, has done in the river valleys and gorges — cut a mile deep in the Colorado canyon, and yet this canyon is but of yesterday in geologic time. Only give the evolutionary god time enough and all these miracles are surely wrought.

Truly it is hard for us to realize what a part time has played in the earth's history, — just time, duration, — so slowly, oh, so slowly, have the great changes been brought about! The turning of mud and silt into rock in the bottom of

the old seas seems to have been merely a question of time. Mud does not become rock in man's time, nor vegetable matter become coal. These processes are too slow for us. The flexing and folding of the rocky strata, miles deep, under an even pressure, is only a question of time. Allow time enough and force enough, and a layer of granite may be bent like a bow. The crystals of the rock seem to adjust themselves to the strain, and to take up new positions, just as they do, much more rapidly, in a cake of ice under pressure. Probably no human agency could flex a stratum of rock, because there is not time enough, even if there were power enough. "A low temperature acting gradually," says my geology, "during an indefinite age would produce results that could not be otherwise brought about even through greater heat." "Give us time," say the great mechanical forces, "and we will show you the immobile rocks and your rigid mountain-chains as flexible as a piece of leather." "Give us time," say the dews and the rains and the snow, "and we will make you a garden out of those same stubborn rocks and frowning ledges." "Give us time," says Life, starting with its protozoans in the old Cambrian seas, "and I will not stop till I have peopled the earth with myriad forms and crowned them all with man."

Dana thinks that, had "a man been living during the changes that produced the coal, he would not have suspected their progress," so slow and quiet were they. It is probable that parts of our own sea-coast are sinking and other parts rising, as rapidly as the oscillation of the land and sea went on that resulted in the laying down of the coal measures.

An eternity to man is but a day in the cosmic process. In the face of geologic time, man's appearance upon the earth as man, with a written history, is something that has just happened; it was in this morning's paper, we read of it at breakfast. As evolution goes, it will not be old news yet for a hundred thousand years or so; and by that time what will

he have done, if he goes on at his present rate of accelerated speed? Probably he will not have caught the gods of evolution at their work, or witnessed the origin of species by natural descent,—these things are too slow for him; but he will certainly have found out many things that we are all dying to know.

In nature as a whole we see results and not processes. We see the rock-strata bent and folded, we see whole mountain chains flexed and shortened by the flexure; but had we been present, we would not have suspected what was going on. Our little span of life does not give us the parallax necessary. The rock-strata, miles thick, may be being flexed now under our feet, and we know it not. The earth is shrinking, but so slowly! When, under the slow strain, the strata suddenly give way or sink, and an earthquake results, then we know something has happened.

A modern biologist and physicist thinks, and doubtless thinks wisely, that the reason why we have never been able to produce living from non-living matter in our laboratories, is that we cannot take time enough. Even if we could bring about the conditions of the early geologic ages in which life had its dawn, which of course we cannot, we could not produce life because we have not geologic time at our disposal.

The reaction which we call life was probably as much a cosmic or geologic event as were the reactions which produced the different elements and compounds, and demanded the same slow gestation in the womb of time. During what cycles upon cycles the great mother-forces of the universe must have brooded over the inorganic before the organic was brought forth! The archæan age, during which the brooding seems to have gone on, was probably as long as all the ages since.

How we are baffled when we talk about the beginning of anything in nature or in our own lives! In our experience there must be a first, but when did manhood

begin; when did puberty, when did old age, begin? When did each stage of our mental growth begin? When or where did the English language begin, or the French, or the German? Was there a first English word spoken? From the first animal sound, if we can conceive of such, up to the human speech of to-day, there is an infinite gradation of sounds and words.

Was there a first summer, a first winter, a first spring? There could hardly have been a first day, even for ages and ages, but only slowly approximating day. After an immense lapse of time the air must have cleared and the day become separated from the night, and the seasons must have become gradually defined. Things slowly emerge one after another from a dim nebulous condition, in our own growth and experience, and in the development of the physical universe.

In nature there is no first and last. There is an endless beginning and an endless ending. There was no first man or first woman, no first bird, or fish, or reptile. Back of each one stretches an endless chain of approximating men and birds and reptiles.

This talk about the time and place where man began his existence seems to me misleading, because it appears to convey the idea that he began as man at some time, in some place. Whereas he grew. He began where and when the first cell appeared, and he has been on the road ever since. There is no point in the line where he emerged from the not-man and became man. He was emerging from the not-man for millions of years, and when you put your finger on an animal form and say, "This is man," you must go back through whole geologic periods before you reach the not-man. There is no more reason for believing that the different species or forms of animal life were suddenly introduced than there is for believing that the soil, or the minerals, gold, silver, diamonds, or vegetable mould and verdure were suddenly introduced.

II

If we know anything of the earth's past history, we know that the continents were long in forming, that they passed through many vicissitudes of heat and cold, of fire and flood, of upheaval and subsidence — that they had, so to speak, their first low, simple, rudimentary or invertebrate life; that they were all so slow in getting their back-bones, slower still in clothing their rock-ribs with soil and verdure, that they passed through a sort of amphibian stage, now under water, now on dry land; that their many kinds of soils and climes were not differentiated and their complex water-systems established till well into Tertiary times — in short, that they have passed more and more from the simple to the complex, from the disorganized to the organized. When man comes to draw his sustenance from their breasts, may they not be said to have reached the mammalian stage?

The fertile plain and valley and the rounded hill are of slow growth, immensely slow. But any given stage of the earth has followed naturally from the previous stage, only more and more and higher and higher forces took a hand in the game. First its elements passed through the stage of fire, then through the stage of water, then merged into the stage of air. More and more the aerial elements, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, have entered into its constituents and fattened the soil. The humanizing of the earth has been largely a process of oxidation. More than disintegrated rock makes up the soil: the air and the rains and the snows have all contributed a share.

The history of the soil which we turn with our spade, and stamp with our shoes, covers millions upon millions of years. It is the ashes of the mountains, the leavings of untold generations of animal and vegetable life. It came out of the sea; it drifted from the heavens; it flowed out from the fiery heart of the globe; it has been worked over and over by frost and flood, blown by winds, shoveled by ice,

washed by floods, — mixed and kneaded and moulded up as the housewife kneads and moulds her bread, — refining and refining from age to age. Much of it was held in solution in the primordial seas, whence it was filtered and used and precipitated by countless forms of marine life, making a sediment that in time became rocks, that again in time became continents or parts of them, which the aerial forces reduced to soil. Indeed, the soil itself is an evolution — as much so as the life upon it.

We probably have little conception of how intimate and coöperative all parts of the universe are with one another, — the debt we owe to the farthest stars, and to the remotest period of time. We must owe a debt to the monsters of Mesozoic and Cenozoic time: they helped to fertilize the soil for us, and to discipline the ruder forces of life. We owe a debt to all that has gone before: to the heavens above, and to the earth-fires beneath, to the ice-sheet that ground down the mountains, and to the ocean currents. Just as we owe a debt to the men and women in our line of descent, so we owe a debt to the ruder primordial forces that shaped the planet to our use, and took a hand in the game of animal life.

The gods of evolution had served a long apprenticeship; they had gained proficiency and were master-workmen. Or shall we say that the elements of life had become more plastic and adaptable, or that the life-fund had accumulated, so to speak? Had the vast succession of living beings, the long experience in organization, at last made the problem of man easier to solve?

One fancies every living thing as not only returning its mineral elements to the soil, but as in some subtle way leaving its vital forces also, and thus contributing to the impalpable, invisible storehouse of vital energy of the globe.

At first, among the mammalian tribes there was much muscle and little brains. But in the middle Tertiary, the mammal brain began suddenly to enlarge. So that

in our time the horse's brain is more than eight times the size of that of his progenitor, the *Dinoceras* of Eocene times.

Nature seems to have experimented with brains and nerve-ganglia, as she has with so many other things. The huge reptilian creatures of Mesozoic time — the various dinosaurs — had absurdly small heads and brains, but they had what might be called supplementary brains well toward the other end of the body, — great nervous masses near the sacrum, many times the size of the ostensible brain, which no doubt performed certain brain functions. But the principle of centralization was at work, and when in later time we reach the higher mammalian forms, we find these outlying nervous masses called in, so to speak, and concentrated in the head.

Nature has tried the big, the gigantic, over and over, and then abandoned it. In Carboniferous times there was a gigantic dragon-fly, measuring more than two feet in the expanse of wing. Still earlier, there were gigantic mollusks and sea-scorpions, a cephalopod larger than a man, then gigantic fishes, amphibians, and reptiles, followed by enormous mammals. But the geologic record shows that these huge forms did not continue. The mollusks that last unchanged through millions of years are the clam and the oyster of our day. The huge mosses and tree-ferns are gone, and only their humbler types remain. Among men, giants are short-lived.

If we figure to ourselves the geologic history of the earth under the symbol of a year of three hundred and sixty-five days, each day a million years, which is probably not far out of the way, then man, the biped, the *Homo sapiens*, in relation to this immense past, is of to-day, or of this very morning; while the origin of the first vertebrates, the fishes, from which he has arisen, falls nearer the middle of the great year. Or, dividing this geologic year into four divisions or seasons, primary, secondary, tertiary, and quaternary, the fishes fall in the second-

ary, and man in the early quaternary.

If the fluid earth hardened, and the seas were formed, in the first month of this year, then probably the first beginning of life appeared in the second month, the invertebrate in the third or fourth, — March or April, — the vertebrates in May or June, the amphibians in July or August, the reptiles in August or September, the mammals in October or November, and man in December, — separated from the first beginnings of life by all those millions upon millions of years.

If life is a ferment, as we are told it is, how long it took this yeast to leaven the whole loaf! Man is evidently the end of the series, he is the top of the biological tree. His specialization upon physical lines seems to have ended far back in geologic time; his future specialization and development is evidently to be upon mental and spiritual lines. Nature, as I have said, began to tend more and more to brains in the early Tertiary — the autumn of the great year; her best harvest began to mature then, her grain began to ripen. Indeed, this increased cephalization of animal life in the fall of the great year does suggest a kind of ripening process, the turning of the sap and milk, which had been so abundant and so riotous in the earlier period, into fibre and fruit and seed.

May it not be that that long and sultry spring and summer of the earth's early history, a time probably longer than has since elapsed, played a part in the development of life analogous to that played by our spring and summer, making it opulent, varied, gigantic, and making possible the condensation and refinement that came with man in the recent period?

The earth is a pretty big apple, and the solar tree upon which it hangs is a pretty big tree, but why may it not have gone through a kind of ripening process for all that — its elements becoming less crude and acrid, and better suited to sustain the higher forms, as the eons passed?

At any rate, the results seem to justify such a fancy. The earth has slowly un-

dergone a change that may fairly be called a ripening process; its soil has deepened and mellowed, its harsher features have softened, more and more color has come to its surface, the flowers have bloomed, the more succulent fruits have developed, the air has cleared, and love and benevolence and altruism have been born in the world.

III

Can we fail to see the significance of the order in which life has appeared upon the globe — the ascending series from the simple to the more and more complex? Can we doubt that each series is the outcome of the one below it — that there is a logical sequence from the Protozoa up through the Invertebrates, the Vertebrates, to man? Is it not like all that we know of the method of nature? Could we substitute the life of one period for that of another without destroying this evidence of progressive development? Is there no fundamental reason for the gradation we behold?

The same ascending series of creation as a whole is repeated in the inception and development of every one of the higher animals to-day. Each one begins as a single cell, which soon becomes a congeries of cells, which is followed by congeries of congeries of cells, till the highly complex structure of the grown animal, with all its intricate physiological activities and specialization of parts, is reached. It is typical of the course of the creative energy, from the first unicellular life up to man, each succeeding stage flowing out of, and necessitated by, the preceding stage.

Life had to creep or swim long before it could walk, and it walked long before it could fly; it had feeling long before it had eyes, and it had eyes no doubt long before it could hear or smell. It was capable of motion long before it had limbs; it assimilated food long before it had a mouth or a stomach; it had a digestive tract long before it had a spinal cord; it

had nerve-ganglia long before it had a well-defined brain; it had sensation long before it had perception; it is unisexual long before it is bi-sexual; it has a shell long before it has a skeleton; it has instinct and reflex action long before it has self-consciousness and reason. Always from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the more complex, and always slowly, gently.

Life has had its foetal stage, its stage of infancy, and of childhood, and of maturity, and it will doubtless have its old age. It took it millions upon millions of years to get out of the sea upon dry land; and it took it more millions upon dry land, or since the Carboniferous age when the air probably first began to be breathable, — all the vast stretch of the Secondary and Tertiary ages, — to get upright and develop a reasoning brain, and reach the estate of man. Step by step, in orderly succession, does creation move. I never see the sun rise or set without thinking how nature's great processes steal upon us, silently and unnoticed, yet always in sequence, stage succeeding stage, one thing following from another, the spectacular moment of sunset following inevitably from the quiet unnoticed sinking of the sun in the west, or the startling flash of his rim above the eastern horizon only the fulfillment of the promise of the dawn. All is development and succession, and man is but the sunrise of the dawn of life in Cambrian or Silurian times, and is linked to that time as one hour of the day is linked to another.

The more complex life became, the more rapidly it seems to have developed, till it finally makes rapid strides to reach man. One seems to see Life, like a traveler on the road, going faster and faster as it nears its goal. Those long ages of unicellular life in the old seas, how immense they appear to have been! then how the age of invertebrates dragged on, millions upon millions of years; then the age of fishes; the Palæozoic age, how vast, — put by Haeckel at thirty-four millions

of years, — adding a rock-stratum 41,000 feet thick. Then the Mesozoic or second period, the age of reptiles, eleven million years, with a stratum 12,000 feet thick. Then the Cenozoic age, or age of mammals, three million years, with strata 3100 feet thick. The god of life was getting in a hurry now; man was not far off. A new device, the placenta, was hit upon in this age, and probably the diaphragm, and the brain of animals, all greatly enlarged. Then the Anthropozoic or Quaternary age, the age of man, 300,000 years, with not much addition to the sedimentary rocks.

Man seems to be the net result of it all, of all these vast cycles of Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Cenozoic life. He is the one drop finally distilled from the vast weltering sea of lower organic forms. It looks as if it all had to be before he could be — all the delay and waste and struggle and pain — all that long carnival of sea-life, all that saturnalia of gigantic forms upon the land and in the air, all that rising and sinking of the continents, and all that shoveling to and fro and mixing of the soils, before the world was ready for him.

In the early Tertiaries, millions of years ago, the earth seems to have been ripe for man. The fruits and vegetables and the forest trees were much as we know them; the animals that have been most serviceable to us were here; spring and summer, fall and winter, came and went; evidently birds sang, insects hummed, flowers bloomed, fruits and grains and nuts ripened; and yet man as man was not.

Under the city of London is a vast deposit of clay in which thousands of specimens of fossil fruit have been found, like our date, cocoanut, areca, custard-apple, gourd, melon, coffee, bean, pepper, cotton plant, etc., but no signs of man. Why was his development so tardy? What animal profited by this rich vegetable life? The hope and promise of the human species at that time probably slept in some lowly marsupial. Man has gathered up into himself, as he traveled his devious way, all the best powers of the animal

kingdom he has passed through. His brain supplies him with all that his body lacks, and more. His specialization is in this highly developed organ. It is this that separates him so widely from all other animals.

Man has no wings, and yet he can soar above the clouds; he is not swift of foot, and yet he can outspeed the fleetest hound or horse; he has but feeble weapons in his organization, and yet he can slay or master all the great beasts; his eye is not so sharp as that of the eagle or the vulture, and yet he can see into the farthest depths of sidereal space; he has only very feeble occult powers of communication with his fellows, and yet he can talk around the world and send his voice across mountains and deserts; his hands are weak things beside a lion's paw or an elephant's trunk, and yet he can move mountains and stay rivers and set bounds to the wildest seas. His dog can out-smell him and out-run him and out-bite him, and yet his dog looks up to him as to a god. He has erring reason in place of unerring instinct, and yet he has changed the face of the planet.

Without the specialization of the lower animals, — their wonderful adaptation to particular ends, — their tools, their weapons, their strength, their speed, man yet makes them all his servants. His brain is more than a match for all the special advantages nature has given them. The one gift of reason makes him supreme in the world.

IV

We have a stake in all the past life of the globe. It is no doubt a scientific fact that your existence and mine were involved in the first cell that appeared, that the first zoöphyte furthered our fortunes, that the first worm gave us a lift. Great good luck came to us when the first pair of eyes was invented, probably by the trilobite back in Silurian times; when the first ear appeared, probably in Carboniferous times; when the first pair of lungs grew out of a fish's bladder, probably in Trias-

sic times; when the first four-chambered heart was developed and double circulation established, probably with the first warm-blooded animal in Mesozoic time.

These humble forms started the brain, the nervous system, the circulation, sight, hearing, smell; they invented the liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the stomach, and led the way to every organ and power my body and mind have to-day. They were the pioneers, they were the dim remote forebears, they conserved and augmented the fund of life and passed it along.

All their struggles, their discipline, their battles, their failures, their successes, were for you and me. Man has had the experience of all the animals below him. He has suffered and struggled as a fish, he has groveled and devoured as a reptile, he has fought and triumphed as a quadruped, he has lived in trees as a monkey, he has inhabited caves with the wolf and the bear, he has roamed the forests and plains as a savage, he has survived without fire or clothes or weapons or tools, he has lived with the mastodon and all the saurian monsters, he has held his own against great odds, he has survived the long battles of the land and the sea, he weathered the ice-sheet that overrode both hemispheres, he has seen many forms become extinct. In the historic period he has survived plague and pestilence, and want and famine. What must he have survived in prehistoric times! What must he have had to contend with as a cave-dweller, as a tree-dweller, as a river-drift man! Before he had tools or weapons, what must he have had to contend with!

Nature was full of sap and rioted in rude strength well up to Quaternary times, producing extravagant forms which apparently she had no use for, as she has discontinued them.

In all these things you and I had our part and lot; of this prodigal outpouring of life we have reaped the benefit; amid these bizarre forms and this carnival of lust and power, the man-ward impulse was nourished and forwarded. In Eo-

cene times nearly half the mammals lived on other animals; it must have been an age of great slaughter. It favored the development of fleetness and cunning, in which we too have an interest. Our rude progenitor was surely there in some form, and escaped the slaughter. Then or later, it is thought, he took to the trees to escape his enemies, as the rats in Jamaica have taken to the trees to escape the mongoose. To his tree-climbing we probably owe our hand, with its opposing thumb.

In all his disguises he is still our ancestor. His story reads like a fairy book. Never did nimble fancy of childhood invent such transformations — only the transformations are so infinitely slow, and attended with such struggle and suffering. Strike out the element of time and we have before us a spectacle more novel and startling than any hocus-pocus or legerdemain that ever set the crowd agape.

In every form man has passed through, he left behind some old member or power and took on some new. He left his air-bladder and his gills and his fins, with the fishes; he got his lungs and his limbs from the amphibian; he left some part of his anatomy with the reptile, and took something in exchange, probably his flexible neck. Somewhere along his line he picked up the four-chambered heart, the warm blood, the placenta, the diaphragm, the plantigrade foot, the mammary glands — indeed, what has he not picked up on the long road of his many transformations? He left some of his superfluous forty-four teeth with his ancestral quadrumana of Eocene times, and kept thirty-two. He picked up his brain somewhere on the road, probably far back in Palæozoic times, but how has he developed and enlarged it, till it is now the one supreme thing in the world! His fear, his cunning, his anger, his treachery, his hoggishness, — all his animal passions, he brought with him from his animal ancestors; but his moral and spiritual nature, his altruism, his vena-

tion, his religious emotions, his æsthetic perceptions, have come to him as man, supplementing his lower nature, as it were, with another order of senses — a finer sight, a finer touch, wrought in him by the discipline of life, and the wonder of the world about him, beginning *de novo* in him only as the wing began *de novo* in the bird, or the color began *de novo* in the flower — struck out from preëxisting potentialities. The father of the eye is the light, and the father of the ear is the vibration of the air, but the father of man's higher nature is a question of quite another sort.

Man owes his five toes and five fingers to the early amphibians of the sub-carboniferous times. The first tangible evidence of these five toes upon the earth is, to me, very interesting. The earliest record of them that I have heard of is furnished by a slab of shale from Pennsylvania, upon which, while it was yet soft mud, our first five-toed ancestor had left the imprint of his four feet. He was evidently a small, short-legged gentleman with a stride of only about thirteen inches, and he carried a tail instead of a cane. He was probably taking a stroll upon the shores of that vast Mediterranean Sea that occupied all the interior of the continent when he crossed this mud-flat. It was raining that morning — how many million years ago? — as we know from the imprint of the raindrops upon the mud. Probably the shower did not cause him to quicken his pace, as amphibians rather like the rain. Just what his immediate forebears were like, or what the forms were that connected him with the fishes, we shall probably never know. Doubtless the great book of the rocky strata somewhere holds the secret, if we are ever lucky enough to open it at the right place. How many other secrets that evolutionists would like to know, those torn and crumpled leaves must hold!

It is something to me to know that it rained that day when our amphibian ancestor ventured out. The weather was beginning to get organized also, and settling

down to business. It had got beyond the state of perpetual mist and fog of the earlier ages, and the raindrops were playing their parts. Yet from all the evidence we have, we infer that the climate was warm and very humid, like that of a greenhouse, and that vegetation, mostly giant ferns and rushes and Lycopods, was very rank, but there was no grass, or moss, no deciduous trees, or flowers, or fruit, as we know these things.

A German anatomist says that we have the vestiges of one hundred and eighty organs brought up from our animal ancestors, — now useless, or often worse than useless, like the vermiform appendix. Eleven of these superannuated and obsolete organs we bring from the fishes, four from amphibians and reptiles. The external ear is a vestige — of no use any more. Our dread of snakes we no doubt inherited from our simian ancestors.

How life refined and humanized as time went on, sobered down and became more meditative, keeping step, no doubt, with the amelioration of the soil out of which all life finally comes! Life's bank account in the soil was constantly increasing; more and more of the inorganic was wrought up into the organic; the value of every clod under foot was raised. The riot of gigantic forms ceased, and they became ashes. The giant and uncouth vegetation ceased, and left ashes or coal. The beech, the maple, the oak, the olive, the palm, came in. The giant sea-serpents disappeared; the horse, the ox, the swine, the dog, the quail, the dove came in. The placental mammals developed. The horse grew in size and beauty. When we first come upon his trail, he is a four-hoof-toed animal no larger than a fox. Later on we find him the size of a sheep, with one of his toes gone; still later, many hundred thousand years, no doubt, we find him the size of a donkey, with still fewer toes, and so on, till we reach the superb creature we know.

The creative energy seems to have worked in geologic time and in the geologic field just as it works here and now,

in yonder vineyard or in yonder marsh, — blindly, experimentally, but persistently and successfully. The winged seeds find their proper soil, because they search in every direction; the climbing vines find their support, because in the same blind way they feel in all directions. Plants and animals and races of men grope their way to new fields, to new powers, to new inventions.

Indeed, how like an inventor nature has worked, constantly improving her models, adding to and changing as experience would seem to dictate. She has developed her higher and more complex forms as man has developed his printing-press, or steam-engine, from rude simple beginnings. From the two-chambered heart of the fish she made the treble-chambered heart of the frog, and then the four-chambered heart of the mammal. The first mammary glands had no nipples; the milk oozed out and was licked off by the young. The nipple was a great improvement, as was the power of suckling in the young.

Experimenting and experimenting endlessly, taking a forward step only when compelled by necessity — this is the way of nature: experimenting with eyes, with ears, with teeth, with limbs, with feet, with toes, with wings, with bladders and lungs, with scales and armors, and so on; hitting upon the back-bone only after long trials with other forms; hitting upon the movable eye only after long ages of other eyes; hitting on the mammal only after long ages of egg-laying vertebrates; hitting on the placenta only recently; experimenting all around the circle, discarding and inventing, taking ages to perfect the nervous system, ages and ages to develop the centralized ganglia, the brain. First, life was like a rabble, a mob, without thought or head; then slowly organization went on, as it were, from family to clan, from clan to tribe, from tribe to nation, or centralized government: the brain of man, — all parts duly subordinated and directed, — millions of cells organized and working on

different functions to one grand end, — coöperation, fraternization, division of labor, altruism.

The cell was the first invention; it is the unit of life, — a speck of protoplasm with a nucleus. To educate this cell till it could combine with its fellows and form the higher animals, seems to have been the aim of the creative energy. First the cell, then combinations of cells, then combinations of combinations, then more and more complex combinations, till the body of man is reached, where endless confraternities of cells, all with different functions, working to build and sustain different organs, — brain, heart, liver, muscles, nerves, — yet all working together for one grand end — the body and mind of man. In their last analysis, all made up of the same cells, their combinations and organization making the different forms.

Evolution touches all forms but tarries with few. Many are called but few are chosen, — chosen to lead the man-impulse upward. Myriads of forms are left behind, like driftwood caught in the eddies of a current. The clam has always remained a clam, the oyster remained an oyster. The cockroach is about the same creature to-day that it was untold eons ago; so is the shark, and so are many other forms of marine life. Often, where old species have gone out and new come in, no progress has been made.

Evolution concentrates along certain lines. The biological tree behaves like another tree, branches die and drop off (species become extinct), others mature and remain, while some central shoot pushes upward. Many of the huge reptilian and mammalian branches perished in comparatively late times.

As nothing is more evident than that the same measure of life or of vital energy — power of growth, power of resistance, power of reproduction — is not meted out equally to all the individuals of a species, or to all species, so it is evident that this power of progressive development is not meted out equally to all

rac^{es} of mankind, or to all of the individuals of the same race. The central impulse of development seems to have come from the East, in historic times at least, and to have followed the line of the Mediterranean, to have culminated in Europe. And this progress has certainly been the work of a few minds — minds exceptionally endowed.

For the most part the barbarian races do not progress. Their exceptional minds or characters do not lead the tribes to higher planes of thought. In all countries we still see these barbarous people which man in his progress has left behind. Our civilization is like a field of light that fades off into shadows and darkness. There is this margin of undeveloped humanity on all sides. Always has it been so in the animal life of the globe, — the higher forms have been pushed up from the lower, and the lower have remained and continued to multiply unchanged.

It seems as if some central and cherished impulse had pushed on through each form, and by successive steps had climbed from height to height, gaining a little here and a little there, intensifying and concentrating as time went on, very vague and diffuse at first, embryonic so to speak, during the first half of the great geologic year, but quickening more and more, differentiating more and more, delayed and defeated many times, no doubt, yet never destroyed, leaving form after form unchanged behind it, till it at last reached its goal in man.

After Evolution has done all it can do for us toward solving the mystery of creation, much remains unsolved.

Through Evolution we see creation in travail-pains for millions of years to bring forth the varied forms of life as we know them; but the mystery of the inception of this life, and of the origin of the laws that have governed its development, remains. What lies back of it all? Who or what planted the germ of the biological tree, and predetermined all its branches? What determined one branch to eventuate in man, another in the dog, the horse, the bird, or the reptile?

From the finite or human point of view we feel compelled to say, some vaster being or intelligence must have had the thought of all these things from the beginning or before the beginning.

It is quite impossible for me to believe that fortuitous variation — variation all around the circle — could have resulted in the evolution of man. There must have been a predetermined tendency to variation in certain directions. To introduce change into the world is to introduce chaos. No more would the waters of the interiors of the continents find their way to the sea were there not a slant in that direction, than could haphazard variation, though checked and controlled by natural selection, result in the production of the race of man. This view may be only the outcome of our inevitable anthropomorphism, which we cannot escape from, no matter how deep we dive or how high we soar.

ARBUTUS

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

HERE is the last white page of Winter's
Volume of prose, and set thereon,
Fragrant and pink, behold the printer's
Exquisite colophon.

THE COÖPERATIVE GHOSTS

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

MOAT HOUSE,
June 10, 190-

NOR one ghost, Hal dear, but three! Yes; the housekeeper says so; I asked her, first thing. "But we don't speak of them, Miss, before the maids; it makes them hystericky-like." Which, do you suppose?

We came up from London — or do I say down? — last night in the Limousine, Jessie and her father, and I; and he did n't speak all the way, four twilight hours of hedgerow. It's not that I mind silence; I can always talk enough for three; but he sits so rigidly still, with his head turned a little aside, as if his neck were in a photographer's vise. We are to golf with him, the doctor said; keep his mind off America and business; try to get him to take up a new interest: "Nature, his English ancestors, some early period in history." Perhaps ghosts will do. One of ours is late fourteenth century, the housekeeper says; another is Cromwellian, or, it may be, Carolian, I don't know its politics. The third is mid-Victorian. Here's historic perspective to choose from, you see. Shall I suggest the ghosts to Jessie — as a resource? Dear, blessed little Jessie! so bewildered; and she can't manage him one little bit. Not that I do much better; but then, I'm not his daughter and not supposed to. Perhaps I'm hard, but when I think of his mills and the children in them — he ought to have nervous prostration. And yet he is pathetic; and he adores his own child. The only time he's spoken directly to me since we landed was the morning we went to Brown, Shipley's to get our first batch of mail, and no American papers had come except my copy of *The Peacemaker*. I gave him that, and he snorted, but he was glad enough to get

even "a vile socialist sheet" (that's what he called it later; it had one of your editorials on Child Labor in it). Jessie asked me not to do it again. But now that we are really settled and in the quiet country, perhaps he'll begin to sleep a little.

As for me, I sleep like a dormouse. No, dear boy, I'm sorry, but I don't even dream of *you*. Jessie thinks I'm shocking for an "affianced" person. I have none of the little tender intuitions that sort is supposed to have. At least, if I do she does n't know it. When we were choosing rooms last night, she brought me in here and said, "This is going to be yours. Guess why!" And I said, "I can't guess." And she suggested, laughing, "Its windows open to the west." And I said, "Still I can't guess." So then she shook me and said, "What's in the west?" And I thought a minute: "Sunset?" She looked so astonished and disturbed, — funny little Jessie. "Why, America, for one thing!" she cried. And of course I said, "But you know, dearie, I am a Socialist, and my thrills are international." "But Hal is in the west," she sighed, reproachfully, and she almost wept. And all I could say was, "So he is." It sounded rather flat. I might have said, "Hal is — nearer than that — to me." But are n't you glad I did n't?

Yes; I sleep like a dormouse. The stillness is so deep, you have no idea! There is n't another house in sight, only a square church tower away off on the billowy sky-line among trees; and green downs rise and fall between. Cottages are in the hollows, here and there, but we can't see them. Between us (you and me) lies the moat. On this side it is close under the house-wall, a green trench spattered thickly blue with harebells. A

dry moat, of course. It goes all round the house, making a wide loop in front to girdle what is now a flower-garden, and another at the back where the barn and stables are. On the east side there is a narrow bridge across, and beyond that a little down-hilly place to a brook, where once the lord of Moat House had a mill, for there is an old millstone with a hole in it (I suppose all millstones have holes in them), lying by the brookside. I am sitting on that millstone now, writing to you. And every time something rustles I think it is a ghost. Would a ghost rustle? But I mean to see those ghosts, and size up their curative possibilities. Nature and his ancestors are out of the question.

There! — that time I was sure it was. But it was n't. It is only Jessie coming over the bridge. I'll tell her I've been writing to you.

And Hal dear, don't stop sending *The Peacemaker*. It does n't keep me awake nights, if it does some other people. Send it, and I'll secrete it — under my pillow. But we won't tell Jessie. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
June 13, 190-

DEAR HAL: —

You shall have my adventure just as I told it to them this morning at the breakfast-table. Yes, adventure! But don't be frightened; I'm none the worse for it, and I think Mr. Clayton is the better; at least, he forgot himself and listened at breakfast, and he asked me a question about it at luncheon; and he's walking in the moat now.

It was last night after supper. These English servants are scandalized by our barbarous meals, but Jessie thinks late dinners may not be good for nervous prostration. She and her father were pacing the prim, box-hedged gravel paths in the flower-garden, but I had gone down into the moat to hear the harebells ring the curfew. She called me once, remembering the dew and the deep grass, — anxious little Martha-Jessie, — but I

did n't come. And oh, how glad I am I did n't. I had the *Dream of John Ball* in my hand, the dear little edition you gave me for the steamer; and I had been reading it in the green twilight, and dreaming our dream, yours and mine, — and *The Peacemaker's*, and Mr. Wells's and Karl Marx's and all our Fellowship's (no matter how much we scrap). And I was saying over, half-aloud, those old fourteenth-century catch-words, —

"John Ball greeteth you all,
And doth for to understand he hath rung your
bell;"
and, —

"When Adam delfed and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?"

You know those quaint old things. I think I must have been saying them over and over, first one and then the other, in a kind of slow singsong, the way one does when one is preoccupied. And my dim shadow, rather longer than I, moved with me, against the curved side of the moat. And I don't know when it was that I realized that there was n't any sun nor any moon, so I had no shadow. And I turned, with a sudden flutter at my heart, — and it spoke to me.

"Thou art one of them," it said.

Oh, Hal! I could n't answer for a moment, my heart was beating so. And the shadow came closer; it was a tall man in jerkin and stockings that stuck to him as if they were wet; and his long hair was plastered in flat strings on his forehead as if he had just lifted his head out of the water.

"Thou must be one of them," he said imploringly.

"Of whom," I asked, whispering, my voice was so frightened.

"The Fellowship," said he.

"Yes," I answered him.

"Thank God!" he said then, in a louder voice; and he covered his face with his two hands and went down before me, on his knees in the long grass. And his voice was all muffled with sobs, but I could hear him saying, "Forgive;" and again, and again, "Forgive."

Till at last I said: "What shall I forgive?"

"I could not find any of those that did me to death, afterwards," he began; "for the sheriffs came into this country and took them and hung them up at the cross-roads, and drew them and quartered them. And when my son was grown to manhood and entered into his heritage, and mended the roof where they had burnt it, and the hole in the house-wall, his heart was hot with vengeance of my death, and his hand was heavier upon them than my hand; so that there was no peasant on the manor would come nigh the moat, for that they knew I lay therein. They that might have forgiven me were slain, and their spirits scattered, I knew not whither. And their children were afeared."

Then I said very gently, — one had to be gentle with such remorse, and I was no longer afraid, — "Tell me why they killed you. I do not understand."

He lifted his face, and his eyes looked up at me with sombre melancholy beneath his straight, slick hair. "Those were the days of the great Rising," he explained. "They were my villains, bound to the soil. I might brand them and maim them when I would. They must grind their corn at my mill. Then they rose up with their fellows, east and south and west. And mine came hither on a June day at this hour, and set fire to my ricks and my great house; and me they flung out of window into the stinking waters of the moat. And when I drank those bitter waters I came to know that theirs was a righteous cause, for it was the cause of brotherhood and love! And before my soul was drowned out of my body I knew that I would give much to be of that Fellowship. I knew that if I and my kind had been minded to be one with those rude peasants, the great Rising had never failed of its end. So, I came to myself, but it was too late."

Then suddenly he stood on his feet and came nearer, peering into my face. "But thou art one of them!" he cried in a thin

voice. "Who art thou that singest the watchword of the Cause that was lost? O friend, I was one that lost thee thy Cause; but I repent me, I repent me! Forgive!"

"Listen!" I said pitifully to the poor creature. "The end of that Fellowship is not yet. Give me your hand, brother, the right hand of forgiveness and fellowship. Let us be at one!"

"Thou canst not grasp a shadow," said he to me. "Too late! Too late!"

And then I could not find him any more.

When I went into the library just now I found an old black-letter Froissart in Mr. Clayton's armchair, — the one he sits in, — and it was open at the description of Wat Tyler and the Peasants' Revolt. And when I looked out of the window, there he was, walking in the moat. Mr. Clayton, I mean. I think I'll go down and walk with him, and draw a parallel between the manor mill and the Company's store. Or shall I let well enough alone? . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
June 17, 190-

OH, DEAR, MR. EDITOR: —

Your most irenic of journals is as the red rag to the bull, in this household. It's my fault. I leave them round. I don't do it on purpose; honestly, I don't. Some things I do do on purpose, — ghosts at the breakfast-table, for instance; but I do mean to be careful about *The Peacemaker*, only I'm not; and if he sees so much as a corner of one sticking out from under a sofa-pillow he reads it. He is perfectly possessed to read them. And then he sits down beside me and goes over all the interminable details of his position, — all the fallacies about its being better for them to be protected in the factories than to be learning all kinds of wickedness out of doors. And then he switches off and describes his mill villages, with their evening schools and their neat little churches and their recreation halls, — and how some of the other mills are,

he will acknowledge, little hells, — but his are little paradises, every one. And then he takes up the Education bill, and how it would ruin the commercial interests of the country to have the bill passed in one Southern state (the one where his are, I suppose), and not in all the others at the same time; because of course if the children have to go to school in one state the mills will have to move over to where they don't have to go. And of course he never fights the Education and Child Labor bills, — not he; he would be glad to see the little children of the South taken out of the mills and put to school. But the Southern people know that prosperity depends upon child labor in the South, for some years to come. And so, with true idealism, — the Southerner is always an idealist, you know, — they offer up their little children of this generation a sacrifice, that the next generation may go to school and abjure the mills. I don't see how; but that's what he says.

And he repeats things over and over, stopping me on the links for fifteen minutes at a time and holding the lapel of my jacket and explaining, explaining, in a kind of white, still excitement, with his eyes boring into mine as he talks. Why should he justify himself to me? What difference do I make? But it's his nervous prostration, I suppose. It was your editorial on the graft in the education lobbying that stung him keenest, I think. I really was thankful to be able to create a diversion with another ghost this morning; and Jessie, the most timid of mortals, actually eggs me on to see the ghosts. She thinks they do him good, — divert his mind. Between you and me, dear, they don't divert his mind as much as she thinks. He keeps right on looking at his same mental landscape; I know. But from a different point of view, — historic perspective.

But you would rather hear about the ghost, — would n't you, Editor dearest? It was the seventeenth-century ghost this time, and it used to be a lady. Late last night, somewhere near twelve, I suddenly

remembered that I had left the last copy of *The Peacemaker*, with some other mail, in the library, and I did n't dare leave it there till morning, for fear he'd find it. So I took my candle and hurried downstairs. And as I came to the library door I heard the wind moaning, a faint, shrill little wavering moan, in the library chimney. For there is a great fireplace in the library, and a high-backed oaken settle beside it, standing out into the room; and on the chimneypiece is the carved motto of Moat House, LOVE FIRST. But it was n't the wind; it was the lady, singing. She sat on the oaken settle with her head against the straight, high back, and her eyes fixed on the words of the motto above the chimneypiece. And the words of her song were: —

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

You know it, — the old Cavalier song by Lovelace, or Suckling. I wish you might have heard her sing it, with her dim ghost voice.

I waited by the door until she had finished, and then when she began all over again I tiptoed in and tried to take *The Peacemaker* off the sofa without disturbing her. But she heard me and turned her head (O, Hal, it is such fun writing ghost stories to you!) and beckoned me to her; and made room for me on the settle.

"You are the one with the lover," she said.

And it was silly of me, but she was so direct, I blushed. And I did n't say anything; I just nodded.

Then she pointed to the motto above the chimney, and, "Tell me what you think it means," she said.

I was stupid; I thought she meant translate. So I stammered, "Love, before all else."

"Then you would have done it?" she asked; and she seemed to plead with me.

"Oh, I thought you might know; I thought you might have heard," she said. "And yet, how should you, for I carried it to my grave. But I feel as if every one

knows. As if the angels trumpeted it abroad each new day."

And then she told me her story. How they were King's men, and women, at Moat House. And her lover was a King's man, too. And how her father went out on a mission with campaign papers to be delivered, and her lover and a servant or two with him; and they met a company of Roundheads, and her father was shot, but got away home to die; and her lover was a prisoner, and the servants also killed. Then her dying father gave her the papers and told her where that company of Roundheads was encamped on the downs for the night, that she might avoid them and carry the papers another way round. And she dressed herself like a Puritan maiden and went out alone in the night. But she saw their camp-fire, and she thought of her lover in their midst. They thought he had the information, her father said, and they would doubtless torment him a while to get it from him, and when they could not they would kill him; and that would give her the more time to do her errand. But she went to the camp, — Hal — think of it! — And she saw the captain and showed him the papers, and said they were found on a man who had just died at her father's house. "And now one thing I ask," she said to him. "Let the young Cavalier go free; for he was kind to me once, and saved me from the insults of his friends. I would do him a good turn. But do not tell him it was I, for I will not see him again. I am afraid of him."

And afterwards they were married, Hal; and he never knew. But now he knows, and so she sits under the chimney-piece and sings that song.

No, dear! — I should have let them kill you. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
June 20, 190—

DEAR HAL, DEAR: —

It seems a little far from things — and people — here at Moat House. I wish you could run across for a short visit —

to divert the invalid. I'm sure you would divert him, and I'm rather at my wits' end sometimes. I'm afraid I divert him in the wrong direction, and I don't want to do that. There is something lovable about him, Hal; one is always drawn to any one who has growing pains in his conscience, and he so evidently has.

The doctor came up — down — from London yesterday, and before he left he had a talk with me. He says the dumbness seems to be breaking up — thanks to me! — but there are other symptoms — excitement — which he does n't like. We've had to write the Merriams not to come, and Jessie feels dreadfully about it, because this is their first trip abroad and she knows they were counting on being here, and a lot of motoring. And the Parkers are over, too; and they will think it very queer not to be asked. But the thought of guests makes him so nervous and distraught that the doctor says we must n't. So it's just as well you can't come, for we could n't have you. Still, — I wish we could, — for the invalid's sake. Oh, my dear, I'm glad you've put every penny into *The Peacemaker* and can't spend it on salubrious ocean voyages. It's much better so. And how the subscription list is growing! It ought to. Really, you know, it compares very favorably, in tone, with the English *Commonwealth*; at least, the things you write do. We're "taking that in" now, at my suggestion. Its name sounded so Bostonian and solid that he did n't know what he was being let in for. He is n't quite sure yet, for we've only had one number; but I can see he has his suspicions.

I've seen the Moat ghost again, walking under my window in the moat, in the moonlight; but I have n't had any further conversation with him, as it was late, and I thought if the servants heard me talking out of the window they might think it queer. They all know I'm engaged, — somehow. I suppose it is so many letters in the same "bold masculine hand."

The seventeenth-century lady I have

n't seen since the first time; but Jessie thinks she heard her singing night before last. She did n't go downstairs to see, however. I can always count on Jessie's not being *too* bold.

But yesterday afternoon, after the doctor had left, I saw number three. We had been shaking hands with him (the doctor, I mean) at the front door; he's the dear, fatherly kind, — but keen, too, and he likes me. And then Jessie stayed out in the garden to walk with her father, and I went into the library. And there at the desk sat a middle-aged, grizzled man. The sunlight from the window behind struck through him and fell unshadowed on the blotting-pad. He had on the wraith of a tweed garment, — mid-Victorian, — and those familiar Matthew Arnold side-whiskers. He was reading Mr. Clayton's letters, or private papers, or documents of some kind, that lay on the desk. Ghosts are privileged, I suppose. And he would sigh from time to time, and pass his hand over his forehead. He looked worn and worried, poor thing! I watched him for fully fifteen minutes, but he was so absorbed he did n't see me, and at last I went out softly without speaking.

But he's not the real mid-Victorian ghost; he's its brother, and not in the catalogue. The housekeeper had told me about them before. The legitimate ghost broke his neck on the hunting-field. He was a red-faced man, fond of his glass. Then the brother came into the estate; but, by rights, he ought not to be haunting the house at all, as far as I can make out; at least, the housekeeper does not know he does. He was only an owner of coal mines in the North. According to the housekeeper he has no history, and was very estimable. Rich, kind to his family, but, "Very hard, so I've heard tell, with them colliers. And who would blame him for that, Miss, knowing as how they're a bad drinkin' lot, they and their wives, and never washes themselves from Christmas Eve to Good Friday." And his end, it seems, was as uneventful as his life. He died in his bed —

VOL. 103 — NO. 4

Mr. Clayton sleeps in it now — like any Christian.

I have n't told the housekeeper I've seen him. It would only upset her to try to account for him, — she lives in a rut, — and, anyway, she probably would n't believe me.

How do you account for him, Hal? I mentioned him at supper, and Mr. Clayton was rather annoyed at the thought of his papers being read. He did n't say anything, but I noticed this morning that there was nothing lying about.

It is the witching hour of golf, — Jessie is calling. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
June 27, 190—

YOU NICE, APPRECIATIVE BOY: —

I did think that was a rather good letter, myself. Did n't you like his long hair plastered in strings on his forehead? Really, do you think it good enough for *The Peacemaker*? You tempt me dreadfully, for I could write a series of them as easy as falling off a log. Oh, it would be fun! And we could call them "Ghostly Counsels to Unsociologists." But, of course, I must n't. It would be in horrid taste; and besides, he might see them; and though I hate his point of view, there is something appealing about him. I suppose it's because he is genuinely ill. I should n't want to hurt him except for his own good, you know. But it *is* tempting. Perhaps if he gets well, or converted, he won't mind. It will do no harm to keep them a while, any way. I wonder if you do keep my letters? Do you, Hal?

I came upon the third ghost again last night, late, in the library. I went down to see if it was the lady that I heard singing; and sure enough, she was sitting on the settle, looking up at the motto, wailing her song. And he was at the desk, with his head bowed down on his arms.

I did n't go in.

Mr. Clayton does n't like this nineteenth-century ghost. I suppose he's too recent, — there is n't glamour enough, perspective enough, about him. Mr.

Clayton is quite sympathetic about the fourteenth-century villeins, and thinks they were in the right of it to revolt, and he respects the Moat ghost immensely, you can see, for repenting. He agrees with Jessie and me, too, about the seventeenth-century lady. He said once that it was a dastardly betrayal; and presently I remarked that I supposed that every time any one of us sacrificed the good of the many to his own personal gain, or desire, it was a dastardly betrayal. Every time we deliberately "did" the other fellow, it was a dastardly betrayal, was n't it?

He did n't answer. He was dumb all the rest of the day. Sometimes I wish I could hold *my* tongue. Then, that night, when we were lighting our candles to go to bed, and Jessie had already gone, he turned around upon me with his lighted candle, shaking the wax all over his fingers, and said abruptly, hurriedly, —

"Do you think I like to 'do' the other fellow? Do you think I 'do' him for the fun of it? I have my child to provide for, have n't I? Who will take care of her if I don't? I'm not in this for myself. Before God, I swear I'm not. I never make a deal that I don't think of Jessie."

"And the seventeenth-century lady thought of her lover," said I.

Then I was frightened, he looked so wild.

"Whom have I betrayed? Whom have I betrayed?" he demanded; and he shook my arm. "What pledge have I taken? It's every man for himself, is n't it? Answer me: is n't it?"

And I said, "No, it is n't. It has n't been for more than nineteen hundred years."

Jessie called over the stairs just then, "Are n't you two coming? Father, shall I fix a sleeping powder?" And he gathered himself together, and let go my arm, and motioned me to go ahead of him.

He is devoted to her, there's no denying that; and he's kind-hearted in other ways. He subscribed very generously

three years ago to the Russian relief fund, and he says he should be a Young Turk if he were in Turkey to-day. I'm pretty sure he would n't, but it's nice to have him think he would.

But he does n't enjoy the mid-Victorian ghost. He is irked by the thought of him; I can see it. The others he would like to meet, but he avoids the library of late, and has taken to writing his letters — the few he is allowed to write — down by the brook, sitting on the millstone. As I had come to regard that millstone as mine, I have a grievance of my own.

Bedtime. — I just looked out of the window, and saw the Moat ghost walking below. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
July 5, 190—

You are very rude to my ghosts, very rude indeed! Don't you know there is nothing a ghost hates more than to be interpreted as an allegory? It is just your skeptical, journalistic mind. Is it my fault if you can't see the point of the seventeenth-century lady? Perhaps she has n't any point. You write as if I were responsible for the morale of these ghosts. Here is Jessie complaining that no matter what we begin to talk about I am sure to discover an analogy in it to the competitive system, and here are you telling me to make the seventeenth-century lady more obvious. Why not take her simply, as true love gone wrong, the way Mr. Clayton prefers to?

I dare not leave your last letter lying round lest one of the ghosts should see it, and have his or her feelings hurt. Think how I should feel then! And they are very sensitive, — you can see that for yourself by the way in which their feelings last. Even if they do point a moral, so does Mr. Clayton, so does *The Peacemaker*, but we need n't mention it; morals are n't artistic if they're mentioned, Hal. You ought to know that.

No, — these are simple, single-minded ghosts. If any one has an ulterior motive, it is not they.

But they are not doing as much for Mr. Clayton as I hoped they would. At least, they may be, but we're rather worn, Jessie and I, just now. He can't sleep. Two or three days ago he changed his room. The bed was n't comfortable. And now he is just over me, — and I can't sleep. Last night he walked the floor for three hours. At dawn I thought I heard the Moat ghost moaning, and I got up, and put my head out of the window; but it was Mr. Clayton at the window above me. It made me cry, — somehow; though you know how I hate his point of view.

Perhaps it was not wise of me to mention the mid-Victorian. I wish I knew. The things that do rouse him, rouse him so intensely.

There are plenty of servants, men and women both, and within call. Your letter was a comfort, dear boy, my boy, even if you did interpret the ghosts. But you need n't be the least bit anxious, truly. It's just N. P., — the doctor has not once mentioned anything else.

They have sent him the plans for a new church that he is building down South, in memory of his wife. The little square-towered church we see on the edge of the hill, among the trees, was restored by the mid-Victorian in memory of *his* wife. I think, now, Mr. Clayton wishes he had built a public bath-house instead.

Don't worry, dear! . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
July 6, 190-

The cable came this noon. Oh, terrible, terrible! And yet in the midst of the horror, I have a fierce thankfulness for them, delivered all in an hour from their slavery. These, at least, cannot grow up to be human rags and refuse; these, at least, we cannot stunt and starve and smother; no more lint-laden air for them, but the sweet airs of paradise. Poor, poor little innocents, set free from worse than death!

We have no details, — we only know that the big mill has burned. One hun-

dred and ten children. He has cabled for full information, and meanwhile he is walking up and down in the library, walking up and down, up and down. He lifts his hands above his head, and shakes them in the air as he walks, and then he wrings and twists them together. I went into the library a few minutes ago, to see if I could do something for him, and when he saw me he stood still a moment and mouthed at me, silently, and then he put me out of his way, and kept on walking back and forth.

How slow, how dense, how dull we are! He sucked the life out of their starveling bodies for years without turning a hair; but now, because one hundred and ten of them are burned to death, — I suppose the place was a fire-trap, and he knows it. I must be sorry for him, too. I must; I will. But I have my limitations.

Now I must go to Jessie. She is awed and shocked, and she clings to me. But she is triumphant also. She said to me, "You thought my father was cruel, you thought he did not love children, but I knew!"

I do not know what we shall do. Perhaps he will want to sail at once. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
July 8, 190-

HAL DEAREST: —

I would give a great deal to feel the good, firm grip of your big hand. Such a comfortable hand!

I have n't told Jessie, but I've written the doctor. He told me to send for him if I got anxious, — and Mr. Clayton has n't slept since the news came, I'm afraid; and now he is refusing to eat. He quieted down after we got the second cable, but this impervious, black brooding troubles me more than the other. He speaks very little, but to-day he has said two or three strange things. He asked me if I heard them; it seems he hears them screaming all the time, — those little burning children. Oh, poor creature! I guess I won't try to discipline him any more; he's get-

ting enough. I wish I could comfort him. But how?

This morning he had refused to come down to breakfast, and I went up to his room to coax him. I said he ought to try to eat for Jessie's sake, and he asked suddenly, "What virtue? Even a beast cares for its young, — and preys upon the young of other beasts." But he came to the table, and ate a spoonful or two of oatmeal, and a crumb of toast.

At dinner we thought he was going to say grace; he always does, you know. He sat with his head bowed a long time, and at last Jessie touched him, and he said, —

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones," — and stopped and looked up with curious, watchful eyes, first at me and then at Jessie; and I looked back at my plate and said "Amen," as if I thought he had said the regular grace. Poor little Jessie was so startled; but when she saw me quite unconcerned I think she thought she had n't heard straight, — and she did n't speak of it afterwards.

Dear, you know you must not be worried when you get my letters. You must remember that if anything had really happened, you would have heard of it by cable long before the letter reached you.

Oh, the irony of it! A common, can-non-cracker brought into the factory the day after the Fourth. Poor little mites, starved of their play! There was something in the *London Times*, but I squirreled it before he saw it. I am not taking any chances these days. My mood is not didactic.

I'm getting comfort out of the fact that my windows open to the west. I am writing now at a western window. Why — do you s'pose?

EDITH.

P. S. — I have had to open this letter because I am so frightened, — I must tell you. Oh, dearest, I met him just now on the little bridge over the moat, and he stopped me, and stood looking at me for fully a minute, without a word. Then he

came closer, his eyes staring into mine, and he said in a low voice, —

"I have seen the ghosts."

"No, no; you have n't," I cried. But he paid no attention.

"I have seen them together, all three," he went on. "They spoke to me. Do you want to know what they said?"

I nodded; I felt as if I must humor him.

And in that quiet, tense voice he whispered, —

"They said, 'Hail!'"

Then he flung up his hands with a loud cry, and hurried past me across the moat, and into the house. He is above my head now, walking, walking, walking.

O Hal! What have I done? What shall I do? How shall I ever lay those awful ghosts? What have I done, what have I done? Oh, my dear, what's the use of writing it over and over, but I'm so frightened, I had to tell you. What ever shall I do?

MOAT HOUSE,
July 9, 190—

DEAR HAL: —

I have a great deal to write you, now that it is all over, and over so quickly, thank God!

Yesterday, after my postscript, I heard him go out again; he went past my door, uncertainly, and then he turned and went half-way up the stairs again, and then back, a second time past my door, with hurrying, unsteady steps. I thought he was going out to walk in the moat, the way he often does, and I leaned out of the window to see him come round the corner of the house; but he did n't come, and he did n't come. And suddenly a panic seized me, and I rushed out of my room, and down the stairs, and out of doors, and I think I ran across the bridge, and down the slope at two bounds, — and I was just in time. He had got the millstone up on edge and put his head through the hole. And in another second it would have gone rolling into the brook, taking him with it, — drowning him, to say nothing of breaking his neck.

I caught the rim of the millstone, and held it steady, and he looked back, and up at me out of the corners of his eyes, stretching his neck and lifting his chin. It was like a turtle. And we looked at each other a long time, not saying a word. Then, without moving his head or his eyes he said, —

“They call me.”

And I thought he meant the children, and I said, and my voice was all in broken pieces, —

“The living children call you to deliver them, — yes. The dead ones God has set free. Take your head out! You will get a stiff neck.”

And always without moving, and always looking up at me sidewise out of the corners of his eyes, he said, —

“It were better for me that a millstone were hanged about my neck and that I were drowned in the depth of the sea.”

And then I suppose the fright and the reaction upset me, and I got very angry; I don’t think I ever was so angry.

“How dare you think of what is better for you!” I shouted at him. “You’ve wrecked enough lives with thinking of what is better for you. How dare you! If you have n’t any bowels for other people’s children, think of your own. Take your head out of this millstone at once!”

His eyes widened and his mouth opened, and he panted, staring up at me wildly; but he did n’t move, and he did n’t speak. And I began to be a little frightened again, but still angry.

“The living children need you; don’t you know they do?” I cried. “So much, so much you can do for them, and you coward, you want to die.”

And he said quietly, “They are standing behind you, — the Three.”

It gave me a horrid quake at my heart, but I did n’t even turn my head, — I just gripped the rim of the millstone tighter. “I know better,” I said, “they are not there at all.”

Then there was another silence, while we looked at each other. And I won-

dered if there really were anything behind me. And, after the longest while, he said, “They are my Fellowship. They call me.”

And then I knew he meant the ghosts, not the children.

“You don’t see them at all, you don’t hear them at all,” I said firmly. “They are not there! There’s nothing the matter with you but remorse, and that’s a good healthy symptom. Be thankful that it has overtaken you before you died instead of afterwards. Be thankful! For now you can make amends; and they could n’t.”

“Remorse,” he said thoughtfully.

“Yes, remorse,” I repeated. “And you are alive, and can go home and do differently. Oh, you can do so much for the little children; you can sacrifice your money and your business to them, if you like.”

“Remorse,” he said again.

“Take your head out!” I suggested.

“Do they not call me?” he questioned.

“No, no, no!” I repeated.

And now he moved his eyes away from me, and turned his head so that it hung through the hole, face downward.

“They could n’t,” he mused, and in quite an ordinary tone of voice. It was the most startling of all. He sounded like himself, and he had n’t for weeks. He was on his hands and knees, you know, and I stood beside him with one hand steadying the millstone. “But I can,” he continued. And then he screwed his head round again, and looked up at me, but with such a different look.

“Well, Edith, how can I?” he asked.

I almost let go the millstone.

“You could push the Education bills,” I cried, “in all the Southern States; you could refuse to take children in your mills.”

“But —” he began.

“Don’t interrupt me,” I said. “I know just what you are going to say: ‘It will ruin your business, and the other mill-owners will keep right on,’ and all that. But what difference does it make

if you do ruin your business? And besides, when we Socialists take hold of things, it's not going to be your business anyway."

And, Hal, he laughed, — all of a sudden, — a perfectly natural laugh; and he said, "Well, you do beat the Dutch."

But we had a perfectly dreadful time getting his head out of the millstone. Whether his ears were wider, or his chin was longer than when they went in, I don't know; but you would have thought so. He skinned his chin frightfully, so that the blood ran all over the front of his shirt. And he nicked little pieces out of his ears. Jessie thinks he did it shaving. We have n't told her. And he kept twisting and turning and saying, "Damn it! I beg your pardon, Edith. Damn it, what a fool I am! I beg your pardon, Edith. Damn it!"

But we got it out at last.

The doctor came at night, and he and Mr. Clayton had a talk in the library, and he knows about the burned cotton mill, and that if it had n't been for me, Mr. Clayton would have been drowned; but he evidently does n't know about the ghosts and other details, for he said to me afterwards, —

"But tell me, was there anything else? or was it entirely the shock of your discovering him in the act, that righted him?"

And I said, "The rest was homœopathy."

He laughed; he thinks I'm a great joker. You know, he belongs to the regular school.

Later

We are coming home in a month!

Just one little more month, and then — I shan't have to read week-old numbers of *The Peacemaker*. He is restless to get home, and the doctor thinks it best. We are going to Belgium first to see some coöperative enterprises. We sail from Antwerp.

He had his first night's sleep in weeks last night, and he is literally a changed being to-day. We had a little talk, — I'll tell you some time. He is a good man, Hal, — a dear man; it's only that the competitive system does cloud the imagination, you know. He said embarrassing things about what I did yesterday by the brook, — and how he could never repay me, or words to that effect, — very embarrassing. And he asked if there was n't something he could do now. He said, quite wistfully, "You know, Edith, I have n't anything but money. But is n't there something you would like, that money can buy?"

"I'd rather have you subscribe to *The Peacemaker* than anything else," I said.

And he burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "I'll take ten subscriptions; how will that do? But I'm not a Socialist, you know."

And I laughed back: "Indeed you're not! You don't have to tell me that! But when it comes to reform, ours is the only way out. Some day you'll say so."

So we're coming home, soon, soon, dearest boy! Address your next, care Brown, Shipley, — we are packing at once.

And one thing I promise you: Little Edith does n't meddle any more with ghosts.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES¹

III

THE CABAL AGAINST SEWARD, AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Wednesday, December 3, 1862.

A CHANGE of the commander of the Army of the Potomac has taken place. Stanton is gratified. McClellan is ordered to Trenton, and Burnside succeeds him. Burnside will doubtless do his best, is patriotic and amiable, and had he greater powers and grasp would make an acceptable and popular, if not a great, General. I hope the War Department will sustain him more earnestly than it did McClellan. Of the change I knew nothing, and wished to know nothing when it was made. I had expected it might take place earlier, when McClellan seemed testing the forbearance of the government, and not one good word was said for him (it seemed there could not be); but after he commenced to move, I was less prepared to see him displaced, and the announcement came with a shock.

Thursday, December 4, 1862.

The Members of Congress from Minnesota are urging the President vehemently to give his assent to the execution of three hundred Indian captives, but they will not succeed. Undoubtedly the savage wretches have been guilty of great atrocities; and I have as little doubt the stories of their barbarities, bad enough in themselves, are greatly exaggerated. What may have been the aggressions and provocations which led the Indians on, is not told us. When the intelligent representatives of a State can deliberately besiege the government to take the lives of these ignorant barbarians by wholesale, after they have surrendered themselves prisoners, it would seem the sentiments

of the representatives were but slightly removed from the barbarians whom they would execute. The Minnesotans are greatly exasperated, and threaten the administration if it shows clemency.

Some of the Members of Congress begin early to manifest a perverse and bad spirit. Foremost as regards the Navy, of which he should be the friend and organ, is John P. Hale, Chairman of the Senate Naval Committee. He is censorious to all the administration, but especially to the Navy Department, which, instead of supporting, he omits no opportunity to assail and embarrass. Calvert of the House is equally virulent.

Friday, December 12, 1862.

Some conversation in Cabinet respecting the proposed new State of West Virginia. The bill has not yet reached the President, who thinks the creation of this new State at this time of doubtful expediency.

[The change in commanders of the Army of the Potomac meant fighting. On the 13th of December, Burnside, who five weeks previously had, much against his will, been appointed to the command, attacked Lee's army intrenched along the heights of Fredericksburg. His defeat was one of the worst disasters of the war.]

Sunday, December 14, 1862.

There has been fighting for two or three days at Fredericksburg, and our troops were said to have crossed the river. The rumor at the War Department — and I get only rumors — is that our

¹ Copyright, 1909, by EDGAR T. WELLES.

troops have done well; that Burnside and our generals are in good spirits. But there is something unsatisfactory or not entirely satisfactory in this intelligence, or in the method of communicating it. When I get nothing clear and explicit at the War Department I have my apprehensions. They fear to admit disastrous truths. Adverse tidings are suppressed with a deal of fuss and mystery, — a shuffling over of papers and maps, and a far-reaching vacant gaze at something undefined and indescribable.

Burnside is on trial. I have my fears that he has not sufficient grasp and power for the position given him, or the ability to handle so large a force, but he is patriotic, and his aims are right. It appears to me a mistake to fight the enemy in so strong a position. They have selected their own ground, and we meet them there. Halleck is General in Chief, but no one appears to have any confidence in his military management or thinks him able to advise Burnside.

Monday, December 15, 1862.

No news from Fredericksburg, and no news at this time I fear is not good news.

Secretary Smith¹ called on me to unburden his mind. He dislikes Seward's management, and the general course pursued in Cabinet and between the members generally. Thinks Seward the chief cause of the unfortunate state of things.

THE CABAL AGAINST SEWARD

[In the early days of Lincoln's administration, Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase became representatives respectively of the conservative and radical elements of the Republican party. Their political differences were intensified by Chase's ambition and by his disloyalty to the President. In the Senate a marked hostility had begun by this time to manifest itself toward the Secretary of State, who was supposed to encourage the irresolution of the President, and who, as Chase put

¹ Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior.

it, "adhered too tenaciously to men who proved themselves unworthy and dangerous, like McClellan;" or, in Lincoln's phrase, "While they seem to believe in my honesty, they also appear to think that when I have in me any good purpose, Seward contrives to suck it out of me unperceived." A Republican caucus determined that Mr. Seward should be eliminated, and a committee was appointed to wait on the President. Seward's old friend, Senator Preston King of New York, was the first messenger of the tidings.]

Friday, December 19, 1862.

Soon after reaching the Department this A. M. I received a note from Nicolay, the President's Secretary, requesting me to attend a special Cabinet meeting at half-past ten. All the members were punctually there, except Seward.

The President desired that what he had to communicate should not be the subject of conversation elsewhere, and proceeded to inform us that on Wednesday evening, about six o'clock, Senator Preston King and F. W. Seward² came into his room, each bearing a communication. That which Mr. King presented was the resignation of the Secretary of State, and Mr. F. W. Seward handed in his own.

Mr. King then informed the President that at a Republican caucus held that day, a pointed and positive opposition had shown itself against the Secretary of State which terminated in a unanimous expression, with one exception, against him and a wish for his removal. The feeling finally shaped itself into resolutions of a general character, and the appointment of a committee of nine to bear them to the President, and to communicate to him the sentiments of the Republican Senators. Mr. King, the former colleague and the personal friend of Mr. Seward, being also from the same state, felt it to be a duty to inform the Secretary

² Son of the Secretary of State, and assistant in his department.

at once of what had occurred. On receiving this information, which was wholly a surprise, Mr. Seward immediately wrote and by Mr. King tendered his resignation. Mr. King suggested it would be well for the committee to wait upon the President at an early moment, and the President agreeing with him, Mr. King on Wednesday morning notified Judge Collamer, the chairman, who sent word to the President that they would call at the Executive Mansion at any hour after six that evening, and the President sent word he would receive them at seven.

The committee came at the time specified, and the President says that the evening was spent in a pretty free and animated conversation. No opposition was manifested towards any other member of the Cabinet than Mr. Seward. Some not very friendly feelings were shown towards one or two others, but no wish that any one should leave but the Secretary of State. Him they charged, if not with infidelity, with indifference, with want of earnestness in the war, with want of sympathy with the country in this great struggle, and with many things objectionable, and especially with a too great ascendancy and control of the President and measures of administration. This, he said, was the point and pith of their complaint.

The President says that, in reply to the committee, he stated how this movement had shocked and grieved him. That he had selected the Cabinet in view of impending difficulties and of all the responsibilities upon himself; that he and the members had gone on harmoniously, whatever had been the previous feelings and associations; that there had never been serious disagreements, though there had been differences; that in the overwhelming troubles of the country, which had borne heavily upon him, he had been sustained and consoled by the good feeling and the mutual and unselfish confidence and zeal that pervaded the Cabinet.

He expressed a hope that there would be no combined movement on the part of

other members of the Cabinet to resist this assault, whatever might be the termination; said this movement was uncalled-for; that, admitting all that was said, there was no such charge as should break up or overthrow a Cabinet; nor was it possible for him to go on with a total abandonment of old friends.

Mr. Bates¹ stated the difference between our system and that of England, where a change of majority involved a new election, dissolution of Parliament, &c. Three or four of the members of the Cabinet said they had heard of the resignation: Blair² the day preceding; Stanton through the President, on whom he had made a business call; Mr. Bates, when coming to the meeting.

The President requested that we should, with him, meet the committee. This did not receive the approval of Mr. Chase, who said he had no knowledge whatever of the movement, or the resignation, until since he had entered the room.

Mr. Bates knew of no good that would come of an interview. I stated that I could see no harm in it, and if the President wished it I thought it a duty for us to attend; the proceeding was of an extraordinary character. Mr. Blair thought it would be well for us to be present, and finally all acquiesced. The President named half-past seven this evening.

A CRITICAL MEETING

Saturday, December 20, 1862.

At the meeting last evening there were present, of the Committee, Senators Collamer, Fessenden, Harris, Trumbull, Grimes, Howard, Sumner, and Pomeroy. Wade was absent. The President and all the Cabinet but Seward were present. The subject was opened by the President, who read the resolutions and told the substance of his interviews with the Committee — their object and purpose. He spoke of the unity of his Cabinet, who though they could not be expected to

¹ Edward Bates, Attorney General.

² Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General.

think and speak alike on all subjects — all had acquiesced in measures when once decided. The necessities of the times, he said, had prevented frequent and long sessions of the Cabinet, and the submission of every question at the meetings.

Secretary Chase endorsed the President's statement fully and entirely, but regretted that there was not a more full and thorough consideration and canvass of important measures in open Cabinet.

Senator Collamer, the Chairman of the Committee, succeeded the President, and calmly and fairly presented the views of the Committee and of those whom they represented. [The Cabinet] wanted united counsels, combined wisdom, and energetic action. If there is truth in the maxim that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, it might be well that those advisers who were near the President, and selected by him, and all of whom were more or less responsible, should be consulted on the great questions which affected the national welfare, and that the ear of the Executive should be open to all, and that he should have the minds of all.

Senator Fessenden was pretty skillful, but a little tart. He felt more than he had the courage to say, wanted the whole Cabinet to consider and decide questions, spoke of a remark which he had heard from J. Q. Adams, on the floor of Congress, in regard to a measure of his administration. Mr. Adams said the measure was adopted against his wishes and opinion, but that he was outvoted by Mr. Clay and others. He wished an administration so conducted.

Grimes, Sumner, and Trumbull were pointed, emphatic, and unequivocal in their opposition to Mr. Seward, whose zeal and sincerity in this conflict they doubted. Each was unrelenting and unforgiving.

Blair spoke earnestly and well. Sustained the President, and dissented most decidedly from the idea of a plural Executive; claimed that the President was accountable for his administration, might

ask opinions or not of as many as he pleased, of either all or none of his Cabinet. Mr. Bates took much the same view.

The President managed his own case, speaking freely, and showed great tact, shrewdness, and ability, provided such a subject were a proper one for such a meeting and discussion. I have no doubt he considered it most judicious to conciliate the Senators with respectful deference, whatever may have been his opinion of their interference. When he closed his remarks, he said it would be a gratification to him if each member of the Committee would state whether he now thought it advisable to dismiss Mr. Seward, and whether his exclusion would strengthen or weaken the administration, and the Union cause, in their respective states.

Grimes, Trumbull, and Sumner, who had expressed themselves decidedly against the continuance of Mr. Seward in the Cabinet, indicated no change of opinion. Collamore and Fessenden declined committing themselves on the subject. [They said they] had in their action the welfare of the whole country in view, and were not prepared to answer the questions. Senator Harris ¹ felt it a duty to say that while many of the friends of the administration would be gratified, others would feel deeply wounded, and the effect of Mr. Seward's retirement would on the whole be calamitous in the State of New York. Pomeroy of Kansas said, personally, he believed the withdrawal of Mr. Seward would be a good movement, and he sincerely wished it might take place. Howard of Michigan declined answering the question.

During the discussion, the volume of diplomatic correspondence, recently published, was alluded to, some letters denounced as unwise and impolitic were specified, one of which, a confidential despatch to Mr. Adams, was read. If it was unwise to write, it was certainly injudicious and indiscreet to publish, such a document. Mr. Seward has genius and

¹ Of New York.

talent, no one better knows it than himself, but for one in his place he is often wanting in careful discrimination, true wisdom, sound judgment, and discreet statesmanship. The Committee believe he thinks more of the glorification of Seward than the welfare of the country. He wishes the glorification of both, and believes he is the man to accomplish it, but has unwittingly and unwarily begotten and brought upon himself a vast amount of distrust and hostility on the part of Senators, by his endeavors to impress them and others with the belief that he is the administration. It is a mistake, the Senators dislike it. [They] have measured and know him.

AN ADMINISTRATIVE CRISIS

It was nearly midnight when we left the President; and it could not be otherwise than that all my wakeful moments should be absorbed with a subject, which, time and circumstances considered, was of grave importance to the Administration and the country. A Senatorial combination to dictate to the President in regard to his political family, in the height of a civil war which threatens the existence of the republic, cannot be permitted to succeed even if the person to whom they object were as obnoxious as they represent, — but Seward's foibles are not serious failings. After fully canvassing the subject in all its phases, my mind was clear as to the course which it was my duty to pursue, and what I believed was the President's duty also.

My first movement this morning was to call on the President as soon as I supposed he could have breakfasted. Governor Robertson of Kentucky was with him when I went in, but soon left.

I informed the President, I had pondered the events of yesterday and last evening, and felt it incumbent on me to advise him not to accept the resignation of Mr. Seward; that if there were objections, real or imaginary, against Mr. Seward — the time, manner and circumstances, the occasion and the method of

presenting what the Senators considered objections, were all inappropriate and wrong; that no party or faction should be permitted to dictate to the President in regard to his Cabinet; that it would be of evil example and fraught with incalculable injury to the government and country; that neither the legislative department, nor the Senate branch of it, should be allowed to encroach on the Executive prerogatives and rights; that it devolved on him, and was his duty, to assert and maintain the rights and independence of the Executive; that he ought not, against his own convictions, to yield one iota of the authority entrusted to him, on the demand of either branch of Congress or of both combined, or to any party whatever might be its views and intentions; that Mr. Seward had his infirmities and errors, but they were *venial*; that he and I differed on many things, as did other members of the Cabinet; that he was sometimes disposed to step beyond his own legitimate bounds, and not duly respect the rights of his associates, but these were matters that did not call for Senatorial interference. In short, I considered it for the true interest of the country, now as in the future, that this scheme should be defeated — that so believing, I had, at the earliest moment, given him my conclusions.

The President was much gratified. [He] said that the whole thing had struck him as it had me, and if carried out as the Senators prescribed, the whole government would cave in. It could not stand. Could not hold water; — the bottom would be out.

I added that having expressed my wish that he would not accept Mr. Seward's resignation, I thought it important that Mr. Seward should not press its acceptance, nor did I suppose he would. In this he also concurred, and asked if I had seen Seward. I replied I had not, my first duty was with him, and having ascertained that we agreed, I would now go over and see Seward. He earnestly desired me to do so.

WELLES'S MISSION TO SEWARD

I went immediately to Seward's house. Stanton was with him. Seward was excited; talking vehemently to Stanton of the course pursued, and the results that must follow if the scheme succeeded; told Stanton he, Stanton, would be the next victim; that there was a call for a meeting at the Cooper Institute this evening. Stanton said he had seen it. I had not. Seward got the *Herald*, [asked] me to read it, but Stanton seized the paper, as Seward and myself entered into conversation. [Seward] related what the President had already communicated; how Preston King had come to him; how he wrote his resignation at once, and so did Fred,¹ &c., &c. In the mean time Stanton rose and remarked he had much to do, and as Governor S[eward] had been over this matter with him he would leave.

I then stated my interview with the President, my advice that the President must not accept, nor he press, his resignation. Seward was greatly pleased with my views; said he had but one course before him when the doings of the Senators were communicated, but that if the President and country required of him any duty in this emergency he did not feel at liberty to refuse it. He spoke of his long political experience, dwelt on his own sagacity and his great services; feels deeply this movement, which was wholly unexpected; tries to suppress any exhibition of personal grievance or disappointment, but is painfully wounded, mortified, and chagrined.

I told him I should return and report to the President our interview and that he acquiesced in my suggestions. He said he had no objections, but he thought the subject should be disposed of one way or the other at once. He is disappointed, I see, that the President did not promptly refuse to consider his resignation, and dismiss, or refuse to parley with, the committee.

¹ Frederick W. Seward.

When I returned to the White House, Chase and Stanton were in the President's office, but he was absent. A few words were interchanged on the great topic in hand. I was very emphatic in my opposition to the acceptance of Seward's resignation. Neither gave me a direct answer, nor did either express an opinion on the subject, though I think both wished to be understood as acquiescing.

LINCOLN CUTS THE KNOT

When the President came in, which was in a few moments, his first address was to me, asking if I "had seen the man." I replied that I had, and that he assented to my views. He then turned to Chase and said, "I sent for you, for this matter is giving me great trouble."

Chase said he had been painfully affected by the meeting last evening, which was a total surprise to him, and, after some not very explicit remarks as to how he was affected, informed the President he had prepared his resignation of the office of Secretary of the Treasury.

"Where is it?" said the President quickly, his eye lighting up in a moment. "I brought it with me," said Chase, taking the paper from his pocket, "I wrote it this morning." "Let me have it," said the President, — reaching his long arm and fingers towards Chase, who held on, seemingly reluctant to part with the letter, which was sealed, and which he apparently hesitated to surrender. Something farther he wished to say, but the President was eager and did not perceive it, but took and hastily opened the letter.

"This," said he, looking at me with a triumphal laugh, "cuts the Gordian knot." An air of satisfaction spread over his countenance, such as I have not seen for some time. "I can dispose of this subject now without difficulty," he added, as he turned on his chair. "I see my way clear."

Chase sat by Stanton, fronting the fire, the President beside the fire, his face

towards them, Stanton nearest him. I was on the sofa near the east window. While the President was reading the note, which was brief, Chase turned round and looked towards me a little perplexed. He would, I think, have been better satisfied could this interview with the President have been without the presence of others, or at least if I was away. The President was so delighted that he saw not how others were affected.

"Mr. President," said Stanton with solemnity, "I informed you day before yesterday that I was ready to tender you my resignation. I wish you, sir, to consider my resignation at this time in your possession."

"You may go to the Department," said the President, "I don't want yours. This [holding out Chase's letter] is all I want. This relieves me. My way is clear. The trouble is ended. I will detain neither of you longer." We all rose to leave, but Stanton lingered and held back as we reached the door. Chase and myself came down stairs together. He was moody and taciturn. Some one stopped him on the lower stairs and I passed on, but C[hase] was not a minute behind me, and before I reached the Department Stanton came staving along.

Preston King called at my house this evening and gave me particulars of what had been said and done at the caucuses of the Republican Senators, of the surprise he felt when he found the hostility so universal against Seward, and [that] some of the Cabinet [as well as] some of the calmest and most considerate Senators were the most decided; stated the course pursued by himself, which was frank, friendly, and manly. He was greatly pleased with my course, of which he had been informed by Seward and the President in part, and I gave him some facts which they did not. Blair tells me that his father's¹ views cor-

respond with mine, and the approval of F. P. Blair and Preston King gives me assurance that I am right.

["The untrained diplomatist of Illinois," say Nicolay and Hay, "had thus met and conjured away with unsurpassed courage and skill one of the severest crises that ever threatened the integrity of the administration. . . . By his bold and original expedient of confronting the Senators with the Cabinet, and having them discuss their mutual misunderstandings under his own eye, he cleared up many dangerous misconceptions. . . . By placing Mr. Chase in such an attitude that his resignation became necessary to his own sense of dignity, he made himself absolute master of the situation; by treating the resignation and the return to the Cabinet of both ministers as one and the same transaction, he saved for the nation the invaluable services of both, and preserved his own position of entire impartiality between the two wings of the Union party."]

DID STANTON SHARE IN THE INTRIGUE

Montgomery Blair² is confident that Stanton has been instrumental in getting up this movement against Seward, to screen himself and turn attention from the War Department. There may be something in this surmise of Blair; but I am inclined to think that Chase, Stanton and Caleb Smith have each, but without concert, participated, if not directly, by expressions of discontent to their senatorial intimates. Chase and Smith, I know, are a good deal dissatisfied with Seward, and they have not hesitated to make known their feelings in some quarters, though I apprehend not to the President.

With Stanton I have little intimacy. He came into the Cabinet under Seward's wing, and he knows it; but Stanton is, by nature, an intriguer, courts favor, is not faithful in his friendships, is given to se-

² Blair and Stanton were declared enemies before they joined Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet.

¹ Frank Preston Blair, editor and politician, father of F. P. Blair, afterwards Senator from Missouri, and of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General.

cret underhand combinations. His obligations to Seward are great, but would not deter him from raising a breeze against Seward to favor himself. Chase and Seward entered the Cabinet as rivals, and in cold courtesy have so continued. There was an effort by Seward's friends to exclude Chase from the Treasury (the President did not yield to it), but it is obvious that Seward's more pleasant nature and consummate skill have enabled him to get to windward of Chase in administrative management, and the latter, who has but little tact, feels it. Transactions take place of a general character, not unfrequently, of which Chase and others are not advised until they are made public; often the fact reaches them through the papers. Seward has not exhibited strategy in this, [though] it may have afforded him a temporary triumph as regarded Chase. He doubtless flatters himself that it strengthens a belief, which he desires should prevail, that he is the "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself," that he is the real executive. The result of all this has been the alienation of a portion of his old friends without getting new ones, and finally in this appointment of a committee which asks his removal. The objections urged are, I notice, the points on which Chase is most sensitive.

For two or three months Stanton has evinced a growing indifference to Seward, with whom he was, at first, intimate, and to whom he was much devoted. I have observed that, as he became alienated towards Seward, his friendship for Chase increased.

My differences with Seward I have endeavored to settle with him on the day and time of their occurrence. They have not been many, but they have been troublesome and annoying because they were meddlesome and disturbing. He gets behind me, tampers with my subordinates, and interferes injuriously and ignorantly in naval matters, not so much from wrong purpose, but as a busybody by nature. I have not made these matters

subject of complaint outside, and think it partly the result of usage and practice at Albany.

Tuesday, December 23, 1862.

It was announced yesterday morning that the President had requested Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase to withdraw their resignations and resume their duties. This took the public by surprise. Chase's resignation was scarcely known, and his friends, particularly those in the late movement, were a little disgusted when they found that he and Seward were in the same category.

Seward's influence has often been anything but salutary. Not that he was evil inclined, but he is meddlesome, fussy, has no fixed principles or policy. Chase has chafed under Seward's management, yet has tried to conceal any exhibition of irritated feelings. Seward, assuming to be helmsman, has, while affecting and believing in his own superiority, tried to be patronizing to all, especially soothing and conciliating to Chase, who sees and is annoyed by it. The President feels that he is under obligations to each, and that both are serviceable. He is friendly to both; he is fond of Seward, who is affable; he respects Chase, who is clumsy. Seward comforts him; Chase, he deems a necessity.

On important questions Blair is as potent with the President as either, and sometimes I think equal to both. With some egotism, Blair has great good sense, a better knowledge and estimate of military men than either or both the others, and I think is possessed of more solid, reliable administrative ability.

All the members were at the Cabinet meeting to-day. Seward was feeling very happy, Chase was pale, said he was ill — had been for weeks. The subject principally discussed was the proposed division of Virginia and the creation of a new state to be called Western Virginia. Chase is strongly for it, Blair and Bates against it, the latter, however, declining to discuss it or give his reasons except in writing. Stanton is with Chase. Seward

does not show his hand. My impressions are, under the existing state of things, decidedly adverse. It is a disturbance that might be avoided at this time, and has constitutional difficulties.

Friday, December 26, 1862.

Some talk in Cabinet of Thayer's scheme of emigration to Florida.

Blair read his opinion of the proposition for making a new state of Western Virginia. His views correspond with mine, but are abler and more elaborately stated. Mr. Bates read a portion of his opinion on the constitutional point, which appeared to me decisive and conclusive.

The President has called for opinions from each of his Cabinet. I had the first rough draft of mine in my pocket, though not entirely copied. Chase said his was completed, but he had not brought it with him. Seward said he was wholly unprepared. Stanton assured the President he would be ready with his in season. The President said it would answer his purpose if the opinions of each were handed in on or before Tuesday.

Monday, December 29, 1862.

We had yesterday a telegram that the British pirate craft Alabama captured the Ariel, one of the Aspinwall steamers, on her passage from New York to Aspinwall, off the coast of Cuba. Abuse of the Navy Department will follow.

The six members of the Cabinet (Smith¹ absent) to-day handed in their respective opinions on the question of dividing the Old Commonwealth of Virginia, and carving out and admitting a new state. As Stanton and myself returned from the Cabinet meeting to the Departments, he expressed surprise that I should oppose division, for he thought it politic and wise to plant a free state south of the Ohio. I thought our duties were constitutional, not experimental, that we should observe and preserve the

¹ Caleb B. Smith had just retired from the Department of the Interior. His successor, John P. Usher, was not appointed till later.

landmarks, and that mere expediency should not override constitutional obligations. This action was not predicated on the consent of the people of Virginia, legitimately expressed; was arbitrary and without proper authority; was such a departure from and undermining of our system that I could not approve it, and feared it was the beginning of the end. As regarded a free state south of the Ohio, I told him the probabilities were that pretty much all of them would be free by Tuesday when the Proclamation emancipating slaves would be published.

THE FINAL DRAFT OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

["It will be remembered," say Nicolay and Hay, "that when the President proposed emancipation on the 22nd of July, and again when he announced emancipation on the 22nd of September, he informed his Cabinet that he had decided the main matter for himself, and asked their advice only upon subordinate parts. In now looking up the matter for the third and final review, there was neither doubt nor hesitation in regard to the actual policy and act about to be consummated. But there were several minor questions upon which he wished the advice of his Cabinet.""]

At the meeting to-day, the President read the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation, invited criticism, and finally directed that copies should be furnished to each. It is a good and well-prepared paper, but I suggested that a part of the sentence marked in pencil be omitted. Chase advises that fractional parts of states ought not to be exempted. In this I think he is right, and so stated. Practically there would be difficulty in freeing parts of states, and not freeing others, a clashing between central and local authorities.

Wednesday, December 31, 1862.

We had an early and special Cabinet meeting convened by 10 A. M. The sub-

ject was the Proclamation of to-morrow to emancipate the slaves in the rebel states. Seward proposed two amendments. One included mine, and one enjoining upon, instead of appealing to, those emancipated to forbear from tumult. Blair, like Seward and myself, had proposed the omission of a part of a sentence and made other suggestions, which I thought improvements. Chase made some good criticisms and proposed a felicitous closing sentence.¹ The President took the suggestions, written in order, and said he would complete the document.

The year closes less favorably than I had hoped and expected, yet some progress has been made. It is not to be denied, however, that the national ailment seems more chronic. The disease is deep-seated. Energetic measures are necessary, and I hope we may have them. None of us appear to do enough, and yet I am surprised that we have done so much. We have had some misfortunes, and a lurking malevolence exists towards us among nations that could not have been anticipated. Worse than this, the envenomed relentless and unpatriotic spirit of party paralyzes and weakens the hand of the government and country.

Thursday, January 1, 1863.

The New Year opens with a bright and brilliant day. Exchanged congratulations at the Executive Mansion with the President and colleagues, at 11 this morning. The usual formalities. Officers of the army and navy came in at half-past eleven. I left before twelve.

The Emancipation Proclamation is published in this evening's *Star*. This is a broad step, and will be a land-mark in history. The immediate effect will not be all its friends anticipate, or its opponents apprehend. Passing events are

¹ "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution, and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

steadily accomplishing what is here proclaimed.

Saturday, January 3, 1863.

We have, yesterday and to-day, broken accounts of a great fight for three days and not yet terminated at Murfreesborough, Tenn. All statements say we have the best; that we shall beat the rebels; that we have pierced their centre; that we are driving them through Murfreesborough, &c. I hope to hear we "have done," instead of we "shall do." None of our army fights have been finished, but are drawn battles — worrying, exhausting, but never completed. Of Rosecrans I have thought better and hope a good account of his work, but the best sometimes fail, and he may not be the best.

[Although the fighting about Murfreesboro amounted to a drawn battle between Rosecrans and Bragg, its effects were those of a Union victory, for thenceforward Kentucky and Western Tennessee were never again seriously menaced by the Confederate power.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MONITOR AND HER HISTORY

A word by telegraph that the Monitor has foundered and over twenty of her crew, including some officers, are lost. The fate of this vessel affects me in other respects. She is a primary representative of a class identified with my administration of the Navy. Her novel construction and qualities I adopted, and she was built amidst obloquy and ridicule. Such a change in the character of a fighting vessel, few naval men, or any Secretary under their influence, would have taken the responsibility of adopting. But Admiral Smith and, finally, all the Board which I appointed, seconded my views, and were willing, Davis somewhat reluctantly, to recommend the experiment if I would insure the risk and responsibility. Her success with the Merrimac directly after she went into commission relieved me of odium and anxiety, and men who were

preparing to ridicule were left to admire.

When Bushnell of New Haven brought me the first model and plan I was favorably impressed. I was then in Hartford proposing to remove my family, but sent him at once to Washington, following myself within a day or two. Understanding that Ericsson the inventor was sensitive, in consequence of supposed slight and neglect by the Navy Department or this government, some years ago, I made it a point to speak to Admiral Smith, Chairman of the Board, and specially request that he should be treated tenderly, and opportunity given him for full and deliberate hearing. I found Admiral Smith well disposed. The plan was adopted, and the test of her fighting and resisting power was [dispensed with] by an arrangement between Admiral Smith and myself, without communication with any other, that she should, when completed, go at once up Elizabeth River to Norfolk Navy Yard, and destroy the Merrimac while in the dry dock, and the dock itself. Had she been completed within the contract time, one hundred days, this purpose would have been accomplished, but there was delay and disappointment, and her prowess was exhibited in a conflict with her huge antagonist under much more formidable circumstances. Her career since the time she first entered Hampton Roads is public history, but her origin and everything in relation to her, from the inception, have been, since her success, designedly misrepresented.

It is due to Admiral Smith to say that he is deserving of credit, if credit be due to any one connected with the Navy Department, for this vessel. Had she been a failure, he, more than any one but the Secretary, would have been blamed, and was fully aware that he would have to share with me the odium and the responsibility. Let him therefore have the credit that is justly his.

Monday, January 5, 1863.

Commander Bankhead arrived this morning and brings particulars of the loss
VOL. 103 - NO. 4

of the Monitor. Her weakness was in herself, where we had apprehended, and not in an antagonist. This has been in some degree remedied in the new boats we are now constructing.

For months I have been berated and abused because I had not more vessels of the Monitor class under contract. Her success with the Merrimac when she was under the trial as an experiment made men wild, and they censured me for not having built a fleet when she was constructed; now that she is lost the same persons will be likely to assail me for expending money on such a craft.

Tuesday, January 13, 1863.

Received this A. M. from Admiral Dupont an intercepted mail captured off Charleston. Reed Saunders, who had the mail in charge, threw it overboard as he supposed, [but the] Master of the vessel, once a volunteer Acting Master in our service, whom I had dismissed for drunkenness, practiced a deception, and Saunders threw over something else than the mail (which the Master secretly retained and delivered, and thereby saved his bacon). The mail was not forwarded to its destination, as Seward directed it should be, but opened. Numerous and important despatches from Mallory, Memminger, Benjamin¹ &c., &c. disclose important facts. Took some of the more interesting to Cabinet council.

Thursday, January 15, 1863.

Have been interested for the last two or three days in reading, when I had time, letters that were taken from the intercepted mail. Most of them are from intelligent writers in the best circles at Richmond. In these communications, freely written in friendly confidence, there ekes out a latent feeling of hope for peace and restoration of once happier days. There is distress and privation,—the spirit of hate engendered by strife is there,

¹ Heads respectively of the Navy, Treasury, and State Departments in the Confederate Government.

but no happiness nor inward satisfaction over the desolation which active hostilities have caused. Strange that so many intelligent beings should be so madly influenced!

Saturday, January 24, 1863.

There is a change of commander of the Army of the Potomac. Burnside relinquishes to Hooker. I hope the change may be beneficial; but have apprehensions.

The President asked me, about the time of the second battle of Bull Run, when Pope was to leave and McClellan was out of favor: "Who can take command of this army? Who is there among all these Generals?" The address to me was unexpected, and without much consideration I named Hooker. The President looked approvingly but said, "I think as much as you or any man of Hooker, but I fear he gets — excited," looking around as he spoke. Blair, who was present, said he was too great a friend of John Barleycorn.

I had mingled but little in the social or convivial gatherings of the military men, have attended fewer of the parades than any member of the Cabinet, and have known less of their habits. What I had seen and observed of Hooker had impressed me favorably, but our interviews had been chiefly business-wise and in the matter of duty, but there was a promptness, frankness, and intelligence about him that compared favorably with some others. I remarked if his habits are bad, if he ever permits himself to get intoxicated, he ought not to be trusted with such a command, and withdrew my recommendation. From what I have heard since, I fear his habits are not such as to commend him — that, at least, he indulges in the free use of whiskey — gets excited and is fond of play. This is the result of my enquiries, and with this reputation I am surprised at his selection, — though, aside from the infirmities alluded to, he doubtless has good points as an officer.

January 28, 1863.

Get as yet no official report of the disaster at Galveston. Farragut has prompt, energetic, excellent qualities, but no fondness for written details of self-laudation; does but one thing at a time, but does that strongly and well; is better fitted to lead an expedition through danger and difficulty than to command an extensive blockade. Is a good officer in a great emergency — will more willingly take great risks in order to obtain great results than any officer high in either navy or army, and, unlike most of them, prefers that others should tell the story of his well-doing rather than relate it himself.

SEWARD IS WEED, AND WEED IS
SEWARD

Thurlow Weed¹ retires from the *Evening Journal*. Is this an actual or pretended retirement? I always distrust him. He is strong and cunning. Has a vigorous but not an ingenuous mind. Being a life-long partizan, he cannot abandon party even for the country's welfare though he may strive to have them assimilate. It grieved him that so many of his old party opponents should have been invited to the Cabinet and identified with the administration. The President quietly laughs at Weed's intrigues to exclude Chase and myself. This was in the interest of Seward, his *alter ego*. I remember that Seward on one occasion remarked in Cabinet, "Weed is Seward, and Seward is Weed; each approves what the other says and does." It was not a pleasant remark to some of us, and Chase said he did not recognize the identity; while he would yield a point as a matter of favor to Mr. Seward, he would not to Weed. [Weed's] ostensible reason for abandoning the field of active politics at this time, and leaving the *Journal*, is be-

¹ Thurlow Weed had made the Albany *Evening Journal* a power. With Seward and Greeley, he had once been a member of the Republican Triumvirate in New York. His influence had been cast on the side of the administration.

cause he cannot act with his friends and support the administration. There is intrigue, insincerity, and scheming in all this. I have no confidence in him, and he doubtless knows it.

The organization of the New York Legislature has been finally accomplished.

If Weed does not go for Seward for the Senate, which is at the bottom of this movement, he will prop Morgan.¹ [Preston] King, their best man, is to be sacrificed. I do not think Weed is moving for the Senatorship for himself, yet it is so charged. He has professedly left his old friends, but he is to carry as many as possible with him into a new combination where he and Seward will have Dix, whom they have captured and whom they are using while D[ix] supposes they are earnest for him.

Friday, January 30, 1863.

But little at the Cabinet. Chase is quite dejected, and manifested some rather suppressed irritation towards Blair and Seward as he sat beside me. Neither of them saw it—I was glad they did not.

Thursday, February 2, 1863.

Seward sent me this morning a scary despatch, which he proposed to give each of the foreign ministers, in relation to the blockade at Galveston, which he, unwisely, improperly, and without knowledge of the facts, admits has been raised but which he informs them will be again immediately enforced. I was exceedingly annoyed that he should propose to issue such a document under any circumstances, —and especially without consultation. It is one of those unfortunate assumptions, pregnant with error, in which he sometimes indulges. I toned and softened his paper down in several respects, —but told the clerk to give Mr. Seward my compliments and say to him, I totally objected to his sending out such a paper.

¹ Edwin D. Morgan, former Governor and, next, Senator, of New York.

Friday, February 6, 1863.

Nothing of special importance at the Cabinet. Seward was absent, and I therefore called on him respecting his circular despatch concerning the blockade at Galveston. His Chief Clerk, Mr. Hunter, was coy and shy. Neither he nor Mr. Seward were certain it had been sent. Seward said he had made all the alterations, but the clerk had not done his errand properly; did not tell him I objected, &c., &c. Hunter watched Seward closely and could recollect only what Seward recollected. When I touched on the principles involved, I found Seward inexcusably ignorant of the subject of the blockade. He admitted he had not looked into the books, had not studied the subject, had relied on Hunter.

Hunter said he had very little knowledge, and no practical experience, on these matters except what took place during the Mexican blockade. Made Seward send for Wheaton; read to him a few passages. He seemed perplexed, but thought his circular despatch as modified could do little harm. I am apprehensive that he has, in his ostentatious self-assuming way, committed himself in conversation, and knows not how to get out of the difficulty. He says Fox² told him the blockade was raised at Galveston. It is one of those cases where the Secretary of State has written a hasty letter without proper enquiry or knowledge of facts, and my fears are that he has made unwarranted admissions. After firing off his gun he learns his mistake —has “gone off half-cocked.”

Thursday, February 19, 1863.

A special Cabinet meeting. The President desired a consultation as to the expediency of an extra session of the Senate. Chase favored; Seward opposed. No very decided opinion expressed by the others. I was disinclined to it.

The President has been invited to preside at a meeting for religious Christian

² Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

purposes on Sunday evening. Chase favored it. All the others opposed it but Usher, who had a lingering, hesitating, half-favorable inclination to favor it. Has been probably talked with and committed to some extent; so with Chase.

The President on Tuesday expressed a wish that Captain Dahlgren should be made an Admiral, and I to-day presented both his and Davis's¹ name.

LINCOLN'S INDISCRETION

Sunday, February 22, 1863.

A severe snow storm. Did not venture abroad. Had a call from Dahlgren, who is very grateful that he is named for Admiral. Told him to thank the President who had made it a specialty; that I did not advise it. He called with reference to a written promise the President had given one Dillon for \$150,000 provided a newly invented gunpowder should prove effective.

I warned Dahlgren that these irregular proceedings would involve himself and others in difficulty; that the President had no authority for it; that there was no appropriation in our Department from which this sum could be paid; that he ought certainly to know, and the President should understand, that we could not divert funds from their legitimate appropriation. I cautioned him, as I have occasion to do repeatedly, against encouraging the President in these well-intentioned but irregular proceedings. He assures me he does restrain the President as far as respect will permit, but his "restraints" are impotent, valueless. He is no check on the President, who has a propensity to engage in matters of this kind. Finding the heads of Departments opposed to these schemes, the President goes often behind them, as in this instance; and subordinates, flattered by his notice, encourage him. In this instance, Dahlgren says it is the President's act; that he is responsible.

¹ Charles Henry Davis, who had defeated the Confederate fleet off Fort Pillow, and captured Memphis.

SEWARD'S INTIMACY WITH MCCLELLAN

Wednesday, February 25, 1863.

Had a brief call from General McClellan this P. M. He looks in good health but is evidently uncomfortable in mind. Our conversation was general; of the little progress made, the censoriousness of the public, of the dissatisfaction towards both of us, &c., &c. The letter of General Scott of the 4th of October 1861, complaining of his disrespect and wanting obedience, is just brought out.

I well remember an interview between these two officers about the period that letter was written, the President, myself, and two or three others being present. It was in General Scott's rooms, opposite the War Office. In the course of conversation, which related to military operations, a question arose as to the number of troops there were in and about Washington. Cameron² could not answer the question, McClellan did not. General Scott said no reports were made to him. The President was disturbed. At this moment, Seward stated the several commands, how many regiments had reported in a few days, and the aggregate at the time of the whole force. The statement was made from a small paper and [Seward] appealing to McClellan, that officer replied that the statement approximated the truth.

General Scott's countenance showed great displeasure. "This," said the veteran warrior, "is a remarkable state of things. I am in command of the armies of the United States, but have been wholly unable to get any reports, any statement of the actual forces. But here is the Secretary of State, a civilian, for whom I have great respect, but who is not a military man nor conversant with military affairs, though his abilities are great — this civilian is possessed of facts which are withheld from me. Military reports are made, not to these Headquarters, but to the State Department.

² Simon Cameron, predecessor of Stanton as Secretary of War.

Am I, Mr. President, to apply to the Secretary of State for the necessary military information to discharge my duties?"

Mr. Seward explained that he had got his information by vigilance and attention, keeping account of the daily arrival of regiments, etc. There was a grim smile on the face of the old soldier [as he said], "And you, without report, probably ascertained where each regiment was ordered. Your labors and industry, Mr. Secretary of State, I know are very arduous, but I did not before know the whole of them. If you, in that way, can get accurate information, the rebels can also, though I cannot."

Cameron here broke in, half in earnest and half ironical, and said we all knew Seward was meddlesome — interfering in all the departments with what was none of his business. He thought we had better go to our duties. It was a pleasant way of breaking up an unpleasant interview, and we rose to leave. McClellan was near the open door and General Scott addressed him by name. "You," said the aged hero, "were called here by my advice. The times require vigilance and activity. I am not active, and never shall be again. When I proposed that you should come here to aid, not supersede me, you had my friendship and confidence. You still have my confidence."

I had, in the early stages of the war, disapproved of the policy of General Scott, which was purely defensive — non-intercourse with the insurgents, shut them out from the world by blockade and military frontier lines, but not to invade their territory. The *anaconda* policy was,

I then thought and still think, unwise for the country. The policy of General McClellan has not been essentially different, but he was called here with the assent, if not by the recommendation, of General Scott. It was evident from what transpired at the interview here mentioned that Mr. Seward, who had been in close intimacy with the veteran commander at first, had transferred his intimacy to the junior General, and the former felt it, saw that he was becoming neglected, and his pride was wounded.

That Seward kept himself well informed in the way he stated, I think was true, and he likely had his information confirmed by McClellan, with whom he almost daily compared notes and of whom he made inquiries. But McClellan is by nature reticent; in many respects, a good quality. Seward has great industry and an enquiring mind, and loves to possess himself of everything that transpires; has an unfortunate inclination to run to subordinates for information; has in Meigs¹ a willing assistant, and others who think it a compliment to be consulted by the Secretary of State, and are ready to impart to him all they know of the doings and intentions of their superiors. He has by his practice encouraged the President to do likewise and get at facts indiscreetly, but the President does this because he feels a delicacy in intruding, especially in business hours, on the Heads of Departments. Seward has no such delicacy, but a craving desire to be familiar with the transactions of each Department.

¹ General Meigs, Quartermaster-General of the Army.

(To be continued.)

AT THE MAKING OF MAN

BY BLISS CARMAN

*First Michael's scarlet-suited host
Took up the word and sang.
As though a trumpet had been loosed
In heaven, the arches rang;
For these were they who feel the thrill
Of beauty like a pang.*

He shall be framed and balanced
For loveliness and power,
Lithe as the supple creatures,
And colored as a flower,
Sustained by the all-feeding earth,
Nurtured by wind and shower,

To stand within the vortex
Where surging forces play,
A poised and pliant figure
Immutable as they,
Till time and space and energy
Surrender to his sway.

He shall be free to journey
Over the teeming earth,
An insatiable seeker,
A wanderer from his birth,
Clothed in the fragile veil of sense,
With fortitude for girth.

His hands shall have dominion
Of all created things,
To fashion in the likeness
Of his imaginings,
To make his will and thought survive
Unto a thousand springs.

The world shall be his province,
The principedom of his skill;
The tides shall wear his harness,
The winds obey his will;
Till neither flood, nor fire, nor frost,
Shall work to do him ill.

A creature fit to carry
The pure creative fire,
Whatever truth inform him,
Whatever good inspire,
He shall make lovely in all things
To the end of his desire.

*Then Gabriel's host in silver gear
And vesture twilight blue,
The spirits of immortal mind,
The warders of the true,
Took up the theme that gives the world
Significance anew.*

He shall be born to reason,
And have the primal need
To understand and follow
Wherever truth may lead, —
To grow in wisdom like a tree
Unfolding from a seed.

A watcher by the sheepfolds,
With wonder in his eyes,
He shall behold the seasons,
And mark the planets rise,
Till all the marching firmament
Shall rouse his vast surmise.

Beyond the sweep of vision,
Or utmost reach of sound,
This cunning fire-maker,
This tiller of the ground,
Shall learn the secrets of the suns
And fathom the profound.

At the Making of Man

For he must prove all being
 Sane, beauteous, benign,
 And at the heart of nature
 Discover the divine, —
 Himself the type and symbol
 Of the eternal trine.

He shall perceive the kindling
 Of knowledge, far and dim,
 As of the fire that brightens
 Below the dark sea-rim,
 When ray by ray the splendid sun
 Floats to the world's wide brim.

And out of primal instinct,
 The lore of lair and den,
 He shall emerge to question
 How, wherefore, whence, and when,
 Till the last frontier of the truth
 Shall lie within his ken.

*Then all the host of Raphael
 In liveries of gold,
 Lifted the chorus on whose rhythm
 The spinning spheres are rolled, —
 The Seraphs of the morning calm
 Whose hearts are never cold.*

He shall be born a spirit,
 Part of the soul that yearns,
 The core of vital gladness
 That suffers and discerns,
 The stir that breaks the budding sheath
 When the green spring returns, —

The gist of power and patience
 Hid in the plasmic clay,
 The calm behind the senses,
 The passionate essay
 To make his wise and lovely dream
 Immortal on a day.

The soft Aprilian ardors
That warm the waiting loam
Shall whisper in his pulses
To bid him overcome,
And he shall learn the wonder-cry
Beneath the azure dome.

And though all-dying nature
Should teach him to deplore,
The ruddy fires of autumn
Shall lure him but the more
To pass from joy to stronger joy,
As through an open door.

He shall have hope and honor,
Proud trust and courage stark,
To hold him to his purpose
Through the unlighted dark,
And love that sees the moon's full orb
In the first silver arc.

And he shall live by kindness
And the heart's certitude,
Which moves without misgiving
In ways not understood,
Sure only of the vast event, —
The large and simple good.

THE FORTY IMMORTALS

BY JEANNE MAIRET

WHEN the seventeenth century was still young, and men took a lively interest in those writers, young also, who, unknown to themselves were to make of it the "great century," ten cronies met once a week to discuss the last book or the successful tragedy of the day. These men bore names unfamiliar to our forgetful age: Godeau, Gournault, Chapelain, Desmarets, Habert, Abbé de Cérisy, Conrart, Cérisy, Malleville, and Giry. Their trysting-place was Conrart's house. He was well-to-do in the world, a man of taste and learning, and most hospitable, so that we can imagine how comfortable these masculine meetings were.

A vast room, with the visible rafters of well-seasoned, dark-hued oak; a huge fireplace where blazed big logs, cheerfully but somewhat ineffectually, after the fashion of the day, scorching faces and leaving backs very cold; high armchairs, so fashioned as to protect head and ears from insidious draughts; screens used for the same purpose; on the broad table a tray with slim glasses and certain cobwebbed bottles, — none of your sugared water such as satisfies modern orators grown dry-throated, but rich burgundy or ancient bordeaux, fit for gods — and Frenchmen. Then, with drawn curtains, all feminine intrusion out of the question, the ten cronies, most agreeably to themselves, dealt out praise and blame (the latter with greater gusto doubtless, for the saying of sharp things has ever been a joy to sweet humanity) to rising young authors such as Mairet, Rotrou, Scudéry, Corneille, and many others.

For a few years, these quiet meetings went on most unobtrusively. But the judgments of this new sort of "Council of Ten" little by little oozed out. Even men are not always so discreet as they

fancy themselves; then, some of these gentlemen were doubtless married, — and it became the object of all young authors to be discussed at Conrart's evening reunions.

In those days, Louis XIII sat on the throne, and the Cardinal de Richelieu reigned, most despotically, over France and its King. The minister shrewdly suspected that he was a consummate statesman, but he knew, even more surely, that he was a great poet. He would have abandoned many a political scheme for the sake of seeing a tragedy in five acts, and in verse, applauded by that very multitude he despised and governed. For some time past, he had been turning over in his mighty brain a project for the disciplining of French minds; he wished to introduce into the world of letters that order, that subserviency, which he had obtained in the turbulent world of the nobility. In the Conrart intimate reunions, he saw the nucleus of what was to become the French Academy.

At first the ten gentlemen, well content with their comfort, drew back. But who could long resist the powerful cardinal, especially when he chose to be courteous and charming? And so, they yielded.

The new company was first called *Académie des Beaux-esprits*, then *Académie de l'éloquence*, *Académie éminente*, and finally the simpler and better name of *Académie Française* was adopted. The first meeting took place on March 13, 1634. The Parliament, however, only signed the papers that gave it a legal existence on July 10, 1637. The custom of academical discourses dates from 1640. The number of academicians was fixed at thirty-four; then went up to forty.

If we consult the first list, we see that not only literary men were received into

this august company, but also amateurs of refined taste and judgment. Later on, statesmen, orators, savants, or simply high-born and powerful protectors of literature, were admitted. The celebrated phrase, "L'Académie est un salon," was soon heard, and it reduced to silence all rough and untidy candidates.

From the start, these forty great men took themselves very much in earnest, and expected their immortality to be more than a mere name. In 1640 the advocate Patru, one of the first Academicians, said, "Gentlemen: Do not hope that the future will furnish men equal to yourselves. It is enough that our century should have produced forty persons of sufficient greatness, and of eminent virtue. So great an effort could not have been made without exhausting nature." And yet every generation has proved equal to that great effort, and who now remembers the advocate Patru?

Forty men cannot, like a small and chummy set, assemble around a roaring fire, drink good wine, and cut up poor writers. Work had to be provided. Chapelain, one of the first Immortals, proposed that they should compile a dictionary, destined to become the Gospel of French literature. In June, 1639, the letter A was nearly completed. This dictionary has proved to be a sort of Penelope's tapestry: it has eternally to be recommenced. Language will not stand still, in spite of all the Academies in the world. It grows like a willful child; its hair and nails must constantly be trimmed, and it bursts its buttons, and needs a lengthening of its clothes at each change of season. The Forty have a never-ending task before them.

If candidates knock humbly at the door of the big dome-crowned Palais de l'Institut, impertinent words (slang at their birth) knock unblushingly at the door of the dictionary, and many have gained admittance, the acceptance of which would have caused poor Chapelain's wig to rise on his head. And yet, it was Chapelain himself who said, "If

félicité is not yet French, it will be next year: M. Vaugelas has promised not to vote against it when we shall plead its cause."

That "felicity" should ever have been considered as bohemian, rather astonishes us. But words which we use daily, in no matter what language, may have scandalized our remote forefathers. We read in Madame du Deffand's *Correspondance* that, a hundred years or more after the founding of the Academy, she could hardly reconcile herself to the use of the word *être* as a noun, meaning a being; she had always looked upon it as merely an auxiliary verb, which knew its place in a sentence, and kept it.

The first dictionary appeared in 1694, the second edition in 1718, the seventh in 1879. The work is still going on.

The Academy was at once solemnly organized. A Director, a Chancellor, and a Secretary presided over the meetings. The Director and Chancellor are renewed every year; the *Secrétaire perpétuel* is named for life, and enjoys a fine apartment in the Palais de l'Institut. This is a much envied position.

During many years, a panegyric of the founder, Richelieu, was obligatory upon all new members, and it was not always easy gracefully to introduce into an academic oration. After a while, a visit to the head of the nation was substituted for the rather stale and inopportune panegyric. But even this had to be abandoned in modern times. Chateaubriand, then Berryer, among others, absolutely refused to conform to this custom: the former because he hated Napoleon I; the latter, because he hated Napoleon III.

On the left side of the Seine, just across the Pont des Arts, looms up a fine but rather melancholy-looking building, surmounted by a majestic dome. There is a small open space, scarcely a square, before it; intricate, narrow, old-time streets wind around it. It is almost opposite the beautiful Louvre, not far from the Tuileries gardens and that wonderful Place

de la Concorde. But the Palais de l'Institut yet seems to turn its back on modern Paris, and to slumber, half-buried in the dust of ages, like old, much-honored, rarely opened books on the top shelf of a library. It is the abode of conservatism.

In the thirteenth century, vineyards covered all this ground, and a big tower was built at the water's edge. In the course of time, it belonged to Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe le Long. Alexandre Dumas, in his famous drama *La Tour de Nesle*, has given a sorry reputation to this queen, whom he called, I know not why, Marguerite. On this very spot rose a college endowed by Mazarin for the education of needy, but noble youths, and to it he gave his wonderful library. During the Revolution, the college disappeared. In 1806, Napoleon caused the words *Institut de France* to be cut above the door, and, ever since, the five Academics have met under the dome. These are l'Académie Française, l'Académie des Sciences, l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, l'Académie des Beaux-Arts, l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. But the first of these and the oldest is the Académie Française, and toward it all men who hold a pen turn very longing eyes.

Not all, however. Some, and not the least among writers, proudly disdained it: Pascal, Molière, Balzac, Dumas the elder, Flaubert, never belonged to the Academy. Piron wrote his own epitaph thus, —

“Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien
Pas même Académicien.”

The poet had indeed been elected, but Louis XV, celebrated as we know for his high moral principles, refused to sanction his election. To console the would-be Immortal, the King granted him a pension of one thousand livres.

In our days, that exquisite writer, Alphonse Daudet, after having been enticed into the vestibule of the sacred edifice, violently slammed the door after him, and wrote his book *L'Immortel*. On that occasion, the charming novelist put

a little venom in his ink. All recognized the portraits, the caricatures rather, with which his pages were filled. He vowed they were not portraits, and, in truth, a detail here and there had generally been changed: one man wore another man's nose; a woman's personal appearance, or some circumstance of her well-known life, was not exactly true; but each personage, as it appeared in the story, was greeted by his or her real name. On the title-page of the novel are printed these words: “I am not, I never was, I never will be a candidate for the French Academy.”

Another modern writer took a very different view of the question: this was Emile Zola. While his friend and rival, Daudet, said very hard things of the institution, Zola declared that “since the Academy existed, he was bound to belong to it.” In those already distant days, if Zola had passionate admirers, his detractors were more passionate still, and, at every new election, the same question arose: “Should Zola be elected or not?” The famous phrase, “The Academy is a salon,” buzzed through the air, was caught up by the press, was repeated especially in beautiful drawing-rooms where, according to public report, academical candidates were supported or black-balled. Zola doggedly made the regulation visits after each vacancy, and asked for admittance. Each time, he received one vote. All wondered who was the brave Academician who imperturbably voted for the author of *L'Assommoir* and *Pot-Bouille*. New Peri at the gate of Paradise, Zola never entered within its precincts.

From the earliest times, in our day especially, an election to the French Academy has ever been a matter of great importance. In all times also an election has been made more against an unpopular candidate, than in favor of the one admitted. Women, particularly, grow quite frantic on the subject and, for the time being, can think of nothing else.

In Pailleron's witty and ever young

comedy, *Le monde où l'on s'ennuie*, a great lady, the Comtesse de Céran, has her candidate. She says to him, —

“No, no . . . not at the first turn: 15 . . . 8 . . . 15 . . . It will be a drawn contest, consequently there will be a ballot . . . How simple!

“*The Candidate*: Simple . . . simple! The second time I can receive but four votes, with the nine of the first . . . total: 13.

“*Mme. de Céran*: And our seven of the first, will make twenty. Can't you understand? . . . Mind you pay court to Dalibert and his liberals. Just now, the Academy is liberal . . . just now, I say . . .”

The comedy goes on from year to year, as the “Immortals” prove the ghastly falsehood of their title. Immortal in another sense? Here are some names, chosen at random through the centuries which have vanished since the Academy came into existence: Garat, Dureau, Delanville, Arnault, Laujon, Picard, Merlin, Esménard, Duval, Campenon, Laya, Roger, Lemontey, Pastoret, de Bausset, Auger, Soumat, Brifaut, Guiraud, Feletz, Pongeville, Tissot, Michaud, Saint-Priest, Biot, Comte de Carné, Champigny . . . and the list might be prolonged almost indefinitely. Who, beyond the walls of the Institut, or outside of a small and learned circle, could recall the works of these forgotten great men?

There is another kind of struggle after an election: all are eager to obtain a card of invitation to the solemn ceremony of the new member's reception. The hemicycle is but a small one; the galleries cramped and uncomfortable. Twice as many invitations are issued as there are seats. Long before the doors are opened, rows of anxious people wait and wait. Many fine ladies send their unfortunate footmen at five o'clock in the morning, if not overnight, to secure the places they will occupy at one o'clock in the afternoon. And, be the weather as vile as it often is during a Paris winter, the patient line is unbroken. When, at last, the doors

are thrown open, in a twinkling the best seats are secured, and the Secretary of the Institute, noted for his urbanity and his cleverness in insinuating supplementary chairs into insufficient space, has his hands full. Often, the unfortunate holders of gallery cards are stopped by the crush in the narrow, winding, stifling staircase, and, unable either to advance or to retreat, hear the distant echoes of the Academic sing-song, and of aristocratic applause.

In Daudet's *L'Immortel*, a provincial poet has come to Paris to solicit a prize, and later on to become that most lamentable of wrecks, a perpetual candidate for the Academy. Here is a picture of what he saw on the eve of a reception, —

“Picheral [his real name was Pingard] and his clerks were in all the confusion of names, addresses, tossed from one desk to the other, surrounded by a litter of blue, yellow, green cards, all the turmoil of invitations for the great reception. . . . I wish you could have heard him speak to the Comte de Brétigny, ex-minister, one of the great noblemen of the Academy, who had come to remonstrate about a mistake in his account. You must know that each time a member assists at a meeting he receives a presence-counter worth six francs. As there are forty members, the sum amounts to 240 francs; the fewer the assistants, the greater sum awarded to each. At the end of the month, a linen bag is given to each, a paper pinned to it, like a laundry bill. Brétigny complained that two of the counters had been overlooked, and it was as good as a play to see this noble and rich lord, president of I know not how many boards, coming in his equipage to haggle over twelve francs. Finally, after a long debate, Picheral beat him down to six and threw them at him as if he had been a beggar. The Immortal pocketed his six francs with great satisfaction. . . . I heard the venerable Jean Rehu, who is nearly a hundred years old, relate that his friend, Suard, went to the Academy on January 21, 1793, the day of Louis XVI's decapi-

tation, and, thanks to the absence of the other Academicians, swept up the whole of the 240 francs. . . . And you must not think that to belong to the Academy is a sinecure: every year there are new bequests that have to be utilized, therefore more books to read, more reports to make . . . Then there are the orations and the Dictionary!"

Every year, sums of money, varying from several thousand to a few hundred francs, are distributed among writers, while other sums are destined to reward virtue; and every year, the Secrétaire perpétuel and the Director of the day read out the list of the laureates. It is a marvel to note how these hackneyed themes can be rejuvenated by clever men. I once heard Alexander Dumas, the younger, speak of the humble heroism of servant girls or obscure priests, and his most successful "premières" were scarcely more delightful.

At the distribution of prizes, in November, 1907, the late M. Gaston Boissier, an old man of an astonishingly youthful spirit, said, —

"This is the eighty-seventh time that the Academy has met to recompense virtue. The harvest is always the same: miracles of devotion, of sympathy, of kindness. . . . Our predecessors have said all that could be said in praise of virtue. I have consulted eighty-seven orations, pronounced by such men as Laplace, Cuvier, Tocqueville, Guizot, Montalembert, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas fils, Renan, Brunetière, and Sully-Prudhomme . . . In these orations genius received a kind of after-glow from the virtues it glorified, and we are able, through them, to follow, year by year, the movement — I should not dare say the fashion — of French sensibility."

Now let us turn to those writers who, for one reason or another, were left out in the cold. Daudet's provincial poet says, —

"I timidly mentioned the name of

Balzac. The novelist Desminières [read Feuillet], who used to get up the Compiègne charades, exclaimed hotly, "Balzac! Did you know him? Do you know of whom you are speaking? . . . A bohemian, . . . a man who never had a twenty-franc piece with which to bless himself!"

Flaubert, who was haughtily indifferent to all academic ambition, and who certainly would have been black-balled had he applied for admission to the sacred precincts, wrote to George Sand, —

"To have missed the Academy was to Théophile Gautier a frightful sorrow. What weakness! and how cheap must one hold oneself! . . . In truth, seeking after any sort of honor seems to me an act of incomprehensible immodesty."

In one of George Sand's delightful letters to the author of *Madame Bovary*, she says, "Violent criticism is the inevitable consecration of great talent. Be sure that those who have not been cut and slashed in that way are *only fit for the Academy*."

In 1839, when Victor Hugo did not obtain the necessary majority of votes, Béranger wrote to a friend, "I certainly do not belong to your Academy; luckily so, for I should have had a fit of misanthropy on discovering the criss-cross of intrigues which brought about your last two elections."

Very different was the attitude of Taine. He wrote to Alexander Dumas, fils, in 1878, "I consider it a great honor to belong to the French Academy . . . it seems that I can count on a majority of votes . . . of this I am very proud and very happy . . ." Later on, he wrote again, in a more subdued tone: "I could not have imagined that a candidate would have to take so many steps and waste so much ink. . . . After all, I am not of those who find life unbearable for lack of a coat embroidered in green. . . . I should willingly give up all vain satisfactions to find a new idea or clearly to demonstrate an idea which I already possess. . . ." Still later, when he found that he was likely

to be beaten, he wrote to his wife: "This sickening task is as useless as it is displeasing. I have lost fifteen days, traveled three hundred leagues, spent six days making visits. . . I am weary and disgusted. My only wish is to leave all this parade to others and to settle down in my corner once more. It seems to me that I have been walking amid evil smells, and I long for my books that do not lie."

He was not received, and did not apply again. His friends, ashamed of this failure, carried on the campaign in his name, and the news of his election reached him, at the next vacancy, in his quiet summer home at Menthon Saint-Bernard, on the Lake of Annecy.

In his discourse, March, 1880, he said, —

"I shall assist faithfully at the meetings of the Academy: it is the duty of a new-comer and a most agreeable one. The French Academy is a sort of Club, composed of men differing widely one from another, but who are all most polite; they converse familiarly and on a footing of perfect equality . . . their courtesy is that of the last century."

To make ceremonious visits to thirty-nine Academicians, with the hope of becoming the fortieth, is bad enough when success comes at once. It rarely does. The greatest often knock several times at the door before it opens, and on each occasion the thirty-nine (more or less) visits have to be repeated.

Once received, Academicians have often been accused of slumbering gently on their laurels. Like all sweeping assertions, this one is scarcely true. Many works, bearing the magical title *De l'Académie Française*, are as living and as interesting as when the name in itself was a sufficient title to glory.

Alphonse Daudet thought otherwise. In *L'Immortel*, he describes the funeral of an Academician. On such occasions, the whole Academy turns out to honor its dead.

"Decrepit, broken, twisted like superannuated fruit-trees, heavy-footed, unsteady of leg, with the blinking eyes of night-birds, those who did not lean on a friendly arm, tottered with outspread hands, and their names were whispered in the crowd, reminding one of dead and long-forgotten books."

Three classes especially are clearly marked in the Academy. These are familiarly known as the "Dukes," that is all the highborn members, such as were, in bygone years, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Broglie and others; the "Pedants" comprising historians, critics, savants — and I fancy that Renan, Pasteur, Littré, to speak only of the dead, carried their title of "pedants" very lightly; and the "*Cabotins*" (for which word there is no adequate English translation); in this class, dramatic authors, novelists, journalists, and lawyers are huddled together. In an election, or even for the obtaining of a modest prize, one had to choose the patrons most likely to push one's fortunes.

The candidate, once elected, is bound to pronounce a harangue before he is allowed to take part in the work of the noble body. The Director who happens to be in office, answers him. This oration is invariably, or at least should be, composed first of thanks, more or less humble, for the great honor conferred, then of a panegyric of the happy one's predecessor. And oh! how difficult that sometimes must be! More than one has rushed to the Encyclopedia, then to the libraries, so as to get some clear notion of the illustrious ex-Immortal! Then, fate is often ironical: a priest may be bound to celebrate the talent of an atheist; an historian that of a writer of light comedies; a legitimist may have to praise a socialist; or else the newly elected member may have to speak of his most intimate enemy.

Some orations were never pronounced. In 1812, Chateaubriand refused to speak of Joseph-Marie Chénier, the revolutionary brother of that exquisite poet,

André Chénier. The harangue of Emile Ollivier, after the war of 1870, was not approved by his sponsors, on account of an enthusiastic eulogy of Napoleon III. Edmond About, who was elected toward 1880, if I am not mistaken, never took possession of his seat, and died in 1883 without having donned the green-embroidered coat, and that was a great pity. About, familiarly called Voltaire's grandson, had a wonderful command of the French language, and a wit so keen that his grandsire might have claimed it for his own.

Let us go back to the beginning of the Nineteenth century, and work our way up to modern times, gleaning here and there a few ears of wheat wherewith to make a modest sheaf, out of the rich harvest. These fragments will give an idea of what is called academic eloquence. And do not fancy that, especially in early days, all went merry as a marriage-bell and that nothing but sugarplums and compliments were showered on the new Academician. More than one Director imagined it his duty to use the rod, as with some schoolboy whom he was to instruct in the virtue of humility. The great art consisted in so mixing sour with sweets as to tickle the fancy of the audience, without really giving cause of complaint to the novice.

This rapid review will also have the advantage of initiating us in the ideas, the tastes, of Frenchmen after the Revolution, before Romanticism, and after Romanticism had died of old age.

In 1816 Desèze took the place of Ducis, that gentle Ducis who "softened" Shakespeare. Thus spoke Desèze:—

"What Ducis chose, he adorned; the most severe of critics acknowledged that he had simplified Shakespeare; that he had rid him of some of his most revolting faults, and that he had even at times improved on him."

We all remember that Voltaire "discovered Shakespeare," did him the honor to rob him, presented him to his country-

men; then, finding that some of these were only too prone to admire the "barbarian," said with his easy grace "that he had found some diamonds on that dung-hill."

Casimir Delavigne, after the great success of his comedy *L'Ecole des Vieillards*, knocked at the door of the Academy. He was only thirty: his youth was against him, and Monseigneur de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, was elected. A second attempt failed; Monseigneur de Quélan, Archbishop of Paris, was the favored one. "I shall not present myself again," declared Delavigne; "you understand that, on the third occasion, the Holy Father himself would be my rival." Nevertheless, in 1825, he was admitted. His discourse was an interesting one, for it was frankly romantic. His was a rather curious position with regard to Romanticism, for in politics he was a liberal, whereas in 1825 Victor Hugo and his adherents were royalists. This declaration of Romanticism by Casimir Delavigne was the first ever heard at the French Academy, and it must have caused some emotion. However, he was not a violent sectarian, and the most conservative of his new brethren could scarcely have objected to this passage of his oration: "Ardent admirers that we all are of Sophocles, let us also admire Shakespeare and Goethe, less to imitate them than to learn from them to be what nature made us."

In 1828, the great professor and critic, Villemain, took possession of the seat that Fontanes, the friend of Chateaubriand, had occupied. Roger, in his answer to Villemain, relates this anecdote. It is well known that Chateaubriand gave in his resignation as ambassador, after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and Fontanes approved his conduct. "One day the Emperor said to the latter, 'Do you still think about *your* Duc d'Enghien?' — 'It seems to me,' was the reply, 'that the Emperor thinks of him as much as I do.'"

In reading over these innumerable

discourses, one is struck by their variety, even though the order remains about the same. Individuality shows itself through conventionality. Sturdy and muscular arms may crack the seams of the embroidered coat. Victor Hugo was Apocalyptic; Taine divided his speech, as he was wont to do, with his articles for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Monseigneur Dupanloup preached a noble sermon. De Lesseps was brief and to the point; there was no nonsense about him. To make up for the bitter humiliations of his last years, de Lesseps had the great good fortune to be praised by that most rare of writers, M. Anatole France, who succeeded him at the Academy. Thiers spoke like an historian, who was scarcely a stylist. Here is one of his sentences: "A crown fell crashing to the ground, carrying with it the august head that wore it." Dramatic authors, like Scribe, Dumas, Labiche, changed the solemn platform into a stage; poets with difficulty kept rhymes from their prose address; novelists allowed their pen to dissect a character or relate an anecdote.

Lamartine, elected in 1830, was both an exquisite poet and a great prose writer; it was rather the latter who said, — "You open your ranks to men of talent, of genius, to virtue, to all that is pre-eminent. . . . Without any difference of school or of party, you place yourselves, like truth, above systems. All systems are false; genius alone is true, because nature alone is infallible."

In 1836, Scribe, in his turn, was admitted. He was certainly not one of those geniuses to whom Lamartine alluded, but no man ever more thoroughly understood the stage and its exigencies. He said, —

"Many years ago, I entered this hall; I was a pupil at the Lycée Napoléon, and here we were to receive our prizes of the *Concours Général*. In these tribunes, then as now, sat our comrades, our rivals. I asked who was the President. I was told, 'It is the Head-Master of the University, M. de Fontanes.' — 'And next to him, that handsome man?' —

VOL. 103 — NO. 4

'M. Arnault, the author of *Marius*,' that tragedy whose fine verses we all knew by heart!"

And Villemain courteously replied, —

"Your discourse has obtained the same success as one of your comedies;" which in our day would seem but tame praise.

Victor Hugo, in 1841, broke somewhat with the traditions of the place. He was not much given to humility, and he succeeded Lemercier, an antagonist of Napoleon I. Instead of praising his predecessor, as was his bounden duty, he made a magnificent panegyric of his favorite hero: "A man then made the land ring with his fame; France grew to be so great that it filled Europe. . . . This man was blessed with the three supreme conditions of success: he came, he was adored, he was consecrated. . . . He was the man to whom Alexander of Russia said, 'You were predestined;' to whom Kléber said, 'I am the soldier, you are the general;' to whom Vallembert said, 'I am about to die, but you will reign.' All in that man was immeasurable and splendid. Once he was seen in the midst of fourteen sovereigns, seated between the Cæsar and the Czar, on a throne higher than theirs. . . . He said, 'My predecessor, Charlemagne.'"

No one dared to criticise Victor Hugo. It was not the case with another poet, and a very great poet, Alfred de Vigny, who succeeded Etienne in 1846. He spoke but little of this estimable writer, probably because he had not much to say about him. There is some tinge of Vigny's habitual melancholy in this sentence: "In every man's life comes a moment when it is good for him to pause . . . and to consider whether, on the road, he has left behind him a stone worthy of remaining to mark his passage. . . ." Evidently Molé, who received him, thought that the poet had left no such stone; he said, "I can but admire the wonderful power of imagination and talent which gives life to all it touches . . . and, thanks to the brilliancy of the coloring, dispenses with reality." (In other

words, "You lie.") Then, referring to Vigny's historical romance, *Cinq-Mars*: "This, I believe, you call 'truth in art.' We, simple readers, merely call it the historical novel. I do not like, for my part, those deep gashes inflicted on the truth, and therefore on the morality of history. . . . You take as your hero the scatter-brained, bold rival of Richelieu . . . and you reduce to mean proportions one of the greatest statesmen, whose vast ambition had no other aim than the power of France. . . . Such men belong to truth rather than to art. You will not wonder that, in this Company of which he was the illustrious founder, a voice should be raised to recall the glory, and, if need be, to defend the memory of Cardinal Richelieu."

As long as the irate statesman lived, Alfred de Vigny refused to occupy his seat in the noble assembly.

In 1852, Alfred de Musset was received. He had been called *l'enfant terrible* of the romantic school. He certainly was an unruly child, and strongly objected to being lectured even by the Academy. "I protest with all my might against those preconceived judgments which force the man to pay for the child's faults: those judgments, that, in the name of the past, forbid him to have common sense, and make use of the evil he no longer commits, to punish deeds of which he is not guilty."

If Monseigneur Dupanloup, after an elaborate act of humility, preached a rather long sermon, Lacordaire, when, in 1861, he was called to the vacant seat of Tocqueville, showed that he was really a liberal religious as well as an orator. "It was impossible," said he, "for M. de Tocqueville to step upon American soil without being struck by this new world, so different from his own. For the first time, a nation revealed itself to him, flourishing, peaceful, industrious, rich, powerful, respected by others, each day peopling vast solitudes with the overflow of its population, acknowledging no master but itself, enduring no distinction of birth,

electing its magistrates from the highest to the lowest, free as its own Indians, civilized like Europeans, religious without allowing a monopoly to any sect, and, in a word, presenting to the amazed world the living drama of the most absolute liberty in the most absolute equality. . . ."

Let us, however we may enjoy such praise of America, descend from these heights. Octave Feuillet, in 1863, spoke thus of his predecessor, Scribe: "He was a detestable lawyer's clerk. One morning, as ill-luck would have it, he met his principal face to face. This excellent man, who had a sense of humor, merely said, 'As I have something to say to you, Monsieur Scribe, I am delighted to meet you. . . . I wished to suggest that if, by good fortune, you should happen to be in my part of the world, I should be infinitely obliged to you if you would call at my office.' — 'Sir,' answered Scribe, 'I was on my way to it.'"

The Duc d'Aumale was allowed by the French government to return to France, while the other members of his family remained in exile. The Academy, in 1873, hastened to open its doors to the historian of the Condés. The Duke returned the compliment by leaving to the Academy his superb castle of Chantilly, with all its treasures. "You welcomed and admitted me at the very moment when my foot trod the soil of my country: you admitted the exile of yesterday to this Company which bears the name of France."

One of the most brilliant receptions was that of Alexandre Dumas, in 1875. His father had never been one of the Forty, and he thus alluded to the fact: "In order to penetrate into your circle, gentlemen, I made use of magic. . . . I knew that a good genius — that is the appropriate word — was fighting for me, and that you were determined not to defend yourselves. I placed myself under the patronage of a name which, for a long time past, you had wished to honor, and which you now could only honor in me."

M. Victorien Sardou, who in 1878 took the place of the poet Autran, described the arrival of Lamartine at Marseilles, on his way to the Orient. "The young poet, Autran, was deputed to receive him and to accompany him in his walks. Lamartine exclaimed, 'Admirable landscape! What majesty in those ancient sycomores!' Astonished, Autran sought the sycomores and saw only scrubby mulberry trees. Out of deference, he remained silent. 'Ah! this time . . . look at this limpid spring, this youthful maiden—it's Nausicaa.' And M. Autran was bound to confess that Nausicaa was but a sturdy peasant wench, at the village washing-pool. One evening, a young writer, heir to a great name, was conversing with Autran . . . when the Parisian spied a certain manuscript: 'A play, no doubt?' Autran, not without embarrassment, answered that it was. 'A comedy?' Blushing, the author had to confess the painful truth: it was a tragedy . . . in verse. 'May I glance at it?'—'Certainly.' When the manuscript was laid aside: 'It is very bad, is it not?'—'My dear friend, give me your play; I shall take it to my father; it shall be put on the stage—and have great success.' And that is how, gentlemen, the *Fille d'Eschyle* was discovered, one evening at Marseilles, and taken to the elder Dumas by his son."

When Renan was named, in 1879, the amiable Pingard had much difficulty in finding even stools for the fine ladies who crowded the hemicycle. Renan's oration was noble and simple. He said, "What is this Company, gentlemen, but a centre for liberty; here, all political, philosophical, religious, literary opinions, all the different ways of understanding life, every sort of talent, all kinds of merit are assembled in perfect equality. That is the secret of your eternal youth; that is why your institution puts forth new shoots as the world grows old. . . . We reach your circle at the age of the Ecclesiast, a charming age, the most conducive to serene gaiety, where a man begins to

see, after a laborious youth, that all is vanity, but also that many vain things are worthy to be tasted and relished."

The modern candidates have to fear no such stinging sarcasms as wounded poor Alfred de Vigny. If criticism is not absent from the Director's discourse, it is so enveloped with praise that the pill is swallowed before the patient has had time to make a wry face. The orations of the new members have also gained in simplicity, in dignity, in straightforward, earnest thought: such are those of the historian and professor, M. Ernest Lavisse, now Director of the famous Ecole Normale; of the eminent critic M. Emile Faguet, who began thus, —

"I thank you. Having asked myself what formula of gratitude was most likely to be acceptable to you, I concluded that it must be the simplest. I thank you."

M. Pierre Loti, in his turn, addressed his new colleagues, and it was noticed that his use of the personal pronoun was perhaps a little too frequent. In his novels, as well as in life, that exquisite writer's hero has ever been Pierre Loti. This has afforded us so much pleasure that it would be ungrateful to complain; his word-pictures are always most harmonious. He said, —

"To me, the evening of May 21, 1891, was one never to be forgotten. The election took place that day, — and I, not believing in the possibility of so great a triumph, actuated also by I know not what quiet Oriental fatalism . . . had spent my time, vaguely musing, wandering on the heights of ancient Algiers, in those dead and whitely shrouded regions which surround an antique and holy mosque: it is one of those places where I have always deeply felt the most intimate, but also the most peaceful conviction of the nothingness of earthly things."

But the news that he had become an Immortal brought nevertheless some human joy to this lover of Mohammedan indifference.

Of M. Paul Bourget's discourse (1895)

I shall quote a paragraph only; it does him more credit than many of his rather lengthy pages of analysis:—

“A youth plucks, in books, the flowers of human sentiment. . . . He is like his child-brother who, picking flowers to play at being a gardener, plants them in a heap of sand, thinking that he has thus created a real garden. At noon, he leaves it bright and perfumed; but in the evening, returning, he finds the blossoms faded and he weeps, for he is but a child and does not know that flowers need roots. . . . The youth likewise is ignorant of the law which imposes certain conditions to the growth of sentiment. He does not know that ecstatic moments are rare and that one must become worthy of them, worthy of love, worthy to feel, I was going to say, worthy to suffer.”

M. Jules Lemaître, that prince of critics, that most charming of writers, was elected in 1896. Those who expected intellectual fireworks from the witty polemist were disappointed. His task was to praise the historian and professor, Victor Duruy, and he accomplished that task with all the earnestness and dignity of which he was capable. He remembered that he, also, had had the honor of wearing the professor's robe. Of this oration, I shall quote only a portrait of Napoleon III which has, I think, never been equaled:—

“The epic poem of his uncle's life, the marvelous strangeness of his own, acted upon him as a sort of opium, all the more that circumstances had greatly come to his aid, and that he had known the extremities of fortune without being in any sense a man of action. With half-shut eyes, he dreamed confusedly of the enfranchisement of nationalities, of the establishment of a slightly socialistic and yet Cæsarian democracy, of the historical completion of the Revolution: vast projects; how they were to be accomplished remained vague in the gentle fatalist's imagination, dazzled as he was by a prodigious destiny, of which he had been the toy and of which he thought himself the hero.”

To close this long enumeration, which is yet too short to give an idea of the infinite variety of talents sheltered by the big dome, let us take a poet dear to all of us who love winged verse — Edmond Rostand. His discourse was almost too pretty, too sparkling, too poetic. Let us pick up a dainty bit here and there, and thus take leave of the *Académie Française*.

M. Rostand succeeded, in 1903, to Bornier, the author of the *Fille de Roland*; the Vicomte de Bornier was a small man, almost a dwarf, and he always chose gigantic subjects. M. Rostand said, —

“Gentlemen, I have looked over innumerable green pamphlets, on which we see Minerva portrayed. I come too late to shorten the preliminary humility, too late to find some original way of being overwhelmed. . . . Let me say, if you will, that when you were called upon to choose a successor to the author of *La Fille de Roland*, I happened to be the poet, who, in the course of a journey, was nearest to Roncevaux. . . .

“I only met M. de Bornier two or three times, and I see in my mind's eye a romantic little old gentleman, sprightly and kind, with a pink face half covered with a silver beard, eyes that recalled clear water, tiny hands eternally in motion and often hidden by his big cuffs, and I know not what awkward grace which made of him a sort of hobgoblin of tragedy. . . .

“When he reached Paris, the Vicomte de Bornier gave lessons so as not to starve; the Vicomte published a volume of poems. . . . A superb waiting for glory began, and lasted twenty years, without discouragement on the poet's part. He took up his abode on Rue du Bac; he only had the bridge to cross to have his manuscripts refused at the Comédie Française; but, on his way home, he saw his star twinkle in Mme. de Staël's beloved gutter. . . . Nothing could shake the optimism of this intrepid idealist. . . .

“I shall speak only of the effect produced by the *Fille de Roland*. When it was known that Gerald was the victor, the

whole house rose to its feet. It was a moment of thrilling emotion when were uttered the dear words, 'Oh, France! Sweet France!' It seemed as if, for the first time since her defeat, France heard herself thus invoked, and thus she wept,

as weep convalescents who, on recognizing their name, understand that they are saved!"

Thus does a poet speak of a poet; thus, a Frenchman of one who honored France.

THE MUSES IN THE BACK STREET

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

WHEN "those old-maid tabbies, the Muses," took residence in East Gissing Street, there was doubtless much laughter among the gods. For while that thoroughfare begins grandly, with rows of stately, bow-windowed lodging-houses, and here and there a basement restaurant displaying the legend, "Twenty-one-Meal Tickets, Gents \$4, Ladies \$3.50," it soon shades off into tenements, ancient beyond the ken of building inspectors, though each tenement-house has a smart new front of variegated brick, with decorative fire-escapes, and an ultra-modern date, done in sheet-iron painted to look like stone.

There was laughter, too, among the old-maid tabbies. Some fairly uproarious humors developed as they set about acquainting East Gissing Street with the pleasures of intellect and taste. But Muses, when they laugh, keep a genial spirit, — here especially, since it was no prankish impulse that sent them hither. Rather was it a prompting not unnatural to the spinsterly heart, — the temptation to turn social settler. However amusing their experiment, they yearned, every tabby of them, to deserve from each bitterly deprived human soul in the vicinage a response which, albeit in phrases more suited to Chimmie Fadden than to Ovid, should say, — or strive to say, — "Thanks, Muse, to thee! Thou art a respite from care, thou art a medicine for woe!"

Now, single ladies from Pieria are set in their ways, and high praise is due the Sisters Nine for remodeling their programme so that certain refined activities not accredited to Muses in the Classical Dictionary should receive attention. With most obliging adaptability, they now preside over Mr. Aaron Silverman's bookshop, the metaphysical exploits of the Princess Fatima, the waxen effigies in the Chamber of Horrors, young Terence McSweeney's recitals on the mouth-organ, and the caperings and carolings of "amateurs" at the "home of burlesque." In a word, they assume a gracious tutelage over literature, philosophy, art, music, and the stage. When pressed to tell which Muse attends to which, it is my custom to lead the inquirer through the quarter, show him how the work is faring, and bid him decide for himself. I begin by turning his steps toward Mr. Silverman's.

Before that temple of belles-lettres stand several representatives of our reading public, consuming literature through glass. In Mr. Silverman's window, amid monuments of chewing-tobacco, ink-bottles, apples, fortune-telling cards, clay pipes, and exceedingly durable confectionery, you detect three outspread periodicals. One of those charming weeklies exists to reduce swollen fortunes by negotiating loans in return for "pleasant paragraphs," or for the surcease of "unpleasant paragraphs." It affords the

humble those glimpses of aristocratic imperfections which make socialists of some and contented — even enthusiastic — pariahs of others. The next depicts the delicate eccentricities of our stage, particularly its abhorrence of propriety in dress. The third, on rose-tinted paper, has a full-length portrait of Mr. Kid Muldoon, nude to the belt, and doubling up both fists in a most deterrent and alarming manner, while the opposite page bears a tasteful woodcut, in which six Vassar undergraduates are slaughtering a policeman. So this, one might fancy, explains what has become of our banished wood-engravers. Rosy as was their past, their present seems still more so. However, I had once the sorrow of meeting an artist who served that pinky journal, and from him I learned of countless aged woodcuts corded up in its cellar, and fetched out seriatim to scare a quaking world.

Conspicuous there in the window are these pearls of contemporary journalism. Are they equally conspicuous in the intellectual life of East Gissing Street? By no means! At ten cents the copy, they find devotees, not in the tenements, but in the barber shops of our happy country, — which informs you why Puritans shave themselves, martyring their chins in cure of their souls.

In quest of the literature dear, unutterably dear, to the hearts of the people, step within and present yourself to Mr. Aaron Silverman, poet and scholar. To curry favor, confess that many a time have you seen his Yiddish verses belauded in the press, — as is true, since reporters not learned in linguistic lore have prepared numerous Sunday “specials” by interviewing “the sweet singer of East Gissing Street,” and plagiarizing his opinion of his epics. Rely, too, upon his disdain for the books he purveys. A reader of Tolstoi, Zola, and Tourgenieff, and regarding his present establishment as a stepping-stone toward eminence, — a stage in the progress between peddling shoestrings on the curb and writing Sil-

verman & Company in gigantic gold letters over a warehouse twelve stories high, — his point of view is sufficiently akin to your own. With infinite merriment, he will show you that finely typical example of literature for the lowly, the “Diamond Series of Popular Novels.”

You have heard, I dare say, of a certain modesty to be noticed in publishers. Rarely does that virtue find more dignified expression than in the announcement, “A purchase of two or three of these books will make you a firm believer that no line of fiction can touch the Diamond Series. It is plainly the line most desired by the American public. As regards literary reputation, its authors are the leading men and women of our time.” Obviously; for the “line” includes, among other incontestable masterpieces, *Kidnapped on her Wedding-Journey*, by Eppie Angeline Roden; *Should She Have Shot Him?* by Dorothy Clay Perkins; *Death before Dishonor*, by Captain E. Sawyer Smith; *Queenie Delmar’s Love-Test*, by Mrs. Georgie Brown; and *For His Sister’s Honor*, by Thomasina Q. Bangs.

Perusing these exquisite romances, one at first marvels why Mr. Marion Crawford has escaped enrollment among “the leading men and women of our time.” Later, the mystery clears. It is because of his frugality. Whereas a single mistaken identity, a single dark secret, and a single awful suspense, followed by a single hair’s-breadth escape, will suffice for a Crawford thriller, “the leading men of our time” will have got that far by the end of their first chapter. Besides, consider the economic problem. Why expend fifteen dollars for ten mollified melodramas by Mr. Marion Crawford, when a like total of jumps and shudders comes at ten cents in the Diamond Series, and complete in one volume?

Moreover, Mr. Crawford is distressingly deficient in the arts of *mise-en-scène*. How refreshing, after his subdued coloring and overscrupulous attention to values, to open a Diamond “liner” and

read: "For in truth the young girl was so surrounded with obsequious hand-maidens, tremulous attendants, and bowing pages, who anticipated her every whim, foresaw her every lightest wish, and sprang to offer her homage as to an empress, that it was natural that her army of adoring servitors should believe that this workaday world of ours was created for her boudoir and tiring-room!"

Or again: "For months before the grand garden-party, Faunwold seethed with excited preparations. A superb marquee was erected upon the lawn, — not the ordinary marquee, which is at best but a flimsy and unsubstantial affair, but a veritable palace, within whose marble recesses glowed all the gorgeous colors of the Orient, with a rich profusion of rare and fragrant exotics; with a hundred plashing fountains, each dropping its purling waters upon groups of costly statuary in bronze and porphyry and glistening silver; with priceless rugs strewn at random upon mosaics gleaming with jewels and gold; and with innumerable palms that even now nodded as if in anticipation of the voluptuous strains of music to be furnished by an orchestra that was to comprise the most expensive virtuosos of Europe and America. Seven additional stables had been erected in the rear of the Sigismund residence. At the neighboring fashionable hotel, Clarice had bought up all the rooms in advance, that she might dispense royal, even imperial, hospitality to those of her guests who would be obliged to remain after the brief evening's princely delights."

There's romance for you! Little Nora Burke, reading those enchanting pages in her tenement bedroom, has eyes like saucers, and chews furiously at her spear-mint. Poor child! well might she cry, "Thanks, Muse, to thee; thou art a respite from care, thou art a medicine for woe."

Happily, the Diamond Series and its many collateral "lines" represent so inexhaustible a treasury that Mr. Silverman might spare Kipling and Stevenson

the indignity of paper covers, worn types, and unblushing misprints. Indeed, I count it a sin to proffer them thus, especially when the neighborhood infinitely prefers Bertha M. Clay, Charles Garvice, and Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. And as for the translated romances at that modest bookshop, — *Sapho*, *The Clemenceau Case*, or *Twenty Years After*, — they bear a taint unknown in works by "the leading men and women of our time." Who read them? Not honest young folk, mainly. Mainly they are purchased by those woeful outcasts who, though the toys of the prosperous, are quartered among the poor, till to the burden of want is added the undeserved burden of shame.

Hard by Mr. Silverman's one finds the East Gissing Street branch of our municipal library. A beneficent institution, whether viewed from the military standpoint, or the prophylactic, or the domiciliary, or the educational. It serves primarily as a court of arbitration, preventing bloodshed. Hostilities open, let us say, between Tom and Jerry at McSorley's saloon across the way, the question at issue being, "What was Queen Victoria's last name?" "Consort," shouts Jerry; "did n't she marry Prince Consort?" Tom demurs, adding frightful aspersions upon Jerry's intelligence. Jerry seizes a bottle by the neck, and is for slaying Tom outright. Then rises up McSorley, who takes pride in "keeping a respectable place," and moreover, numbers Jerry among the least dispensable of his adherents. "Hold on, gents!" cries he. "Step over to the library, and look it up!" This they do, coming forth both wiser and sadder, since Tom, vaguely remembering a name on a vaudeville poster, erred as widely as his comrade, having called her late Majesty "Victoria Vesta."

Prophylactically, the library constitutes a bulwark against pneumonia, bronchitis, laryngitis, and the chills. Rain and cold send thither the umbrellaless, the overcoatless, and them that have

holes in their boots. And even on fine warm days it offers an agreeable idling-place for veterans of the Civil War. The ingratitude of our republic sadly limits those scarred and withered warriors, giving pensions just big enough to provide lodging and sustenance without providing space wherein to stretch one's legs, and take one's ease. The city does better. In fact, by thus combining the courtesies extended by the national and municipal governments, one makes out a quite tolerable existence, — which accounts for that modern phenomenon, the growth of creative memory. Whereas all the branch library's old soldiers read Civil War literature exclusively, one finds among them those who thereby seek to offset the deprivation of retaining no first-hand impressions of the affair.

Educationally, the institution is perhaps not all that one might wish. Mr. Alonzo Graves, of number 18 East Gissing Street, has consumed *The Ring and the Book*, *In Memoriam*, *Sartor Resartus*, and nine plays of Shakespeare; he has devoured Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer; hearing that Blackstone was good for the brain, he left not a crumb of him; yet he remains an elevator boy, though now above forty. Mr. Edward Sykes, of number 36, has traversed the entire *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and half of it the second time. "Would you believe it?" he exclaimed the other day, "actually I keep striking facts I don't at all remember from the first reading!" Mr. Sidney Dill, of number 67, is still more severe in his tastes; for three years he has confined his studies to the city Directory. Nevertheless, when you pass Derby Place and come to the stately, bow-windowed lodging-houses, you encounter readers of some grasp and insight, who carry home books that not only extend their culture, but hasten their professional advancement. For instance, Miss Katharine Dyer. The dawn of the present century found Miss Dyer barely capable of transcribing, "Yrs recd. In reply wd say, have shipped goods." To-day, thanks to

the branch library, she takes dictation at double the salary from a distinguished novelist, whose vocabulary is the despair of type-setters, and the anguish of readers.

But what were a branch library without its daily newspapers? Certain of its patrons come solely to search the press, with eyes keen for their own names. It is the clipping-bureau instinct the other end to. Whereas vanity yearns to see its deeds reported in extenso, these modest souls hope to see theirs beneficently omitted. If you ever tapped a till, you can sympathize.

A various homage, then, is that paid to letters by East Gissing Street, — a various, yet ever a sincere; so we need experience no shock when informed that the neighborhood writes. Ah, yes! At least nine of its younger set have contributed, to the People's Column of the *Sunday Star*, little essays discussing postage-stamp flirtation, the ethics of spanking, the good-night kiss, the propriety of receiving the attentions of a married man, the comparative constancy of blondes and brunettes, and the folly of measuring a man's worth by the height of his collar, with now and then a valiant paragraph in defense of poesy, arguing the merits of "The Maniac's Tear," "The Gypsy's Warning," and "He Carved His Mother's Name upon the Tree." Sometimes writing takes a graver tone, in "Editorials by the People." Mr. Harvey Dempsey, of number 33, will sit by his gas-stove in his hall-bedroom and dauntlessly attack the proudest empires. His onslaughts upon Great Britain have been especially daring, and the more alarming because signed always with an impenetrable (and therefore awesome and creepy) pseudonym. Further to baffle the foe, Mr. Dempsey keeps changing his *nom-de-guerre*. One day he is "Veritas;" the next, "Q. E. D.;" the third, "Semper Vigilans." An empire never knows which way to shoot.

But to reading and writing the vicinage prefers the oral method. In winter it crowds the People's Forum on Sunday

afternoon, joining eagerly in the dissection of a free lecturer. Once, when a noted scholar had discoursed of "Evolution and Socialism," feeling ran high. A little Cockney leaped upon a bench and shrieked, "'E says as 'ow the weakest must go to the wall. 'E says the strongest must rule. 'E's not a 'uman man at all!" In summer, the rest-day wranglers seek a neighboring Grove of Academus, where, even as the Peripatetics, they pace about while philosophizing. There, beneath the overarching elms, you may see a dozen open-air meetings raging simultaneously, with six policemen to keep order among the throng that surges restlessly from conclave to conclave, applauding truth and combatting error. Strange things have I learned beneath those ancient trees: — that America is the Garden of Eden; that it is Atlantis; that the world is flat; that it has a hole on top and is inhabited inside; that the Indians are Chinamen; that they are the Lost Tribes of Israel; and that one hundred and forty-four thousand of the elect of earth will eventually marry one hundred and forty-four thousand of the elect of heaven, from whom shall spring a new race — information so surprising that one recalls Mr. Dooley's remark, "A philosopher, Hinnessy, is a man that is thryin' to make a livin' be thinkin' iv things that no man can think of without th' top iv his head blowin' off." Sometimes you wonder that there's a top of a head left in East Gissing Street.

About the philosophy of the schools there clings a certain timidity, a certain willingness to admit limitations, a certain broken-winged weakness which, when beaten, owns up to it. Here, however, you have a philosophy that leaps all obstacles, even invading the undiscerned and undiscernible, as when the Princess Fatima punctures the dimmest and least perspicuous futurities. Seated in a retired street-car next the lunch-cart at the corner of Golden Alley, this pythoiness will "enter your aura," and behold things wondrous and true. Be care-

ful, though, to phrase your queries in elegant verbiage. Young Connie Morley committed a sad indiscretion when he said to her, "Say, me sister's got a steady. Will dey go de limit?" Princess Fatima hesitated, for ears so royal are not attuned to slang. Connie repeated the question in louder tones. "Will dey go de limit?" he shouted. As if addressing a foreigner, he cherished a hope that augmented din would make up for rhetorical obscurity. Still no answer. At last he cried, "Say, *will dey go de limit?* Will dey get married? See?" whereupon Fatima's "control" instigated a tempest of giggles, and the séance adjourned in some confusion.

But the bird of prophecy has become a sort of domesticated fowl in East Gissing Street; scarce a tenement fails to boast its half-dozen metaphysicians, who, possessing *Napoleon's Oraculum*, cease their journeys to the retired street-car. According to the preface, this necromantic *vade mecum* was obtained from Bonaparte's Cabinet of Curiosities during the uproar that prevailed at Leipsic after the defeat of the French army. The Corsican, one reads, was wont to consult it in all emergencies, while it has been pronounced useful by "persons of reliable literary character." You propound a question and derive a response by exploring certain tables of numerals, whose resemblance to railway time-tables induces the requisite mystical distress.

Personally, I set more store by the appended *Gypsy Dream-Book*, since experience so frequently justifies its exegesis.

"AUTHOR. To see one or more is a bad sign; you will lose money. To dream you are an author, signifies misery and disappointed hope." — "COMEDY. To dream that you act in a comedy, you should prepare to hear bad news." — "LAWYER. To dream of meeting a lawyer brings bad tidings; if you speak to him you will lose some property." — "PSALM. To be singing psalms, indicates trouble in business."

A shrewd satirist is the Gypsy, and

clever at prophecy, for she composed her *Dream-Book* long, long before attorneys-general acquired their passion for pouncing upon psalm-singing "captains of industry."

Turn we now to art. On Sunday afternoon the great Museum of Fine Arts in Sargent Square flings wide its portals to the people. All East Gissing Street flocks thither, till the place has an atmosphere exceedingly "*peuple*." To what profit? Thousands pour in ("Gee, ain't it elegant?") and equal thousands pour as swiftly out. With loud tramping and much jostling and hurrying, they course through the noble galleries, getting snapshot impressions of plate-glass showcases, gilded picture-frames, sumptuous halls, and grand staircases. Like chain-gang tourists, they retain but one valuable memory — namely, that art is long: there are miles of it. Few there be that linger, and those few come, not from East Gissing Street, but from Little Italy — homesick expatriates casting wistful, heart-hungry glances upon Pompeian bronzes and Florentine mosaics.

If you grieve that the humble respond so languidly to æsthetic appeal, seek cheer in the Chamber of Horrors at the Eden Musée. "As a means of education and artistic perfection," declares its prospectus, "nothing can equal the life-size wax model. It is the nearest possible approach to reality. All the exhibits are refined, and we display nothing that can offend the most sensitive."

One readily discerns the critical canons whereby these back-street Taines and Ruskins establish judgment. Art should treat a great theme, and should treat it with convincing fidelity. And what theme more interesting, more captivating, more important and altogether worthy, than that of bloody murder? Is it not the endearing motif of yellow journalism, the all-engrossing topic of proletarian conversation, the central magnet of attention? Meanwhile one approaches it with a mind prepared, whereas myth and legend

and ancient story, having never entered the people's ken, leave Fragonard and Puvis de Chavannes mere shadows of dismal and deterrent incomprehensibilities.

Besides, our painters and sculptors have passed realities through the alembic of fancy. They ask you to see with your imagination, and to color imagination with sentiment, whereas East Gissing Street sees only with its eyes. And such eyes! They can't guess your age within ten years. They can't penetrate the detective's most lucid disguises. Their owners dye their hair, reasoning from within out, and confident that nobody will know. Connie Morley, beholding a colored photograph of the Doge's Palace, said to Alonzo Graves, "Gee! What's that?" — "The Union Station," replied Alonzo, and Connie agreed. So, given life-size dummies, with real clothes, even to cuff-buttons and shirt-studs, these slack-eyed critics will exclaim, "Ain't them figgers natch'ral? Just like they was alive!" So be it; that is the way you and I look — to them!

The social settlement, a square or two south of East Gissing Street, has filched an ideal from the London Kyrle Society and set about "bringing beauty home to the poor." Many a tenement household now has "a Bottijelly over de sink" — a loaned "Bottijelly," to be returned in five weeks and replaced with another. Wiser, methinks, were a policy inspired more by the Musée than by the Museum. Color-prints reproducing Meissonier's battle-pieces, Wagner's "Chariot-Race in the Circus Maximus," and the theatric, sensational works of those immortal masters of painting who held themselves not above telling a story and telling it *molto con fuoco* — these, I conjecture, would afford sufficient thrill while instilling some deference for splendor.

And may one not hope that here, despite the tawdriness of these sordid purlicious, a daring soul may now and then aspire not only to revere loveliness but to create it? Promptings are by no means

wanting, and I hold the Muses responsible for advertisements inserted in the cheapest of Mr. Silverman's magazines by the Cedarville Correspondence Institute of Graphic Art. Some nibble. By return mail comes a dazzling prospectus.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Angus McDuff, of 19 East Gissing Street, I have access to the correspondence that led to his enrollment. It begins thus:—

DEAR MR. MCDUFF:—I am convinced that you have talent for art. Why delay coming into your birthright? Perhaps the years are long ahead of you; but at best, life is a little day. "Do it Now" is a mighty good motto, especially for artists. The artistic temperament is prone to procrastination—that is why artists are so few. Will you not take up the work this very hour? I hope that your reply will be the two kinliest words ever uttered from the human heart—the matchless words, "I WILL." This is the sunrise of the artist's day. A century ago we were a pioneer people. To-day there are not half enough trained artists—artists educated as our courses educate them—to supply the clamorous demand. The cost? What is the cost? YOU CANNOT AFFORD NOT TO AFFORD IT.

Yours for a bright future,
T. ELLIS WARNER.

Mr. McDuff followed the correspondence course with gratifying success, and is now one of the foremost painters of safes in America. Mr. Davie Penrose, of number 72, followed it, and to-day designs comic valentines. Both have increased their incomes—for which, in good faith, "thanks, Muse, to thee!"

Now, since correspondence institutes teach practically everything, from arithmetic to lion-taming, seeking ultimately to substitute the little red postage-stamp for the little red school-house, we shall hardly gasp when the postman brings to East Gissing Street circulars from the Metropolitan Correspondence Conserv-

atory of Music. 'Renting a back-office in a twenty-six-story building, the Conservatory displays a picture of that architectural improbability, and writes beneath it, "The Home of the School." In the picture, immense letters, superimposed in Chinese white upon the photograph, cause the institute's name to extend itself over half the façade. Thus it tests credulity. Only appetites avid of humbug will get beyond the frontispiece, and read, "Music is best inculcated by mail. Whereas the teacher who comes to your house gives his instruction and goes away, leaving you to forget, our printed lessons remain. They can be learned by heart." The results? Meagre, mainly, though Sam Byam, of number 127, mastered the banjo thus, and played it with great venom in "the home of burlesque;" and while the audience eventually wearied of Sam, he had by that time married Concha Selby, whose trained dog, Pluribus, supports the pair in opulence.

So eager and so joyous is the welcome East Gissing Street extends to Music, Heavenly Maid, that little harm can come if a mere onlooker pokes ridicule. "The funny thing about classical music," said Bill Nye, "is that it is really so much better than it sounds;" and I cannot but observe that the funny thing about proletarian music is that it is really so much worse than it sounds. Its saccharine or effervescent melodies do but very unsuccessfully mask the tomtom. Max O'Rell once described the drum as "the basis of all British music." So here, when composing tone-poetry for the hurdy-gurdy, the brass band, the Dime Museum orchestra, or the colossal and highly architectural engineering of harmony inside the merry-go-round ("remplacant 85 musiciens," as the catalogue says), write always an obligato for the drum. For while the hand-organ sets melody marching, stiffly and with uncompromising regularity (as is proper), those vaster machines make it stamp its feet as it marches. Cymbals and tomtoms nobly accentuate

the rhythm, which is ever the principal thing.

The neighborhood of East Gissing Street vocalizes with rare freedom, commanding a repertoire of really stupendous scope and variety. Having studied with the graphophone, it sings, "She Could n't Keep Away from the Ten-Cent Store," "When Zaza Sits on the Piazza," "Seven Lumps of Sugar, Sweetie," "Not Because Your Hair is Curly," "All the World Looks Brighter Now the Windows Have Been Washed," and a thousand other lyrics, to which it adds selections memorized at the motion-picture show, where "descriptive" soloists appear during entr'actes separating the biograph's little celluloid dramas, and where the stereopticon flashes the text of the chorus upon the muslin, inviting the audience to join in.

Now while such ballads lack the charm of folk-songs, — being, indeed, far inferior to those of old-world peasants, — they at least escape irreverence; which is more than could be said of their predecessors. Fifteen years ago a Japanese traveler remarked to me, "In America, Gospel Hymns are national singing-book." Those pious ditties, shouted for sport at picnics, became inseparably associated with hard-boiled eggs and deviled ham; and the circumstance has contributed not a little to the decay of religious sentiment. Accordingly, I rejoice when "Harrigan" or "Bedelia" rings out in the woodland. Inwardly I cry, "For this relief, much thanks, Muse, to thee! Thou art a remedy for woe."

To music, East Gissing Street appends the art saltatory. Beneath the street-lamps you may see Connie Morley "work out" a few steps of stage-dancing — buck-and-wing, perhaps, or a Kerry jig; at the "social," half the dances plagiarize musical comedy; and here and there an enthusiast essays the "eccentric" and acrobatic. Thus Terpsichore conspires with Melpomene and Thalia, and I know not what other old-maid tabbies, to inflame ambition toward careers theatrical.

Miss Annie Doyle is even now debating whether to introduce herself to fame as Nancy DePrancey or as Diamond Dizzidale. My influence, such as it is, I have cast in favor of Nancy DePrancey. Kittie Stuart, fleeing her soda-fountain by reason of "anmonia of the lungs," became a blue-bird in the ornithological contingent of the "Whoop-de-Doodum" company; returning, however, when the manager absconded with the profits. A dozen others have trod the boards, if only in the ignominious estate of centurions, dryads, gondoliers, or Roman senators. They recount their experience, fanning the already white-hot aspiration of their kind.

A compelling incentive arrives in print. At Mr. Silverman's, a dime will purchase the *Billboard*, the *New York Clipper*, or the *Show World*, whose advertisements glow with promise. "Wanted: Rough Soubrette. Amateurs considered." — "Wanted Refined Amateurs. State lowest salary in first letter, as it is sure." — "Wanted: Heavy villain to double with snare-drum. No objection to amateurs."

To be sure, the eye may encounter an occasional deterrent, since now and then an insertion concludes: "Knockers, boozers, would-be managers, and graduates of amateurs' nights save stamps." But never was rose without a thorn, and brave hearts turn from this cruel intimation to the infinitely more agreeable advertisement of the American Correspondence Institute of Histrionic Inculcation, whose prospectus, loaned me by the future Nancy DePrancey, makes bold to ask, "Have you ever noticed that one's occupation in life fixes one's social standing? As a graduate of the A. C. I. H. I., you will be welcomed gladly into the best circles of society. Heretofore, one did not know which way to turn if they knew in their heart that the stage was their life-work. Professional engagements are assured to all pupils who complete the course." Or again: "What other profession or calling offers such an opportunity for one to see the world? Trav-

eling companies not only extend their tour from the frozen North to the sunny South, but also encircle the globe. As all expenses are paid by the manager, the actor en-tour may view the marvels of foreign travel with as much pleasure as the millionaire, and at the same time receive a salary." Think of that salary! "New York property is the most valuable property in the world, and who are the owners of it? Actors and actresses!" To prove how effectual are its methods, the Institute adds a testimonial from T. Percy Wing, of Skowhegan, Maine: "I am now a changed man. I can control my voice and all organs of my body any way whatever. You have learned me to gain a complete foundation that will bear all weights on earth."

To the best of my knowledge, the A. C. I. H. I. has won no recruits in East Gissing Street, probably because "speaking parts" in theatricals at the settlement have involved a degree of intellectual perspiration very disillusioning. Keenly as the neighborhood envies the stars at the Central Square, it "forsakes the sterner Muses," aspiring instead to come on between the celebrated pugilist and the educated pig in "advanced vaudeville."

Thither how straight and how inviting the path! At "the home of burlesque," any Friday evening, genius may commit its onslaught on fame — with the certainty of a dollar by way of honorarium, to say nothing of a possible prize and a jingle of coins from the galleries.

Twenty stage-struck youths and maidens wait behind the scenes, till the "Forty-Flirts" have pranced their last. The curtain, falling, cuts an atmosphere blue with tobacco-smoke. It is half-past ten.

A stage-hand removes the placard that has announced the above charming artists, replacing it with one blazoned, "AMATUEURS." As the stage-manager, programme in hand, steps out before the foot-lights, a mad burst of howling, whistling, and hand-clapping rocks the house. The bull is about to enter the ring,

and every spectator has the heart of a toreador.

"Dan Levinsky, singer," shouts the stage-manager. Mr. Levinsky — in private life, Arnold Gildersleeve, of 13 East Gissing Street — slouches sheepishly before the curtain. With one voice, the audience thunders, "Hook! Hook! Hook!" Dan cowers, yet makes out to sing. A claque of his own recruiting inaugurates a counter-revolution. "Go it, Dan!" shriek his minions. "Stick it out! You're all right!" Schism sets in among Dan's detractors. Some yell, "Give him a show!" But see! The spotlight has flung its glare upon the victim; it turns red, then green. An usher passes behind him with a huge placard inscribed, "Kill it! Don't let it suffer!" The curtain, rising a few inches, discloses an immense shepherd's crook — the dire, the dreaded "hook." Howls, cat-calls, and whistling unite to translate the "Pollice verso" of the Roman arena. Up goes the curtain now in grim earnest, and two stage-hands seize the singer about the waist with their hooks, drag him violently backward, and fling him sprawling and kicking upon a sofa. Here endeth the first "amatuer."

How does it feel to "get the hook?" Mr. Terry Morgan, sixteen times hooked, tells me "it's over before you know it" — a report which, as is reasonable, duplicates the recital I once obtained from the survivors of an Iowa cyclone.

Nevertheless, the longer you watch this oft-repeated ceremony, the more you are convinced of the extreme distaste with which a hook is regarded by aspirants for fame. Some repel its advances. "Michael Carnegie — comedian" actually breaks from his captors, leaps over the piano-player, and darts down the aisle. Him the avengers pursue. They fling him across the foot-lights, and haul him to oblivion by one leg. Even then he escapes, and is down the aisle again in a twinkling, necessitating a repetition of the solemnity. Others, relying on wit and agility rather than sheer

muscle, note the executioners' position before they come on, and keep a hand against the curtain while performing. At its first symptom of restlessness, they skip nimbly aside, so that the hook grasps naught but air. Now and then an artist resents even the premonitory usher. Miss Kitty Davis, when approached with a placard bidding her, "Take a car and go home," defends her virtuosity by terribly mauling that usher and leaving him for dead.

But while the many succumb, a remnant survives, upon whom descend joyous tributes. From her very entrance there are admirers who salute Miss Effie Saunders with yells of, "Go it, brick-top; you're all right!" They join in the chorus. They fling coppers, dimes, even quarters. Miss Effie, still singing, gathers up their favors, with the spot-light obligingly following to facilitate the search. She trips away at last amid a perfect pandemonium of enthusiasm.

For a full hour the "amateurs" display their gifts — dancing, joking, singing, or tumbling — till all have tempted the arbitrament of fate. Then the stage-manager announces that we, the audience, shall determine by the degree of our vociferosity the award of prizes.

Up sails the curtain, discovering two rows of youngsters — the hooked goats to the left, the unhooked sheep to the right. Holding aloft a five-dollar bill, the official marches slowly behind his sheep, and, as he passes each of them, notes the uproar we, the audience, produce. The Académie Française confers immortality by the suffrages of the Illustrious Company itself; here it shall be conferred by the suffrages of the people,

viva voce. And thus, with a hurricane of whoops, howls, cheers, and hand-clapping, the prize falls to Effie Saunders — of number 62 East Gissing Street. Alas! it is her apotheosis — here in this foul, reeking show-house, and before a stag audience, save for the presence of four women, mothers of amateurs, among them Mrs. Saunders, who all but bursts with pride!

Only through crudity, puerility, and quaint, amusing gaucherie, do mortals arrive at culture. And we shall not find ourselves wholly without consolation if East Gissing Street never grows up; its intellectual and æsthetic frolics still serve as "a respite from care, a medicine for woe." On the whole, the street takes them none too seriously; it regards them as forms of play. Moreover, its callousness and dullness make for contentment in surroundings that would be a horror to more delicate sensibilities. This the Muses appreciate. It partly explains why they hasten slowly. For the remaining explanation consult necessity. Many are they who go to and fro among the people, dosing them with Browning, hanging Pre-Raphaelite incomprehensibilities upon tenement walls, and prattling of Bach and Beethoven. They have their reward, a subjective one — except as they make "copy" of their beneficence and market it at space rates. Single ladies from Pieria know better. If they will pardon the discourtesy, I desire to point out that they enjoy a historic perspective of at least twenty-five centuries. It has taught them patience; also to grasp the principle enunciated in our day by Mr. George Ade: "When uplifting, get underneath."

AT THE CAFÉ D'ORSAY

BY JOHN M. HOWELLS

"Do you remember that girl with a sort of a yellow coat, whom we used to meet so regularly that we spoke of it, just in the middle of the middle arch of the Pont Royal, coming this way, and looking as if she wanted to run? It was that week that Cuthbert was sick over in the Quartier de l'Europe, and we used to curse him out for living so far away, and tell him that he could have been just as sick in Montparnasse."

"Yes, I remember," said Edgerly; "but that girl's coat was n't really yellow; it only looked so *à la lumière*, — in fact, there is a whole series of modified colors —"

"Now stop it, Ranny," Overton protested; "that will keep till you get back to the expert audience at the Café Vachette, — and besides, I'm telling you a story, and it's underbred to interrupt."

"Oh!" said Edgerly around the corner of his resumed pipe.

"I remember it rained that whole beastly week," Overton went on, "or at least it seemed as if we were always sloping up the crowning of that bridge in the dusk, just as we met this girl starting down. She looked wet through, and without seeming to know it, and after meeting her seven times in succession, I was never sure, as she passed by the lights on the parapet, whether her face was wet with the rain, or whether she was crying. We calculated, at the pace she held, that she would make about the same time as ourselves; so that the place she left every night must be just as far in one direction from the middle arch of the Pont Royal, as our front door in Montparnasse in the other. I said that ought to start her just about by the Gare St. Lazare, but I remember your quarrelsome nature and

poor bump of locality always brought on a discussion."

Edgerly grinned without interrupting his smoke.

"Well, what brought this girl to my mind again was this. I stopped for lunch, a few days ago, in a little cabaret next the Gare St. Lazare, and recognized her at the table next me. She had two other girls with her, and she was crying this time all right. I found out the reason."

"Oh, you did!" said Edgerly. "I congratulate you on your delicacy, — I forget who was talking about being under bred just now."

Overton looked at him in pained disgust. "What was I to do? they came in, and sat right at my back when I was half through breakfast; I could n't very well ask her to stop talking till I'd finished. It did n't amount to much anyway. I merely gathered that her papa had remarried — a lady with a difficult temper, and when our friend arrived home later than half-past six, if only by a few minutes, she was treated not only to reproaches, but to hints that she was late because of clandestine appointments; and this although her new mamma realized that she could not get away from the office, where she works till six or after, and it is almost impossible to make the distance to Montparnasse in so short a time. So you will please note that she did come from close to the Gare St. Lazare as I said, and curiously enough, went to almost where we came from, so that we were making the same trip at the same hour, in opposite directions every night."

"Messieurs, on vous attend à la terrasse," interrupted Antoine; and the men rose to go out. When Antoine stuck closely to the impersonal pronoun in this way. Overton and Edgerly always knew who

was meant. It was poor Swathling, of course, and Antoine, with all his astuteness, imitativeness, and amiable impudence, had completely given up even trying to name him. Swathling was an Englishman, and like Overton, studying architecture; but he was almost the only Englishman in that branch of the government school, where Americans were legion. It seemed as if the Gothic tradition was so strong at home as to suffice architectural aspirants, or at least keep them out of the Continental schools.

Antoine was indescribable; he was a satyr in the dingy dress of a *garçon de café*. His very limp when he walked suggested the cloven hoof, though he explained that he had been shot in the heel during the Commune. "But how, shot in the heel?" Overton had said; "which way were you running?" Antoine looked as grieved as his satyr leer would permit; "I was quite a child," he said, "playing in my mother's garden — it was a spent bullet." But he held his own so well with only one heel, that it is a question if the human race could have endured him unhandicapped. He had no mercy on Swathling's French, and used to repeat his orders at the top of his voice, with a solemn face, for the benefit of the other pensionnaires of the dear old Café d'Orsay, — now extinct. The new railroad station cumbers its grave, *terrasse* and all.

A table-d'hôte for boarders was served in the back room on Rue du Bac. The three Anglo-Saxons ate together. At a table on one side of them were two Brazilian medical students; on the other, the colonel of the cavalry regiment quartered in the barracks farther down the Quai d'Orsay, — now also gone. Beyond sat an advocate, and others whom they did not know.

The slips in French that Swathling made seemed inspired, and furnished the deepest satisfaction to Antoine. There was one unfortunate twist of the French word for soup, which can hardly be explained here, though it is not so dreadful either, which made poor Overton and

Edgerly writhe, which Antoine repeated so loudly that the colonel always ducked a trifle, and glanced sideways at the *cassière*, and which so took a total stranger by surprise one night that he half swallowed his spoon, to Antoine's solemn satisfaction.

The three men sat on the terrace in front of their three glasses of coffee, which they had insisted should be very hot, and which they allowed to get very cold, and stared. There was really nothing obvious to stare at. There were the people passing on their own sidewalk, bumping one another, and jostling the little iron tables as they made a *détour*, for the *terrasse* of the Café d'Orsay was nothing more nor less than two-thirds of the public sidewalk, and why the public endured it could never be made out. Then there were the people poking among the second-hand book-boxes on the wall of the quai opposite; then the people hanging on the bridge. As these last were always there, and without any excuse that could be divined, Edgerly finally decided that they were trained to supply proper spots in the foreground of the general composition. The Pavillon de Flore at the end of the Louvre formed the second plane on this canvas; and then of course after dinner there was the sunset up over the Quartier de l'Etoile.

They smoked and squinted critically at all this, but Overton's mind was still otherwise occupied, for he went on to Edgerly: "It was interesting, all the same, to listen to old Cuthbert's theories, as he lay there looking up at a corner of the ceiling. I used to call him a transcendentalist, and try to classify him for my own satisfaction and his annoyance, but he would n't even be annoyed, and he wholly refused to be classified.

"It is not so much that he denies the physical existence of matter, like so many to-day, who take their first step in company with Bishop Berkeley or some other, and then go forward by themselves; but he feels that its dominance of our daily life, and the hindering condi-

tions which it seems to impose at every turn, are in some way only our belief in, and acceptance of, such conditions, and that we are really much more in control than we believe. He certainly did n't seem to take much interest himself in what Dr. Bliss told us, on the quiet, was going to be such a nasty fever; and when we kept putting off cabling home, and the fever seemed to peter out, the doctor and ourselves were again the only ones to be surprised or interested.

"He has no patience with the idea of the supernaturalness of psychic phenomena; and he believes that in a hundred ways, our psychic control over our bodies is inoperative merely from lack of understanding and application. The sudden appearance, so often recorded, of a person in a certain place, is regarded as an apparition only because those seeing it insist that the person is really somewhere else at that time. How can it be shown that this was not itself the apparition? But of course he puts all this much better than I can repeat it, and he was particularly clear, and at the same time fantastic, that week during which I was with him so much. He would turn my anecdotes and other drivel into examples at once. I was going over for him my impressions of the same hurrying crowd crossing that bridge every night in one direction, and meeting the same hurrying crowd, of which you and I were a part, crossing in the other direction, made up mostly, night after night, of the same individuals, all forced to transfer their weary bodies; the one mass of humanity hurrying to occupy practically the very places that the other mass of humanity were leaving empty, — simply because the end of their day's employment left them stranded each night at opposite sides of the city. 'What a useless waste of time,' he would say, — 'what an ignorant, hopeless waste of life. When shall we come to the understanding of ourselves that will make such stupid physical shortening of our hours unnecessary!'

VOL. 103 — NO. 4

"He makes no doubt whatever of our arriving some day at the understanding of that control of our physical by our spiritual selves, by which we shall find our bodies always at whatever place our minds, or indeed we ourselves, may need them as physical manifestations of our presence, — for in fact those around us, or at any rate the dullest of them, are only conscious of our being with them through the reaction of our physical selves on their own physical senses of sight and hearing.

"He admits perfectly our present lack of this understanding, but he thinks that it could be reached, like many spiritual results, by a certain amount of combined effort. For instance, while it seems difficult for any single individual to be always physically manifest at the place he most needs to be, he holds that if it were possible for two or three persons to will at the same time a mutual displacement or interchange of their physical bodies, then in some way the opposition of the older belief would be weakened, and they would find the transfer less difficult than would the individual with his isolated will.

"I told him that was why he did n't mind living in such a distant quarter from the rest of us, and tried to make the idea look ridiculous. 'In other words,' I said, 'if you should get up some morning, and want to do some work in Ranny's studio next to me, and I should get up the same morning, and want to see this doctor that lives here under you; by perfectly unconscious coincidental volition, we would find ourselves in one another's shoes, and save the walk, or ten centimes on the *impériale* of an omnibus.' 'Well, yes,' he replied, smiling at me, 'that's it, crudely.'

They sat silent again for a while, and then the infrequent Swathling said rather thoughtfully, "He may not be so far off either;" and then, "but Cuthbert is living with you now, is n't he?"

"Yes," answered Overton, "he gave way to us at last, and he's now settled in

Montparnasse, — in fact, in my very house."

"What does your cousin think of his ideas, Overton?" said Edgerly.

"Who, Elsie? Oh, she considers herself the more practical of the two, but she seems to take him ideas and all, and then the mutual opinions of engaged couples are not much of a criterion. I suppose I shall see Elsie soon, and have to tell her more than I know myself about Jim, though the transatlantic mail service has been working overtime to keep her informed from the fountain-head. It's queer to think that I shall be in little old New York two weeks from to-night."

They all got up together without any apparent concerted signal, and walked off up Rue du Bac.

Two days after this Overton put his luggage aboard a *sapin* after lunch, and started for the Gare St. Lazare, for he had several hours of errands and visits on the other side of the Seine to put in before his train left for the Havre at 6.30.

He left Cuthbert in his rooms writing a letter to Elsie Overton for him to take by hand, which, it seemed, was to contain matter of some moment and volume, for even during lunch Cuthbert was a trifle inattentive. But he went downstairs with Overton partly to say good-by, but mostly to remind him to be on the lookout for him at the train, as he might bring the letter at the last moment.

Overton's afternoon was an uncomfortable one. It was hot for so early in the spring, the banker's was crowded and the mail clerk slow, and the recipients of his farewell visits seemed to live very far apart. So that it was with a good breath of relief that he found himself at dusk, walking up and down near the Gare St. Lazare, just to one side of the lines of cabs rattling in and out. His ticket was in his pocket, his luggage labeled, and he had nothing to do but look at his watch. It was nearly train time, though, after six already, and he began

to feel that angry impatience with Cuthbert, with which we regard the prospective lateness of any one at an appointment with ourselves.

It was really pretty dark by now, and the shops were all alight, and he did not dare to leave his corner lamp-post where Cuthbert was to find him. Indeed, he was leaning against the lamp-post, as a door opened on to the sidewalk just above him, and he recognized at once the girl who stepped out into the light of its openness, as the girl who lived in Montparnasse with her unwelcome stepmother.

"Well," he thought with satisfaction, "she does come from near the Gare St. Lazare every evening just as I said; next to it, in fact; so my calculations were right, and she stands at this instant just as far from the middle arch of the Pont Royal, as our door in Montparnasse is from the same arch — By thunder!" he broke out angrily half aloud, "what if that ass of a Cuthbert is just leaving there now! that would be about like him. — If he is, he can just get the French Postal Department to boost that letter of his along; he'll not get here in any twelve minutes." And he put his watch disgustedly in its place.

He had not taken his eyes off the girl, and he became conscious now of her very evident look of hurry and distress. As she almost ran toward his corner, gathering her skirts as she came, her face seemed a concentration of some wish or trouble. That side of the station runs down hill, and she came too hurriedly, for as she reached his lamp-post she struck her foot, and pitched forward.

Overton turned sharply, and jumped for her, — he remembers that perfectly; but nevertheless, when he found himself again leaning against the post, with his lip bleeding a little, and his hands muddy, it was Cuthbert who was leaning largely down over him, and saying, "What made you jump at me that way? You have plenty of time to get aboard, but you'd better hustle a little all the same."

Overton went rather confusedly into the station, and shook hands hurriedly with Cuthbert on the *quai*. They were already closing the doors of the compartments.

As the *Rapide* drew out, and shot

smoothly toward the faint glow that still held the west, Overton sucked his bleeding lip, and stared into the murkiness of the empty compartment. "That's funny," he said slowly; "he did n't seem to know he was n't there at all."

THE NEW EDUCATION IN CHINA

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

IN the past, the entire fabric of Chinese society has rested upon classical authority. Intellectual life was circumscribed by the belief that everything worth knowing had been reasoned out and settled by the ancients. Social custom was determined by the precepts of the sages, and political preferment came to those who had best mastered the classical lore. There had been created, in Chinese education, a unifying psychological force, which in itself was the bond that held the empire together by assimilating the various elements in its population. In the conduct and destiny of the Chinese nation, educational matters therefore had an importance far transcending the life of the schools. Accordingly, a change of system is by no means a matter of pure pedagogics, but it involves such fundamental permutations of social and political conduct that, among all the changes progressing and impending in the Middle Kingdom, this reform of education is the most significant and far-reaching.

Those who knew China best were most apprehensive as to the difficulties which would attend any attempt to dislodge a system so long established, and so intimately connected with the power of officialdom. As late as 1898, the events of that turbulent epoch seemed to render hopeless any attempt at reform from within. The repeated humiliation of Chinese pride during the last decade has, however, brought about most suddenly

a sweeping movement of change, supported by the common feeling among all thinking Chinamen that only a thorough renaissance of national life can save the country from continual inroads and humiliations. Nor can China take her time. She must become strong in a hurry. So, with all the retarding weight of tradition, with popular distrust and impatience, with official intrigues and counter-intrigues, with diplomatic embarrassment, the Chinese are still forging ahead in the work of reconstruction. Even the distant spectator cannot but be filled with concern when he realizes the risks to which the Chinese people are now subject. They are seeking a forward way, a road out of the stagnation into which their national life has fallen; but whether they will be able to accomplish this escape from the fetters of tradition without bloody sacrifice, is a question the answer to which the future still holds.

Changes in the educational system of China have been attempted before, notably in 1898; but the conservatism of the official classes has always succeeded in defeating any plan of thoroughgoing reform. After the Boxer troubles, however, even they could no longer escape the conclusion that changes were necessary, if China were to resist the inroads of foreign powers. A commission, appointed in 1904 to study the educational situation, submitted a complete plan for a national public-school system. Receiving the sanc-

tion of the imperial government, this plan became the authorized programme for educational changes throughout the empire. In September, 1905, an edict was issued which abolished the customs of two thousand years. The old literary examinations, by which men had obtained the right to official appointments, were entirely discontinued, and there were substituted for them examinations in which subjects of modern learning were given a prominent place. In December, 1905, the importance of educational matters was further recognized by the creation of a National Board of Education, charged with the duty of superintending the enforcement of the imperial decrees on educational matters.

The two essential elements in the Chinese reform are the creation of a *public-school system*, and the introduction of *Western subjects of study*. Under the old régime, schools were almost entirely supported by private enterprise. Neighborhood school associations provided for elementary teaching, while in the larger towns educational bodies or officials backed the higher schools. The ambitious plan worked out and submitted by Chang Chih Tung, Pao Hsi, and their associates, provides for a complete system of educational institutions modeled upon those of Japan, which, in turn, were inspired chiefly by the educational practice of the United States and Germany. There is to be a kindergarten, followed by a lower and an upper primary school, with courses occupying five and four years respectively, in which the subjects taught are reading, history, mathematics, geography, elementary science, and gymnastics. It is the purpose of the law that every larger village shall have its primary school, and that there shall be at least one of these institutions for every four hundred families. Every district town is to have a higher primary school. The next grade in the educational system is the intermediate school, which would correspond roughly to the American high school or academy. There is to be at

least one in each prefecture. In addition to a more advanced pursuit of the studies mentioned above, the study of foreign languages is also required in these institutions. Each provincial capital is to be supplied with a college, while the coping-stone of the whole system is the University of Peking, with which universities in other important centres may be associated. The University of Peking is supplied with eight faculties and forty-six departments. Admission from lower schools to those of a higher grade will be obtained on the basis of strict examinations.

In addition to the schools enumerated, there have also been established a large number of agricultural and technical institutions of various grades, from the farming school, to which graduates of the primary school are admitted, to the technical colleges, which require a much longer preparation on the part of the students. There are also normal schools, and special schools for law and political science. The latter are intended especially for the supplementary training of government officials. The national board dealing with educational matters is under the headship of Jung Ching, a progressive Manchu official. The scope of its functions may be implied from the bureaus into which it is divided, namely, professional status, general affairs, secondary studies, technology, editing, investigation, and councilors. The board is assisted by over one hundred and eighty attachés, representing the learning of the Chinese classics, as well as that of Japan and of the West. Among them are a number of prominent specialists. The bureau of editing requires the largest staff, as it is intrusted with the work of translating and publishing foreign works suitable for purposes of instruction, as well as with the direct preparation of Chinese textbooks.

The imperial decree enjoins upon all viceroys, governors, and prefects the utmost diligence in the rapid building-up of the educational system in all its parts.

Its realization, however, of course still depends upon the individual initiative and energy of governors and local officials. On account of the varying local conditions, considerable latitude must be allowed to these men — a broad discretion as to the specific methods which will be most conducive toward the realization of the general scheme. H. E. Yuan Shi Kai has given evidence of his serious purpose, in an ordinance issued in 1907 with respect to education. He makes very specific numerical requirements as to schools. In each provincial capital there are to be at least 100 primary schools with 5000 pupils. In each district, there shall be forty such schools, with at least 2000 pupils, and in each village at least one with an attendance of forty. The viceroy contemplates the requirement of compulsory education for a period of at least two years for all children. Together with H. E. Tuan Fang, and Chang Chih Tung, he has memorialized the throne to make primary education compulsory throughout the empire. The plan outlined above, as may be imagined, looms much larger on paper than in actual execution, and there is a long distance which still must be traveled before the system of Chinese education really becomes general and serviceable to all parts of the population.

When the Chinese government had issued its radical decrees on education, the spirit of the past seems to have loomed up before it in a threatening manner. To appease the national ancestors, almost divine honors were bestowed upon the great teacher Confucius. It was also decided that a Confucian University should be established at the birthplace of the sage, in the province of Shantung. Here the classic learning is to be preserved in all its purity. The present representative of the family of Confucius, the "Holy Duke" Yen, a descendant of the great teacher in the seventy-sixth generation, presented himself before the empress and emperor to render thanks for the great distinction bestowed upon his family. Being evidently touched with modern

views, he proposed that, while the place of honor should be given to Confucian studies, the new university should also not neglect such branches as political and social science, foreign language, and other Western studies. This testimony to the importance of Western studies, coming from such a source, had a great influence upon the conservatives of China. Having become interested in education, Duke Yen Sheng memorialized the throne concerning four points: first, the character and behavior of students shall be carefully looked after; second, the color of the cloth used for drill shall be made uniform; third, teachers shall be selected from amongst persons who are of serious character; fourth, teachers shall be over forty years of age. By imperial order, the board of education has transmitted these views to all provincial authorities. With such wisdom to guide them, how can the Chinese go astray?

One of the greatest difficulties occasioned by the new system of education lies in the heavy expense which it entails. Buildings have to be secured and furnished, teaching materials and text-books provided, and teachers of sufficient acquirements employed. The old-style teacher of the Chinese village school was satisfied with a paltry income, — some thirty or forty dollars, silver, a year, — supplemented as it was by kindly attentions from the neighbors. Men who are to teach the new branches expect a much larger salary; in fact, they demand many times as much as the old reading masters. The financing of the new system has consequently been a matter of extreme difficulty. In many localities, the question of securing a building equipment was solved by turning ancient Buddhist temples and monasteries into schools, and using pious funds for the purchase of maps, books, chairs, and desks. The Buddhist monks were not always willing benefactors of the public; in fact, they began to make frequent use of the subterfuge of transferring their property to Japanese Buddhists, in order to obtain

diplomatic protection. The threatened increase of Japanese influence led the government to abandon the further conversion of Buddhist temples, except in cases where some sort of agreement could be arrived at with the bonzes.

Private munificence has been strongly appealed to by the officials. A person endowing a certain number of schools will be given the title of a Chairman of the Gentry; especially generous gifts are acknowledged by the Emperor in person. The public system has, of course, not superseded the system of private schools. The latter flourish and increase in number by the side of those established by authority of the government. It has also been proposed that the moneys heretofore spent in processions, in certain commemorative exercises and comedies, be applied to the more useful purpose of furthering the educational cause. The main source of funds for educational purposes should, of course, be general taxation. But on account of the inflexibility of the Chinese revenue system, local officials often find it difficult to raise the additional income required to meet the new expenses. Some special sources have from time to time been utilized, such as the sale of public property, or the indemnity funds remitted by the United States.

The financial administration of the schools has not escaped suspicion; in fact, it has incurred much criticism on the part of the public press. Such statements as the following (from the *Shen-Chow-Jih-Pao*, or *National Herald*) are often encountered:—

“When we first heard of the new schools, we believed that they embodied a healthy desire and honest wish to benefit the educational system. It was indeed a matter of remark that the notables and literati, who had hitherto considered the old schools as unexcelled, had over night become enthusiastic supporters of the new system. The cause of their sudden change appears more clearly at present. A look at the modern schools shows that

they were founded chiefly through a desire for gain. The notables have become school managers. The funds intrusted to them they embezzle. For teachers, pupils, and objects of instruction they care not. In their hearts they are still followers of the old system.”

While this view is undoubtedly too cynical, it nevertheless indicates the difficulties in the road to reform, so long as official misuse of funds is not checked by an adequate system of accounting. The educational system itself suffers most from the scarcity of properly qualified teachers. The schoolmaster of the old type could at least scan the lines of the classics, but those who pretend a knowledge of modern branches have often acquired only a most superficial smattering from some Japanese instructor, who himself may have dipped from second-hand sources. In many localities, the entire spirit of the schools leaves much to be desired. The teachers themselves are prone to strike if their pay is not sufficient. Disputes between pupils and teachers are common. Should an unpopular teacher not be dismissed, a boycott is organized by the pupils, and they often go to the length of leaving the school in a body. Frequently they seem to carry their point to the extent that, in some localities, all discipline has been subverted; and students have gone so far as to dictate to the teachers what they want to be taught. The teachers sometimes have much to suffer from an obstinate insistence on the part of the students to do things in their own way. A custom once established will be adhered to with a stubbornness which can be described only as “pig-headedness.”

News items like the following are common in the Chinese journals:—

“*Yangchow*, 14th June, 1907. There are troubles in the middle school at Yangchow, caused by disagreement as to the amount of the teachers’ pay. The teachers have all resigned;” or—

“*Hankow*, 13th May, 1907. Owing to a conflict between teachers and stu-

dents in the middle school of Lin-hai-hsien, the latter have left the school."

Under all these circumstances, it is not surprising that the attitude of the man in the street toward the schools is not always enthusiastic. The schoolboys parading about in their new uniforms are apt to be arrogant, and offend the susceptibilities of the people they meet. The new taxes imposed by the mandarins are burdensome to many. A system which seems to be utilizing the contributions of all for the benefit of a comparatively small number is easily made the object of popular opposition, especially when feelings have been embittered through petty bickerings. So, in some localities, the buildings occupied by the new schools have been torn down, and public violence has been aroused by any effort to develop the new system. But these are only difficulties and troubles which could naturally be foreseen when a reform of such reach and importance was undertaken.

In the majority of Chinese towns, however, the public feeling is of a quite different kind. Great things are expected of the new education. A new and strong national spirit has arisen from the many ills that threaten China. The new system is certainly given an eager reception by the young students themselves; it is so superior to the old in interest and in freedom from tedious tasks of memory work. They are especially fond of their uniforms, which mark them as young soldiers in the national army. Though the system was introduced at first against the will of the literati, they did not seriously oppose it, but soon came to acknowledge that the new education is necessary to China. It was supposed that there would be bitter opposition on the part of the teachers of the old school, who would be in danger of losing their livelihood. The result happily does not bear out these anticipations. Such subjects as Chinese literature, natural history, and philosophy, still offer a large field of activity to the old type of teachers, provided that they have put themselves in touch with modern

ideas on their subjects through reading a few Western treatises. The zeal of the older teachers in trying to catch up with the foreign-trained men is at times almost pathetic. In most towns a "teachers' discussion class" has been organized. These classes were established by the initiative of the teachers themselves, in order that they might acquire the knowledge necessary for elementary instruction in the new branches. With great eagerness these men, varying in age from thirty to fifty-five years, will follow the instruction given by some youngster in the early twenties who has been fortunate enough to have had a course in Japan or the West. While the necessary superficiality of such a system must be deplored, the mere fact of this instruction being so eagerly sought by the teachers is the best proof that the old order, recognizing its inevitable fate, has abandoned the hope of regaining its former supremacy and is hurrying to adapt itself to the new conditions.

This enthusiasm also finds expression in great individual sacrifices, and even in martyrdom. Private gifts are made in large numbers, even without the solicitation of officials or the hope of rewards. Within the last few years, it has frequently happened that some person desirous of founding a school, and lacking the means to do so, has in truly Oriental fashion appealed to his or her townsmen by committing suicide, after writing out a touching request for aid in the new cause. A Tartar lady at Hankow who had founded a school for girls was unable to secure sufficient money for carrying on the work of the institution. In order to secure her object, she determined to commit suicide. In her farewell letter, she stated that she felt the need of the school so much that she would sacrifice her own life and thus impress the need upon those who were able to give money. Her act had the result desired, as after her death money came flowing in from many sources. In most cases, fortunately, the appeals for assistance are successful with-

out going to such extremes. Thus, the wife of a district magistrate in Honan, having decided to establish a school for girls, wrote a circular setting forth that a girl, if uneducated, brings six kinds of injury to herself and three kinds to her relatives. The subtlety of her arguments fascinated the city folk, and sufficient funds for her purpose were soon provided.

The introduction of female education, which militates against the most deep-seated prejudices of the Chinese race, has called for greater personal sacrifices than any other part of educational reform. Some powerful patrons have indeed arisen. H. E. Tuan Fang urged the importance of this reform upon the empress herself, with the result that, before her death, the great lady established a school for female education in the capital. Educated women are making a strong plea for the education of their sisters. Dr. King Ya Mei, herself educated in the West, points out that those who lament the superficial nature of the present reforms forget that "half the nation, whose special function it is to put into practice the ideas governing the world in which she lives, has not yet been touched; that the strong impressions of childhood are the lasting ones, and that man is but an embodiment of the ideas of the mother." But in the case of female education, it is not primarily the provision of funds that causes difficulties. The desire of women to share in the advantages of education is of itself looked upon by the majority of the Chinese as scandalous and not at all to be encouraged. Many heartrending tragedies have been brought about by insoluble conflicts of duty toward the old and the new. A short time ago, in an interior village in Kiang Su, a woman, ambitious to become educated, killed herself after bad treatment from her husband's relatives. Her farewell letter was everywhere copied by the Chinese press. It has become a national document, and almost a charter of the new movement. In it occur the following sentences:—

"I am about to die to-day because my husband's parents, having found great fault with me for having unbound my feet, and declaring that I have been diffusing such an evil influence as to have injured the reputations of my ancestors, have determined to put me to death. Maintaining that they will be severely censured by their relatives, once I enter a school and receive instruction, they have been trying hard to deprive me of life, in order, as they say, to stop beforehand all the troubles that I may cause. At first they intended to starve me, but now they compel me to commit suicide by taking poison. I do not fear death at all, but how can I part from my children who are so young? Indeed, there should be no sympathy for me, but the mere thought of the destruction of my ideals and of my young children, who will without doubt be compelled to live in the old way, makes my heart almost break."

The blood of such martyrs is beginning to make its impression upon the Chinese people, and is turning them to favor more liberal popular customs. A nation in which a spirit of such ruthless self-sacrifice is still so common may bring forth things that will astonish the world. It has been said that "China contains materials for a revolution, if she should start one, to which the horrors of the French Revolution would be a mere squib;" but if turned into different channels, this spirit of self-sacrifice may, as it did in the case of Japan, bring about a quick regeneration of national life and national prestige, through the establishment of new institutions, that correspond to the currents of life thus striving to assert themselves.

The external organization of the Chinese educational system, important as it is, is but half the battle. In the struggle for a national renaissance, these forms will be of small advantage if the true spirit of modern scientific study is lacking. There is indeed a great amount of curiosity among the Chinese, such as inspired the Japanese when they were first confronted

with Western civilization in all its prowess and varied interest. The youth of China are most eager to learn, but the direction given to their efforts has not always been judicious. The movement is too tremendous in scope to have reached perfection in detail. Many of the students see in Western learning an open sesame to wealth, a smooth highway to position and honors. Indeed, in the first educational edict, the government was careful to caution teachers and students not to look on education as the pathway to honor, rank, and preferment, but rather as a means of bringing strength to their country. But the idea which this edict gives of the spirit of the new education is itself very vague. It states the objects to be, "loyalty to the Confucian spirit, public-mindedness, bravery, and truth." Such general ideals are compatible with many different interpretations, and thus the all-important question will be, To whom will fall the privilege of guiding China in the paths of the new learning? The prestige acquired by Japan through her successes in the last war gave her people for a time a decided ascendancy of intellectual leadership in China. As a Hindoo writer has expressed it: "Since Japan inflicted upon Russia a signal defeat, the entire Orient is pulsating with a new life. All Asia seems to be vibrant to follow in the wake of Japan."

While the war was in progress, Buddhist monks from Japan were carrying on a propaganda for a revival of their religion in China, and Japanese teachers poured into the provinces of the empire in great numbers. Though there were among them many of insufficient training, they still acted as a vanguard of progress and education, and were eagerly received by the progressive young China. Thousands of Chinese students, moreover, went to Japan for study. The movement was fostered on the part of Japan by such associations as the Toa Dobunkai ("Society of the countries having the same script") who favored a strong educational propaganda. But in the end,

the military success of Japan in Manchuria was somewhat too great not to fill the Chinese themselves with misgivings as to their own political safety. These fears have been accentuated through the manner in which the Japanese have maintained their foothold in Manchuria, through the treaties between Japan and various European powers by which they mutually guarantee their interests, and through the action of Japan in the Tatsu Maru incident. A certain conflict of interests could not be concealed, and the nationalist feeling of China was directed against any further expansion of Japanese influence in that empire. China is at present not turning to any particular nation for guidance, but is seeking, as did Japan thirty years ago, to learn the best methods wherever they may be found.

A great technical difficulty which confronts the workers in the cause of education and scientific reform lies in the character of Chinese literary expression. The classical written language which has been taught in the schools from time immemorial is less of a living vernacular in China than Latin is with us. The spoken language is divided into numerous dialects, with extreme varieties of expression and of pronunciation. According to the educational decree of the government, an effort is to be made to give all instruction in the public schools in the so-called Mandarin dialect, that is, the dialect spoken in most of the interior provinces of China. If in this manner the adoption of a universal spoken language can be brought about, the new educational system will have subserved a very important purpose towards the creation of political unity. But another serious difficulty lies in the translation of scientific terms. The Chinese literary language, being concise in the extreme and subject to much misunderstanding in its spoken form, is as yet an imperfect vehicle for the purpose of imparting accurate scientific ideas, though its potential efficiency is great. Dr. Yen Fu has performed a heroic intellectual task by creating for himself an

entire code of philosophical expressions in his translations of *Spencer* and *Huxley*. But so far there is little uniformity in such usage; every writer does as best he can, and much confusion and uncertainty of thought results. In order to avoid misunderstanding, Chinese writers often add the foreign term to the expression into which they have translated it in their works. But the genius of the Chinese language is opposed to the introduction of foreign words, and a way must be found, even at the cost of immense intellectual labor, of developing a concise and accurate technical vocabulary in the various sciences.

In providing educational materials, the Japanese and the Germans have been most active. Tons of schoolbooks, histories, geographies, and scientific apparatus have been prepared by the Japanese for the Chinese market. The German government recently fitted out a traveling exhibition of school supplies, such as maps, models, chairs, scientific instruments, etc., which was sent through the provinces of China, and which everywhere excited the interest of persons engaged in education. It is hardly necessary to say anything about the importance, to any nation, of leadership in the matter of Chinese scientific training. No civilizing aim of wider bearing can be subserved at the present time by any country than to attract Chinese students and to give them a thorough training in scientific methods of investigation; nor will the country that accomplishes this task lack a liberal recompense in the way of cultural and ethical influence of a thoroughly legitimate kind.

When we consider the entire educational movement in contemporary China, we are forced to admit that, with all the daring innovations that have been made,

the great battle is yet to come. The first enthusiasm must be turned into the sustained energy of daily effort on the part of millions of students and hundreds of thousands of instructors. The substitution of the attitude of scientific work for the old literary amateurism cannot be the matter of a few years. For a long time, China will have to suffer from the ravages of pseudo-science. A distinctive and promising feature of the "young China" spirit is the emphasis of scientific and historical training. But while the prime desideratum ought to be rigid training in scientific methods of observation, yet, in the selection of courses, the cultural subjects should not be entirely neglected in favor of the branches which, on the surface, are more practical. One of the greatest friends of Chinese education, Mr. Tong Kai Son, has expressed regret that so many of the men going to the West are intent upon technical subjects alone. There is so great a need in China for transmitters of modern culture, for true national teachers who have mastered the philosophy and history of the West, and who can combat the superficial conclusions of immature minds. The attitude of the government itself is more favorable to purely technical studies, like engineering, physical science, and jurisprudence. So it may be that the larger number of students who are sent abroad through government assistance will continue to devote themselves to those subjects, and that the more general cultural branches will be pursued more generally by those who provide their own means and who therefore, in many instances, will not get farther than Japan. This would seem to indicate that in the general interpretation of cultural and philosophical ideas, Japan will continue to hold a prominent position in the Orient.

FUR TRADERS AS EMPIRE-BUILDERS

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

II

WHEN, in 1808, the Missouri Fur Company, operating from St. Louis, and the American Fur Company, with headquarters in New York, obtained their charters, fur-trading on a great scale in the United States had its beginning. As mentioned in the preceding article, the gathering of furs from the Indians had been carried on by the French, Dutch, and British during their occupation of parts of our territory; but the prosecution of the work in a systematic way and with ample resources dates from the formation of these two corporations. The master spirit in the Missouri Company was Manuel Lisa, a Spanish-born, American-bred combination of De Soto and Macchiavelli; while John Jacob Astor was the guiding head of the American Fur Company. Lisa's was the earlier to start actively to work.

The American fur traders had a shorter career than the big Canadian companies, but their enterprises covered almost as large an area, their commercial success was nearly as great, while the social and political consequences of their work came quicker and bulked larger. They marked the sources and the courses of rivers, and traced out the lines of lakes and mountain ranges which had been but vaguely known before; discovered other mountains, lakes, and rivers; gave names to many of them; and blazed the tracks along which timid agriculture ventured subsequently, and which the railways traversed later on. Earlier than the gold-seekers or the government explorers, the fur traders were in the field. They were the videttes in civilization's march across the American continent.

The commercial and social advantages of the fur traffic were in Jefferson's mind

when, in his confidential message of January 18, 1803, he asked Congress for an appropriation for the exploring expedition which he had planned under Lewis and Clark, from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia. This was more than three months before Bonaparte handed over the Louisiana province to Jefferson, and before Jefferson had any expectation of getting it. Jefferson told Congress that the Indians along the Missouri, then French territory, "furnish great supplies of furs and peltry to the trade of another nation," referring to the activity of the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest companies in that region. One of his purposes in the expedition was to make treaties with the Indians which would divert that trade to the United States. He mentioned this point later on in 1803, in his instructions to Lewis, just after the purchase of Louisiana, and shortly before Lewis and his associates started on their two years' journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

When, on their return to St. Louis, in September, 1806, Lewis and Clark told the 1000 people of that Franco-Spanish-American settlement the story of their travels through America's new wonderland, they had one listener in particular whose imagination was fired by the recital. Grasping the possibilities of gain in that region in his chosen activity, he, as we shall now notice, rose promptly to the occasion.

I

That April day of 1807, which saw Manuel Lisa's canoes and keelboat, the latter loaded with articles for barter with the Indians, push out into the Mississippi

at St. Louis, headed for the mouth of the Missouri, was an important date in the annals of the American fur trade. It was Lisa's preliminary trip to the Missouri's upper waters, to establish connections with the tribes on the river and its principal tributaries, and to lay out work for the big company which he intended to organize on his return to St. Louis. With him were three or four dozen persons — hunters, trappers, *voyageurs* and *engagés*.

Working its way against the swift current of the tortuous Missouri, using paddles for the canoes, and, for the keelboat, the pole or the *cordelle*, — a line drawn by men strung along the river's bank, — or perhaps the sail on straight stretches of the stream when the wind chanced to be favorable, this advance-courier of the great fur companies passed through the country of the Osages (on each side of the mouth of the river of that name in Missouri), of the Omahas (near Nebraska's present metropolis), of the Sioux (extending from the White to the Moreau River in South Dakota), of the Arikaras (in the northern part of South Dakota, near the mouth of the Grand River), and of the Mandans and the Minatarees (the former to the south, and the latter to the north, of the Knife River, in North Dakota). To some of these tribes Lisa used menaces, in the shape of discharges of his cannon and rifles, while with others he employed blandishments, in the form of presents to the chiefs and other prominent men. The expedition swung into the Yellowstone, pushed up that stream to the mouth of the Bighorn, and there Lisa erected a trading-post, which was the first building put up by Americans on the upper waters of the Missouri, and the first of any sort erected by white men in the present state of Montana. About 2100 miles had been traversed since leaving St. Louis, and four months had been consumed in the journey.

When near the mouth of the Platte, the expedition had met a man drifting down the Missouri in a canoe, intending to go to St. Louis. This wanderer, whose name

is prominently associated with early American exploration, was John Colter. Colter had been a member of the Lewis and Clark party, but when they were near the present Bismarck, in North Dakota, in August, 1806, on their way back to civilization, he induced its leaders to give him his discharge, so as to allow him to trap in the rich fur-bearing region through which they were passing. Turning back to the Yellowstone, he worked there all winter, and was heading for St. Louis with his store of beaver-skins, when he met Lisa's expedition in the summer of 1807, near the present city of Omaha. Lisa induced him to join the party, and he guided it up to the confluence of the Yellowstone and the Bighorn.

With characteristic vigor in seizing opportunities, or in creating them when they failed to turn up opportunely, Lisa immediately dispatched Colter to the neighboring tribes, the Crows, the Gros Ventres, the Shoshones, and especially to the powerful Blackfeet at the Three Forks of the Missouri, in the western part of Montana, to apprise them of his presence and of his desire to open trade with them.

In this perilous service, in successive forays from Fort Manuel, on the Bighorn, in various directions and on various missions, from the early fall of 1807 to the opening months of 1810, this lone adventurer traversed more than 3000 miles, on horseback, by canoe, dugout, or bull-boat made of buffalo-skin, but chiefly on foot. His exploits in this work would equal any of fiction's

Most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach.

The exigencies of the work carried Colter several times across the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, and gave him, first of white men of any nationality, so far as is known, a glimpse of the head springs of the Colorado of the West, which, far down in the republic of Mexico, flows into the Gulf of California; of the Snake River, which passes into the Columbia,

and thus onward to the Pacific; and of the sources of the Yellowstone, which empties into the Missouri, and thus, by way of the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico and off into the Atlantic. Likewise, he was the first of all white men to look upon the hot springs, the geysers, and the other marvels grouped in the Yellowstone National Park of to-day. He discovered these latter wonders two-thirds of a century before the government's explorers rediscovered them and placed them on the map.

When, after his arrival in St. Louis in May, 1810, after sweeping down the Missouri in his canoe in the spring on-rush of that swiftly-flowing stream, Colter told the story of these marvels, he was laughed at and derided by everybody, — by everybody except General William Clark, Lewis's old partner, Bradbury, the British traveler, and a few others who knew him well. This heroic character dropped out of history immediately afterward. He died in 1813, in life's early prime.

While Colter was engaged in these enterprises, Lisa and his men at Fort Manuel were busy. They were so successful in the fall and winter of 1807 that, when Lisa returned to St. Louis in the spring of 1808, and exhibited his stock of beaver-skins as evidences of the richness of his trapping grounds, he quickly organized his Missouri Fur Company. Its leading members were Lisa, Pierre Menard, William Morrison, General William Clark, Pierre Chouteau, Sr., Auguste Chouteau, Jr., Andrew Henry, Sylvester Labadie, and a few others who figured in the commercial enterprises of that frontier outpost. The company's capital was \$40,000.

At that time there were only a few thousand whites west of the Mississippi, in the settlements at St. Louis, St. Charles, Ste. Genevieve, and at the lower end of the river; and a large portion of them were engaged in some sort of traffic with the Indians. It was then only three years before Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, protesting against the bill to admit Louisiana to statehood, denounced that project

“to throw the rights and liberties of this people into hotch-pot with the wild men on the Missouri, or with the mixed though more respectable race of Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi;” and four years before Louisiana, the oldest of the trans-Mississippi states, was let in.

In June, 1809, with over 150 men, under command of Lisa, Henry, and Menard, the Missouri Fur Company started on its first expedition up the Missouri, its numbers, equipment, and readiness for war, should war be thrust upon it, saving it from serious molestation. Trading posts were established among the Sioux, Arikaras, Mandans, and Minatarees, the main party pushing on to Lisa's fort at the mouth of the Bighorn, which it reached in October, after a journey of four months from St. Louis.

Success attended the company's operations in the fall and winter of 1809 on the Yellowstone and Bighorn, and in the spring of 1810 a large number of its men, under Henry and Menard, started for the Three Forks of the Missouri, then the richest beaver grounds on the American continent. Because of their good fortune up to that time, they expected to get at least 300 packs of beavers that season in their new field, a pack weighing about 100 pounds, and consisting of about 80 beaver-skins, which, at that time, ranged in price from \$3 to \$4 at St. Louis.

Then calamity struck them. By a sharp succession of attacks in the latter part of April and the early part of May, 1810, most of them surprised, the Blackfeet killed thirty of the hunters, one of whom was George Druillard, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, stole their horses, traps, and furs, compelled the remainder of them to concentrate, and then drove them out of the locality. Menard and some of the hunters fled to St. Louis by canoe, with their 30 packs of furs, reaching that town in the latter part of July. With the rest of the party, Henry heroically attempted to hold his ground, but at last he was driven out, retreated across the

main range of the Rockies to the southward, and built a post, the first ever erected west of the continental divide and north of Spain's territory, on that branch of the Snake River, in Idaho, ever since known as Henry's Fork.

But misfortune still pursued. Hampered first by extreme cold and deep snows, and then by heavy rains, and discouraged by hunger, fatigue, and general ill-luck, the party broke up into small groups in the spring of 1811, going in different directions; some, with 40 packs of beaver-skins, accompanying Henry back across the divide into Montana, where they made bull-boats and started down the rivers toward St. Louis. In the mean time Lisa was ascending the Missouri to collect the furs stored at the various posts along the river, and he met Henry as the latter was passing one of the Arikara villages. There Henry learned of the accidental burning of one of the company's posts a year earlier, in which \$15,000 worth of furs was destroyed. By this time, owing to Indian attacks, the post at the mouth of the Bighorn had to be abandoned, as well as all those above the Mandans. Lisa accompanied Henry back to St. Louis.

Notwithstanding these heavy blows the Missouri Fur Company, at the end of its three years' charter in 1812, had made a small profit, and it reorganized with \$50,000 capital, \$10,000 larger than before, and with many of the old members, Lisa remaining the dominant figure in it.

The conditions, however, were adverse. The war of 1812, the activity of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies on the upper waters of the Missouri, the increased hostility of the Indians, and the decreased demand and diminished prices for the furs, due to the trade dislocation caused by the war, all operated against the American traders. Peace in 1815 gradually brought improvement, and one of Lisa's cargoes at this time was estimated to be worth \$38,000. But the end for him was near. Just as he was regaining his old footing on the head-

waters of the Missouri, and was planning for larger conquests than ever before, he died in St. Louis in 1820, aged 48. With him departed one of the most audacious, resourceful, and powerful personages ever connected with the American fur trade.

Under the lead of Joshua Pilcher the Missouri Fur Company lasted till 1830, but its glory died with Lisa. Stronger competition than it ever met before was just ahead of it as its original chief lay dying. This came from the Western Department of Astor's American Fur Company, which was established in St. Louis in 1822, and from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which was organized in the same city, in the same year.

II

On September 6, 1810, Astor's ship, the *Tonquin*, 290 tons burden, carrying his partners, Alexander McKay, Duncan McDougal, David Stuart, and Robert Stuart, with 30 others, — hunters, *voyageurs*, and clerks, — sailed from New York with materials for the erection of a post at the mouth of the Columbia, supplies for the post, and also for the Russian Fur Company, in Russian America (our Alaska), an assortment of articles for barter with the Indians, and complete hunting and trapping outfits. The *Tonquin* entered the Pacific on December 25, touched at the Hawaiian Islands on February 11, 1811, sighted land at the mouth of the Columbia on March 22, and, after several attempts and the loss of eight men, sailed across the bar on March 24. Then began the work of establishing Astoria, the first United States colony planted on the Pacific.

This was the advance detachment of Astor's Pacific Fur Company. In 1808 he formed his American Fur Company (which was to be the generic title of all of his ventures in the fur trade), with \$1,000,000 capital, all of which he subscribed himself. The Pacific Fur Company, organized in 1810, was that section of the American Fur Company which was

to operate on the big Western ocean and inward to the Rocky Mountains. His Southwest Company, which was formed about the same time, was that branch of the big concern which was to work along the lakes, the upper Mississippi, and the Missouri, and thus complete his chain of posts from Lake Erie to the Pacific. By that time, Astor had a quarter of a century of experience in the fur trade, and a dozen vessels afloat. His American Fur Company, through its component branches, was destined to be the largest enterprise in the fur-trading field which the United States was ever to see.

Astor had made arrangements with the Russian government by which his vessels to the Pacific would furnish supplies to the Russian Fur Company, which had a monopoly of the Alaskan trade, and in return for this service that company was to allow Astor certain favors. As his ships, one each year, would arrive at the mouth of the Columbia with wares for barter with the Indians, and with supplies for his posts and for the Russian company, they would collect all the furs at hand, American and Russian, carry them to China, the best fur market of that day, and one of the best in our time, the Russian furs to be sold on commission. With teas from China, the vessels were then to sail to England, the teas to be exchanged there for British manufactures, these to be carried to New York, the circuit of the globe requiring about two years.

Meanwhile, Wilson P. Hunt, Astor's second in control of the Pacific Fur Company, with his other partners, Ramsay Crooks, Robert McLellan, Donald McKenzie, and Joseph Miller, and a large party of *voyageurs* and hunters, started from St. Louis in three boats on October 21, 1810, for the mouth of the Columbia, six weeks after the Tonquin left by sea for the same destination. Hunt was to take a careful survey of the country through which he passed, with the object of finding advantageous points for the establishment of trading-posts. Some of the partners were British subjects, and

had served in either the Hudson's Bay or the Northwest company, and all of them had had experience in the Indian trade.

Halted by the ice on November 16, near the present St. Joseph, Missouri, the party wintered there. Hunt, however, returned to St. Louis, obtained a few more recruits, and the entire party, now consisting of 15 hunters and 45 Canadian *voyageurs*, in addition to the partners, pushed up the river to the Arikara villages in the spring of 1811, being joined on the way by Lisa and an expedition of the Missouri Fur Company. From the Arikaras, Hunt purchased horses to carry the merchandise and outfits, and then, on July 18, the party headed westward, reaching, on October 8, Andrew Henry's abandoned post on Henry's Fork of the Snake River, in Idaho. Unfortunately the horses were abandoned there, canoes and dugouts were built in which to carry the merchandise and most of the men, and the river route was taken. After terrible sufferings and dangers, in which many lives were lost by drowning, cold, and starvation, and in which the party was broken up into several sections, one, under McKenzie and McLellan, reached Astoria on January 18, 1812; another, under Hunt, on February 15, and others at different times until January 13, 1813.

When the first of the overland travelers reached Astoria, affairs there were in a fairly satisfactory condition. Posts had been established in the interior, much fur had been gathered by the trappers, and a trade had been opened with the Indians along the Columbia and some of its tributaries. The Beaver, one of Astor's vessels, which left New York on October 10, 1811, reached Astoria on May 10, 1812, with supplies for that post and for the Russian Fur Company. A few weeks later Robert Stuart, with Crooks, McLellan, and a few others, started overland from Astoria to St. Louis and New York, to report to Astor the conditions on the Pacific; and after much suffering and the loss of several lives, they reached New York in June, 1813.

Astor's plans were magnificent, and, had they been carried out, the subsequent history of the United States would have been changed in important particulars. These plans took many exigencies and accidents into the calculation, but there were mischances which no human foresight could have discerned. To the claims to the Oregon country (comprising the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and those parts of Montana and Wyoming to the west of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains) by the United States as against England, — through the discovery of the Columbia by the Yankee sailing-master Gray, in 1792, and through the exploration of the Columbia and its tributaries by Lewis and Clark in 1804-'06, — Astor's post at Astoria, established in 1811, added the still stronger title by occupation. And Astor's plans contemplated the buttressing of this title by the establishment of colonies along the coast.

But disaster was lying back in the shadow. A few months before the first of the overland travelers reached Astoria, or in June, 1811, when the *Tonquin* was trading at Vancouver Island, up in the Nootka Sound, the Indians massacred all on board, including McKay, one of Astor's partners, and the vessel was destroyed. Then events came swiftly: the war of 1812-15; the news in 1813 that a British warship was approaching to capture Astoria; the sale of that post to the Northwest Company by Astor's treacherous British partners, when Hunt was absent on a mission to the Russian Fur Company; the arrival of the British vessel *Raccoon*; and the hoisting of George III's flag over the post, and the change of its name to Fort George. As a consequence of the treaty of Ghent, however, the post was handed back to the United States, and the name Astoria was restored.

Astor never established a post there again. When the war broke out he asked President Madison for letters of marque to equip an armed vessel at his own ex-

pense to defend his Pacific colony, but the appeal was ignored. Had that small favor been granted, Astor would probably have maintained himself at Astoria, despite the apathy or treachery of his British partners. In 1817 Astor offered to reestablish his post at Astoria, if President Monroe would give him the protection of the American flag and a few soldiers, but again he was refused. If there had been a man of imagination and courage in the White House in those days, — a man like Roosevelt, or like Jefferson, who had already promised protection to Astor when the Pacific colony was first projected, — these reasonable measures of recognition would have been granted.

If they had been granted, what would have been the outcome? With his large resources, his sea-base, and his Russian affiliations, it is extremely probable that Astor would have shut out the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies from all trade west of the Rocky Mountains; the controversy with England over the title to the Oregon region (then including everything up to the Alaskan line), which ended in 1846 by the compromise that gave us all the territory below the 49th parallel, would have been averted; the present British Columbia and Yukon, which were not valued highly by anybody in those days, would have been ours by the peaceable process of occupation and expansion; and then, when California came into our hands in 1848, and when Russia handed over Alaska to us in 1867, we should have had an unbroken coast line from San Diego up to Point Barrow, in the Arctic Ocean. In that event, restricted to the east side of the Rockies, as she would have been, Canada would probably long ago have asked for annexation; the great lakes and Hudson's Bay would have been near the centre of our territory; and the place of the United States upon the world's map, and her present influence in the world's councils, would have been much greater.

But though the war of 1812 ended the career of the Pacific Fur Company, and

left Astor poorer than he was in 1808, when he obtained his charter for the American Fur Company, great days were just ahead for that corporation. The story of the American Fur Company's operations between the lakes and the Rocky Mountains will now be told in connection with that of a company which, during the dozen years of its existence, was to be the most formidable of all of Astor's American rivals.

III

"TO ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN.—The subscriber wishes to engage 100 young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years. For particulars apply to Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines in the county of Washington, who will ascend with and command the party, or to the subscriber, near St. Louis.

WILLIAM H. ASHLEY."

This advertisement in the *Missouri Republican*, the progenitor of the present *St. Louis Republic*, on March 20, 1822, brought many responses, and resulted in the enrollment of Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, William L. Sublette, his brother Milton G. Sublette, Robert Campbell, James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, James P. Beckwourth, Mike Fink, Etienne Provost, and many others, all of whom were young and adventurous, some of whom were under twenty, and many of whom became prominent in the annals of the American trade. The Andrew Henry who is here mentioned, and who was much older than the men just named, was the Henry whom we met in Lisa's Missouri Fur Company a few year earlier. Ashley, the signer of the advertisement, was then Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, and later on (1831-37) was a member of Congress. This was the origin, and some of the personnel, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

At this point in the narrative let us take a glance at some of the mutations of for-
VOL. 103 — NO. 4

tune which were lying in ambush for a few of the persons just named. Beckwourth, alternately trapper, chief of the Crow Indians, rebel against the Mexican government in California before Frémont's advent, and Munchausen yarn-spinner, led as fantastic a life as any of Gilbert and Sullivan's characters. Mike Fink, "the last of the flat-boatmen," and hero of many queer adventures, treacherously killed his associate, Carpenter, in 1823, on the first expedition of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to the upper waters of the Missouri, while pretending to perform his familiar feat of putting a bullet through a cup filled with whiskey perched on Carpenter's head, and was himself soon afterward killed in revenge by Carpenter's friend Talbot, who a few months later was mysteriously drowned in the Teton River, Montana. Campbell became a bank president and hotel-owner in St. Louis in the after time, and was appointed an Indian commissioner by President Grant. Bridger, in his later days, was successively an outfitter and a guide for emigrants, a pathfinder for government explorers and for the Union Pacific Railway, and was a farmer near Kansas City at the time of his death in 1881, his activities spanning the period between the days of President Monroe and those of President Garfield. Jedediah S. Smith, a Galahad of the Plains, was killed by the Comanches in 1831, down on the Santa Fé trail.

Starting from St. Louis in April, 1822, with their merchandise, traps, and general equipage, in two large keelboats, and with many of the men on horseback or on foot, Henry's party, in that first expedition of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, intended to push on to the Great Falls of the Missouri that season, to erect a post there, and with that as a base to ascend the river to the Three Forks, where the men expected to do most of their trapping. One of their keelboats sank, however, near the mouth of the Kaw, opposite the present Kansas City, and most of their horses were stolen by

a roving band of the Assiniboinés, just below the Mandan villages, — mishaps which forced them to change their plans and build a post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, in Montana, just across the border from North Dakota.

Advancing toward the Great Falls in the spring of 1823, Henry was attacked by his old enemies the Blackfeet, some of his men were killed, and he and the others were driven back to the Yellowstone. About the same time his partner Ashley, moving up the Missouri with a supply of horses, was attacked by the Arikaras: many of his men and some of his horses were killed, most of the others' horses were captured, and the remainder of the party retreated to the mouth of the Comanche River, near the centre of South Dakota. Henry got into communication with Ashley, and both of them, with Pilcher of the Missouri Fur Company and other traders, joined in Colonel Leavenworth's spectacular but futile military expedition to "punish" the Arikaras, which those wily red men derided. In the fall, Henry moved his base from the mouth of the Yellowstone up that stream to the confluence of the Bighorn, where Lisa had built his post in 1807.

Fortune now turned in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's favor. Provost and a party of hunters, sent out by Henry, in the closing months of 1823, discovered South Pass, in Wyoming, where the Sweetwater River, on its way to the North Platte, breaks through the main chain of the Rocky Mountains — that gateway of the after time through which went Marcus Whitman, Frémont, and the others who traversed the Oregon trail. Crossing South Pass, Provost found beaver so plentiful on the Grand and Green rivers, and along the streams running into Great Salt Lake (which Bridger discovered in the winter of 1824-25), that the company withdrew all its posts from the upper Missouri and gave its whole attention to the region west of the continental divide.

For the big stationary trading-posts of

the previous days, Ashley now substituted a system of rallying points in the valleys, sometimes changed from year to year, as the exigencies demanded, but always announced a year in advance. This was the beginning of the annual summer round-ups for the collection, purchase, and shipment of furs to the market, which were adopted by all the companies afterward. To these rendezvous came Indians, traders, and also free trappers, those daring and independent personages who, refusing employment by the big corporations, came and went in small parties, trapping when and where they chose, and meeting privation and peril singlehanded.

Having received fairly good returns in 1824 from his men on the other side of the divide, Ashley, with a large party, set out from St. Louis in October of that year, by way of the Missouri and the South Platte, crossed over into the Green River valley, in Wyoming, wintered there went down the Green River by boats in the spring of 1825, then pushed across the country through Utah, trapping along some of the streams through the Salt Lake basin, and swung eastward to the rendezvous on the Green River. Collecting there all the skins which had been gathered by his own party, and by those of his men who worked nearer the mountains, Ashley, with a few companions, crossed through South Pass, built bull-boats on the Bighorn, and sailed down, with his stock of furs, by way of the Yellowstone and the Missouri, to St. Louis, reaching that town in October. In those twelve months of 1824-25 he had made a circuit of 5000 miles, extending from the Mississippi to a point near the easterly border of California, and from Kansas to Montana. In that period he and his men explored much territory wholly or virtually unknown until then; and, with Provost's discovery of South Pass in 1823, and Bridger's of Great Salt Lake in 1824, added much to the geography and nomenclature of the West.

On a smaller scale, and in a somewhat different field, Ashley repeated this ex-

plot in 1827. This time with a large party, he went up the North Platte, through South Pass, and off to Cache Valley, north of Great Salt Lake, the point of the rendezvous that year. But now he began to tire of the privations and perils of mountain adventure. He was 48 years of age, had accumulated a large fortune in the trade, had just married in St. Louis, and was anxious to go into politics once more. His old partner, Henry, had retired a year earlier, and in 1826 he sold his interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, William L. Sublette, and one or two others, and a few years later went to Congress, where he served for six years.

Smith signalized his advent as senior partner in the newly-organized company by a daring dash into the unknown. Starting in August, 1826, from their temporary base near Great Salt Lake, with fifteen men, he pushed down through Utah and Nevada into California (all of which territory had just broken away from Spain and was part of the new republic of Mexico), trapping on the way, as opportunity offered. Swinging northward along the California coast to the Columbia, and passing through Oregon and Washington, he came up with Sublette and Jackson, on Henry's Fork of the Snake River, in August, 1829. In those three years all of Smith's men except three had been killed by the Indians, yet he brought to the rendezvous \$20,000, the proceeds of the sale of his furs to Dr. John McLaughlin, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia. Smith, Jackson, and Sublette sold out their interest in the company soon afterward, entered the Santa Fé trade, and in 1831 Smith was killed by the Indians when crossing the Cimmaron desert, in the present state of Oklahoma.

On account of the competition of newcomers into the field, and particularly because of the rivalry of Astor's American Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company dissolved in 1834. In its dozen years of history it sent over 1000 packs

of furs to St. Louis, worth about \$500,000. It lost 100 men, nearly all of them killed by the Indians. Its members made known to the country the greater part of the region from South Pass and the sources of the Platte westward through the valleys of the Green and Grand rivers and the Salt Lake basin, and down into California. After Colter, of Lisa's Missouri Fur Company, its men were the first whites to see the Yellowstone wonderland. The company was a school from which graduated many of the pathfinders who, in a later day, assisted the government in the exploration of the West.

Operating from its base on the lakes, the American Fur Company established its Western Department at St. Louis in 1822, the year in which Ashley and Henry formed their Rocky Mountain Fur Company; it worked its way up the Missouri and the principal tributaries of that stream, buying out some of its competitors, crushing a few of them, temporarily coalescing with others; and, after the dissolution of the Missouri Fur Company in 1830, and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in 1834, absorbing most of the great St. Louis traders. In the third of a century after its rehabilitation, at the close of the war with England, the names on its rolls included several of the Chouteaus, Ramsay Crooks, Russell Farnham, Kenneth McKenzie, Bernard Berthold, James Bridger, Robert Campbell, Joshua Pilcher, Andrew Drips, Charles Larpenteur, and many others who were prominent in the fur trade, some of whom had previously been active rivals of the company.

In prosecuting its work, the American Fur Company established many posts in the West, chiefly on the rivers, among them being Fort Union, on the Missouri, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, on North Dakota's western border, in 1828; Fort McKenzie, on the Missouri, near the mouth of the Marias, in Montana, in 1832; Fort Cass, on the Yellowstone, near the confluence of the Bighorn, in the same state; Fort Pierre, near the present

capital of South Dakota, in the same year; Fort Laramie, near the junction of the Laramie and the Platte, in Wyoming, in 1835; Fort Bridger, on Black's Fork of the Green River, in Wyoming, in 1843; and Fort Benton, in Montana, at the head of navigation on the Missouri, in 1845. Some of these are the sites of flourishing communities to-day.

The company, too, gave to steamboating the first real impetus that it received on the Missouri. When, in 1811, the *New Orleans*, built by Nicholas Roosevelt, granduncle of the ex-President, was launched at Pittsburg, steamed down the Ohio and Mississippi and began to ply between New Orleans and Natchez, the steamboat made its first appearance west of the Alleghanies. The first which went up the Mississippi, north of the mouth of the Ohio, the *General Pike*, tied up at the levee in St. Louis in 1817. In 1819 the *Independence*, the Missouri's pioneer steamboat, went up that stream to Franklin, near the centre of the state of Missouri, and a few weeks later the *Western Engineer*, carrying Major Long's exploring party, sailed up a few hundred miles farther. The American Fur Company ran the first steamboat which appeared on the upper waters of the Missouri, — the *Yellowstone*, which went to Fort Pierre in 1831, and to Fort Union in 1832. Among its passengers on the latter trip was George Catlin, the artist, then making his first visit to the Indian country, in which he resided many years. The company's steamboats made a powerful impression upon the imagination of the Indians all along the river's banks, and gave Astor's corporation a prestige which drove the Hudson's Bay Company out of the competition for the trade of the upper waters of the western section of the United States.

But after seventy-one years of life, fifty of which had been passed in the fur trade, Astor — a man of magnificent dreams, many of which he transmuted into facts — retired in 1834, and invested his immense fortune in real estate in New York,

the advance in value of which has made the Astors, with the exception of the Rothschilds, the wealthiest family in the world. At his death in 1848 his estate, estimated at \$20,000,000, which has been multiplied many times by his descendants, was the largest ever accumulated up to that day in the United States.

When Astor sold out his interest in 1834, the great corporation dissolved. Crooks headed a company which bought out its Northern Department, on the lakes, with headquarters at Mackinaw; while the Western Department, operated from St. Louis, was purchased by Pratte, Chouteau & Co. The former retained the name American Fur Company, though it was sometimes applied to the latter also. But the company's great days died with Astor's departure. Each concern, through reorganizations, the death or retirement of partners, and the entrance of new shareholders, passed through many mutations, and both disappeared when purchased by the Northwest Fur Company, organized in 1854 by J. B. Hubbell, with headquarters at St. Paul.

"After twenty-five years the American population has begun to extend itself to the Oregon," exclaimed Thomas H. Benton, in a speech in the Senate in 1843. "Two thousand are now setting out from the frontiers of Missouri. I say to them all, 'Go on. The government will follow you, and give you protection and land.' Let the emigrants go on, and carry their rifles. Thirty thousand rifles on the Oregon will annihilate the Hudson's Bay Company, drive them off our continent. The settlers in Oregon will also recover and open for us the North American road to India. This road lies through the South Pass and the mouth of the Oregon."

Even more than the entrance of the small traders and the increase in the number of the free trappers, the advent of the emigrants was the force which altered the character of the fur-gathering industry. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, of Wenham, Massachusetts, and a party of New Englanders, built a fishery at the mouth of the Wil-

lamette in 1832. Jason and Daniel Lee in 1834, and Marcus Whitman in 1835, set up missions in the valley of the Columbia, all crossing through Provost's South Pass. At the moment when Benton was bidding God-speed to the great procession of home-builders which was filing through Independence, Missouri, headed toward the sunset, Fort Bridger was being erected by the noted frontiersman of that name on Black's Fork of Green River in Wyoming, to furnish outfits for emigrants; while far to the west, on the Pacific side of the Cascade Mountains, a company of settlers was gathering at Champoege to frame a provisional government for Oregon.

Then came England's withdrawal from the whole of the Oregon region in 1846, and her retirement to the north side of the 49th parallel; the arrival of the Mormons at Great Salt Lake in 1847; the annexation of Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, and California in 1848, as a result of the Mexican war; James W. Marshall's gold discovery in the raceway of Sutton's mill on the American Fork of the Sacramento, in the same year; the onrush of argonauts, adventurers, and settlers, from all quarters of the globe to the Pacific coast; the appearance of hundreds of trappers and hunters as guides on the Oregon, Salt Lake, and California trails; and the days of the great fur companies were ended.

IV

Nevertheless, more furs are trapped and sold in the United States to-day than ever before. St. Louis is still the leading primary collecting and distributing point for raw furs — the furs as they come direct from the trapper — in this country, though New York, Chicago, St. Paul, and San Francisco also figure prominently in this rôle. In value, ten times as many skins come to St. Louis each year now as came during the height of the activity of the Missouri, the American, and the Rocky Mountain Fur companies. They come from Manitoba, British Columbia, Athabasca, Yukon, Alaska, as well as

from the greater part of the region south of the 49th parallel, a far larger field than was accessible in Lisa's, Astor's, and Ashley's days. The value of the furs handled in St. Louis in the season of 1908-09 was about \$4,000,000.

The methods of the fur trade, as well as the animals which figure in it, have changed widely, however, since the old days. Astor, Lisa, Henry, and their immediate successors sent their own hunters and trappers to the fur-bearing fields, in large numbers and on stated salaries, and these sent their catch to the collecting and distributing points of their companies. On the dissolution of the big corporations, buyers from the trade-centres would go into the trapping country and purchase from the Indians, the independent trappers, and the small collectors.

To-day Funsten Brothers & Co., of St. Louis, who may be said to be the real successors of the old companies, forward price-lists by mail to individual trappers far and near, and these send their catch, by boat or rail, chiefly by rail, direct to them. Their mailing-list comprises nearly 400,000 persons, covering all parts of the American continent and the islands of the Pacific. They send their remittance immediately to the trapper, less 5 per cent for commission; and then, by public sale, dispose of the furs to representatives of manufacturers and buyers, foreign as well as American. During the active season, which is the winter months, their sales range from \$50,000 to \$60,000 a day. This system, which is followed by most of the buyers of raw furs to-day, throughout the United States, eliminates some middlemen and jobbers of recent times, gives the trapper a quicker market and better prices for his stock, lets the consumer, except in the case of the more costly furs, get her coat, muff, and boa cheaper than in the earlier days, and brings the original and the ultimate wearer of the skin almost within speaking distance of each other.

This proximity is physical as well as social, for many of to-day's trappers are

"snappers-up of unconsidered trifles" which are in the immediate neighborhood of most of us, like muskrats, opossums, skunks, civet cats (a branch of the skunk family), raccoons, white weasels (American ermine), and other animals which the giants of the fur trade of two-thirds of a century ago would have scorned to touch. Along the Mississippi, Missouri, and Illinois river "bottoms," in the swamps of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, and on the Connecticut, Penobscot, Mohawk, and other streams of most of the states, old and new, millions of muskrats in the aggregate are caught every year, and although their market value is only a fifteenth or a twentieth of that of the beaver, they represent more money to the trade than the beaver ever did in his best days.

Formerly so plentiful that they acted as currency in the traffic between the whites and the Indians, the beaver-skins which reach the market now are far exceeded numerically, not only by most of the cheaper pelts just mentioned, but also by the mink, marten, red and gray foxes, fisher, and others of the more costly furs. The buffalo-skin, which formerly rivaled the beaver in number, has disappeared from the market; the sea otter, which furnished 50,000 pelts a year, two or three decades ago, yielded only 400 in 1907; and the seal will soon vanish commercially unless an agreement is reached between the maritime governments to stop the wanton destruction.

But I've six thousand skins below and Yeddo
port to see,
And there's never a law of God or man runs
north of 53.

The seal-poachers' code remains as it was in the days of Kipling's Yankee skipper, Reuben Payne; but Yeddo, and not Gloucester or Provincetown, furnishes the poachers. Most of the seal pirates of today are Japanese. The Pribylof Islands of Alaska, the principal home of the fur seal, which had a herd of 5,000,000 in 1872, have only 150,000 now. Nothing save concerted action by the powers, to

which Japan is a party, can head off, in the case of the seals, an early repetition of the tragedy of the buffalo.

In point of value per skin, the silver fox, the black fox, and the sea otter, head the list among the peltries of the United States and Canada. From \$200 or \$300 they range, for choice skins, to \$2000 for sea otter, and \$3000 for each of these varieties of fox. These particular foxes, which were always rare, send only 200 or 300 skins to the market each year now. A few are found along our northern border, from Minnesota westward, but most of them come from Alaska and from the provinces of Athabasca and Yukon. Several farms have recently been started in the United States and Canada to raise silver and black foxes for the market.

The aggregate value of the fur catch of the United States in 1908 was about \$10,000,000, including the seals of Alaska; and that of Canada was about \$5,000,000. These two countries produce more than half of the fur yield which enters into the world's commerce. The world's great fur markets are New York, London, Leipzig, and Nijni Novgorod in Russia. London's annual auction sales of furs, particularly those of C. M. Lampson & Co., attract buyers from all over the globe. Until recently, London was the leading manufacturing point for furs, but New York has now gone far to the front. The fur manufacturers of New York City have a capital of \$11,000,000; they employ 6000 persons, and manufacture annually \$15,000,000 worth of materials into \$26,000,000 worth of finished products.

V

Let nobody, however, imagine that the vanishing of the hostile red man, the absence of the pride, pomp, and circumstance which attended the incursions into the trapping fields of the great companies of former days, the appearance of the smaller and cheaper animals among the assets of the peltry dealer, and the advent of the merchant who, from his desk at the

purchasing centres, communicates by mail with the individual trappers, far and near, have robbed the fur trade of all its old romance. Most of the Indians of to-day are as peaceful, and nearly as unpicturesque, as the average white man. In Mrs. Sigourney's words, however:—

But their name is on your waters,
 Ye may not wash it out.
 'T is where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curled,
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echo of the world.
 Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tribute from the West,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

The railways of Messrs. Harriman and Hill traverse the trails along which the Blackfeet, the Sioux, and the Arikaras drove Andrew Henry, Ashley, Colter, and their associates; yet the names of the stations, of the streams, and of the mountain passes along those lines ought to enable the average intelligent patron of those roads to reconstruct, in imagination, a little of the stirring life of the old dead days.

A little over a third of a century ago, travelers on the railways in Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado would sometimes find the buffalo in rather embarrassing profusion. The writer of this article chanced to be on the old Kansas Pacific road, in 1868, in a train which was delayed about two hours by an immense herd which were leisurely crossing the track, and seven or eight years later he still met them in as great numbers in the present Oklahoma, in Wyoming, and even in Colorado. Though this spectacle will not be seen again, the buffaloes which are in Yellowstone Park will preserve the race in the United States from extinction. Moreover, an act passed by Congress in the spring of 1908 insures the mustering of a national herd in the Flathead reservation, in Montana, and soon the passengers on the Northern Pacific railway will be able to see a range extending seven miles along that road, in which the buffalo, secure from molestation, will roam with a little of his old-time freedom.

Battling with hunger, thirst, blizzards, wolves, and bears, the hunter of the larger game still finds some of the adventurous life of the earlier times.

Give me the lure of the long white trail,
 With the winds blowing strong in my face
 as I go;

Give me the sound of the wolf-dog's wail,
 And the crunch of the moccasins on the snow.

From the far-off Yukon last winter a trapper traveled over the "long white trail" 5330 miles to St. Louis, with his packs of mink, marten, lynx, and silver fox-skins loaded on a sled drawn by about a dozen dogs; and after disposing of the furs to Funsten Brothers for \$11,000, he went on to Washington with his principal "huskie," his lead-dog, and presented it to President Roosevelt.

Up on many of the streams of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, the beaver is making what may turn out to be his last stand, yet he is likely to remain as long as the present generation of trappers. On the northern border of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, and Idaho, elk, moose, and an occasional antelope are found, while all of them are more numerous across the international boundary line in Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan.

Have all of America's trails been broken? Are there no more hidden places to be discovered under the stars and stripes? Is 1909 unable to furnish us with any Wild West except what it shows us under Buffalo Bill's tent? No, we have not broken with the spacious times of the 20's and the 30's of the recent century quite so completely as that. Along the valleys of the Yukon, the Tanana, and the Kuskokwim there are great stretches of territory in which the white man would be almost as strange a visitor as he would have been a century and a half ago. From his lair in the Rocky or the Cascade Mountains, the grizzly, as belligerent as when he was encountered by Lewis and Clark, and with the spirit of the gladiator of old when about to die, still stands ready to salute Cæsar.

THE ULTIMATE RACE PROBLEM

BY KELLY MILLER

THE adjustment of the forward and backward races of mankind is, without doubt, the most urgent problem that presses upon the twentieth century for solution. The range of this problem is not limited to any country or continent or hemisphere; its area is as wide as the inhabitable globe. The factors involved are as intricate in their relations, and as far-reaching in their consequences, as any that have ever taxed human wisdom for solution. A problem as wide as human interest, and as deep as human passion, will not yield to hasty nostrums or passionate dogma, but calls for statesmanlike breadth of view, philanthropic tolerance of spirit, and exact social knowledge.

The local phase of this question in the United States has become so aggravated and acute that our solicitous philosophers are prone to treat it as an isolated phenomenon, separate and apart from the world-wide problem of which it forms but a fragment. But the slow processes of social forces pay little heed to our fitful solicitude. Indeed, the bane of sociological endeavor is the feverish eagerness of the extemporaneous reformer to apply his premature programme of relief to every local symptom, without adequate knowledge of social law and cause. We get a broader and better grasp upon the race problem in America, when we view it in the light of the larger whole. As the astronomer cannot divine the course and career of a particular planet without a broad knowledge of the underlying laws that govern the solar system, nor the naturalist gain any adequate notion of a single animal or plant unless his observation and study is based upon a general conception of the species to which it belongs, so the student of social problems will not wisely draw conclusions

from a single contributory factor, to the neglect of the general product. In the great social scheme of things, the adjustment of man to man is a unitary problem, and the various modes of manifestation, growing out of place and condition, are but parts "of one stupendous whole."

In attempting the solution of any problem of a social nature, we should first seek to separate those factors that are universal and unchanging in their operation from those that are of a special and peculiar nature. The primary principle which runs like a thread through all human history is the communicability of the processes of civilization among the various branches of the human family. This is indeed the determining factor in the solution of the universal race problem that confronts the world to-day.

It so happens, in the process of human development, that the whiter races at present represent the forward and progressive section of the human family, while the darker varieties are relatively backward and belated. That the relative concrete superiority of the European is due to the advantage of historical environment rather than to innate ethnic endowment, a careful study of the trend of social forces leaves little room to doubt. Temporary superiority of this or that breed of men is only a transient phase of human development. In the history of civilization the various races and nations rise and fall like the waves of the sea, each imparting an impulse to its successor, which pushes the process further and further forward.

Civilization is not an original process with any race or nation known to history, but the torch is passed from age to age, and gains in brilliancy as it goes. Those who for the time being stand

at the apex of prestige and power are ever prone to indulge in "Such boasting as the Gentiles use," and claim everlasting superiority over the "lesser breeds." Nothing less could be expected of human vanity and pride. But history plays havoc with the vainglorious boasting of national and racial conceit. Where are the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Egyptians, who once lorded it over the earth? In the historical recession of races, they are "one with Nineveh and Tyre." Expeditions must be sent from some distant continent to unearth the glorious monuments of their ancestors from beneath the very feet of their degenerate descendants. The lordly Greeks who ruled the world through the achievements of the mind, who gave the world Homer and Socrates and Phidias in the heyday of their glory, have so sunken in the scale of excellence that, to use the language of Macaulay, "their people have degenerated into timid slaves and their language into a barbarous jargon." On the other hand, the barbarians who, Aristotle tells us, could not count beyond the ten fingers in his day, subsequently produced Kant and Shakespeare and Newton. The Arab and the Moor for a season led the van of the world's civilization.

Because any particular race or class has not as yet been caught up by the current of the world-movement is no adequate reason to conclude that it must forever fall without the reach of its onward flow. If history teaches any clear lesson, it is that civilization is communicable to the tougher and hardier breeds of men whose physical stamina can endure the awful stress of transmission. To damn a people to everlasting inferiority because of deficiency in historical distinction shows the same faultiness of logic as the assumption that what never has been never can be. The application of this test a thousand years ago would have placed under the ban of reproach all of the virile and vigorous nations of modern times.

In present-day discussion concerning the advanced and backward races of men, much stress is laid on what is called the white man's civilization, as if this color possessed exclusive proprietorship in the process. We might as well speak of the white man's multiplication table. It is impossible to conceal the secret and method of civilization as a quack secretes the formula of his patent nostrum. The lighted candle is not placed under a bushel but on a candlestick, and gives light unto all who come within range of its radiant influence. We reward with a patent right the originator of a new process, guaranteeing him the benefit of the first fruit of the creation of his genius; but its value to the inventor is always proportional to the diffusion of benefits among his fellow-men. And so the race or nation that first contrives a process or introduces an idea may indeed enjoy its exclusive benefit for a season, but it will inevitably be handed down to the rest of the world which is prepared to appropriate and apply its principles. When a thought or a thing is once given to the world, it can no more be claimed as the exclusive property of the person or people who first gave it vogue, than gold when it has once been put in circulation can be claimed as the exclusive possession of the miner who first dug it from its hiding place in the bowels of the earth. The invention of letters has banished all mystery from civilization. Nothing can be hidden that shall not be revealed. There can be no lost arts in the modern world. England to-day can utilize no process of art or invention that is not equally available to Japan. The most benighted people of the earth, when touched by the world-current, become at once "the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

There is in every potential cult the pent-up spirit to multiply and expand itself. The impulse to disseminate as widely as possible that which stirs our own feelings or moves our own imagination is a law of social, as well as of individual,

psychology. It becomes the gospel of glad tidings which we are constrained to proclaim to all the people. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" is a vital mandate that applies to every type of civilization as well as to the religion of Jesus. While it is true that it is only in religious propagandism that the missionary motive is conscious and purposive, yet the principles of secular civilization are no less effectively imparted because the altruistic motive may not be a conscious part of the policy of those promoting them. The blessings of a higher civilization have always been vouchsafed to overridden peoples by their ambitious exploiters, and its secret and method proclaimed to "every creature" within the expanding circle of its influence. The self-seeking aggressor becomes the unconscious missionary of the language, laws, institutions, customs, manners, and method of the higher form of development which he represents; the soldier in quest of dominion brings system and discipline; the merchant's greed for gain introduces the comforts, conveniences, and refinements of the higher life; the pedagogue looking for a livelihood spreads a knowledge of literature and the subtler influences that minister to the higher needs of the mind.

The European races are now overrunning the world in quest of new resources to exploit, and are thus coming into close and intimate contact with the various weaker breeds of men. The commercial spirit is the ruling passion of the dominant world to-day. The whole surface of the inhabitable globe is practically parceled out among the stronger nations within defined spheres of influence. It is easy to predict the continuance of this process until "every creature" has been touched by modern civilization. The wonderful growth of exact knowledge and its application to the forces of nature is rendering this contact easy and inevitable. Steam and electricity have annihilated distance and banished the terrors of the deep; preventive and remedial

medicine has neutralized the baleful influence of climate, and checked the ravage of disease; the hardship of pioneer life is lessened by the easy transportation of material comforts, and the loneliness of isolation is relieved by the transmission of intelligence which is flashed around the world swifter than the wings of the morning. We may naturally expect that less and less heed will be paid to the fixity of the bounds of habitation of the various races and nations that dwell upon the face of the earth. The outcome of this contact constitutes the race problem of the world. As water when unrestrained flows from a higher to a lower level till equilibrium is established, so we may expect this stream to flow down and out from the higher fount until the various races and tribes of men reach an equilibrium of civilization and culture.

The place of education in human development is a principle whose importance is just beginning to dawn upon the world. Knowledge is the great equalizing factor in modern civilization. At one time it was thought that divine favor made one man lord over another. It was but a short step from the divine right of the ruler to the divine right of race. But we are gaining a clearer and clearer conviction that racial, like individual, superiority depends upon knowledge, discipline, and efficiency, which may be imparted largely by education. A people may gain or lose its place according as it holds aloof from or keeps in touch with the highest attained efficiency of the world. The powers and forces of nature are not enchanted by any sorcery of race, but yield their secret and mystery to the application of knowledge. Steam and electricity, wind and wave and sunlight, will work as willingly for a backward as for a forward race. The only advantage that the latter possesses is a predisposition to a better discipline, and a higher social efficiency. It does not appear that it possesses a better grasp upon the recondite principles of knowledge. Education can be relied upon to discount, if not to liquidate, the disadvantage under

which the backward races labor. Nor is it necessary for such races to repeat the slow steps and stages by which present greatness has been attained. He who comes at the eleventh hour is placed on equal terms with him who has borne the heat and burden of the day in the vineyard of civilization. It takes the child of the most favored race twenty-five years to absorb the civilization of the world. The child of the backward race can accomplish the same feat in the same space of time. Japan is teaching the world that she can appropriate and apply the agencies of civilization as readily, and wield them as effectively, as the most favored nations of Europe. What Japan has done can be repeated by China, or India, or Africa, or by any hardy people with territorial and national integrity who will assimilate the principles of modern progress through education, and helpful contact with those nations which are now in the forefront of things.

There are three distinct modes of race-contact: (1) where the European takes up permanent residence among the weaker race, as in Australia, South Africa, and Hawaii; (2) where the white man has no expectation of permanent residence, but aims merely at political and commercial domination, as in India, North and Central Africa, and the Polynesian Isles; and (3) where the weaker race has been introduced into the land of the stronger for the sake of industrial exploitation, as in the United States, South America, and the West Indian archipelago. The several phases of the race problem growing out of these different modes of contact are too often overlooked in current discussion.

The conceivable lines of outcome of race contact are: the enslavement of the weaker, or, what amounts to the same thing, its subordination into an inferior caste; the extermination of the weaker; expulsion either of the weaker or of the stronger; amalgamation or absorption; and amicable adjustment and continuance of distinct ethnic types. All of these processes will doubtless contribute in

part to the solution of this problem. The outcome will not be uniform and invariable, but will depend upon the nature and complexity of underlying conditions.

In the United States this problem presents many interesting and unique phases which cause the student of social subjects to bestow upon it a degree of attention beyond that accorded any other point of race-contact throughout the world. Its workings are watched with the keenest interest, and much reliance is placed upon its indications, because it presents the widest types of ethnic divergence in the closest intimacy of contact.

1. In this terrible process of race-attrition, millions of the weaker races will be utterly destroyed. Whole tribes and groups and sub-races will perish from the face of the earth. Civilization is a savor of life unto life and of death unto death, and its beneficence is reserved only for those who are endowed with power to endure. The red and brown races have faded before the march of civilization as a flower before the chilling breath of autumn. The Australian has gone; the red Indian has been dispatched to his happy hunting-ground in the sky; many of the scattered fragments of the isles of the sea have vanished away, while others are waiting gloomily in the valley of the shadow of death. These people have perished and are perishing, not so much by force and violence, as because they were not able to adjust themselves to the swift and sudden changes which an encroaching civilization imposed. In Hawaii they have faded under the mild and kindly dispensation of the missionary of the Cross, quite as inevitably as if swept away by shot and shell. Even the American Indian has not succumbed so much as the victim of violence as the prey of the easily communicable vices of civilization. The frontier of civilization will always be infested with social renegades and outcasts, who flee from the light to hide their evil deeds. They carry with them the seeds of degenerative evil which destroy

both mind and body. These become the consorts of the weaker race among whom they sow the seeds of death.

It seems that where the backward race is thinly scattered over a wide area or thickly settled upon a limited territory, the white race is inclined to take up permanent settlement, which in the end is apt to lead to the destruction of the feebler element. After the disappearance of the eliminable elements, the fittest, or at least the toughest, will survive. The yellow and black races, through sheer physical toughness, have demonstrated their ability to look the white man in the face and live. They not only decline to vanish before his onward march, but actually multiply and replenish the earth in face of his most strenuous exactions. In India, in South Africa, in America, and in the West Indian Islands, these races are increasing at a rate that plainly forbids the prophecy of extermination. Wherever the European establishes his high standard of governmental efficiency, checks the ravages of disease, and puts an end to internal tribal strife, these races have increased their strength at an accelerated ratio. Three-quarters of a million slaves in the United States in 1790, under the rigors of a slave régime, had swollen to four and a half million in 1860. While fresh importations from Africa contributed somewhat to this remarkable expansion, yet it was due mainly to the reproductivity of the original stock. From 1860 to 1900, during a transitory interval as trying as any people ever passed through, this four and a half million had doubled itself without outside reinforcement. The white, the yellow, and the black races will doubtless constitute the residuary factors in the world's ultimate race problem.

2. In the nomadic state of society, where population was only slightly attached to the soil, and roamed at will, without fixity of abode or permanence of abiding-place, the expulsion of the feebler element was not an unusual outcome of

race-contact. But under modern conditions where the whole surface of the earth is preëmpted, and population irremovably rooted in the soil, the hegira of a numerous race from one land to another is the most absurd of all possible solutions. This method has been suggested as a possible outcome of the Negro problem in America, but the proposition has always been regarded as an idle speculation. No publicist who has regard for the sanity of his social judgment would entertain it for a moment as a serious, practicable policy.

The temporary shifting of small groups of native peoples from one locality to another has been, and doubtless will continue to be, a minor process in the scheme of race-adjustment. The American Indian is confined to reservations of diminishing boundaries, the Australian will be pushed to the outer verge of the island continent, the moribund remnants here and there will flee to the hills to hide them from the wrath of the encroaching pale-face. But this is merely the preliminary stage of extermination which is the evident doom of these flying fragments. Where the weaker race constitutes the numerical majority, and thrives in multiplying numbers, the European is apt to withdraw under the sheer force of racial momentum. The white race has been expelled from most of the West Indian Islands, because the black race proved too prolific under such a congenial habitat. In the United States the whites are gradually growing relatively fewer in the black belts, and the bedarkened regions are steadily growing in intensity. Wherever any one of the hardier races is thickly settled, it is not likely to be interfered with by competing numbers of any other race. Where the stronger race sends out only a handful of representatives to command the superior governmental and commercial positions, ultimate expulsion of the stronger is the only predictable result.

3. Wherever the white man has touched the weaker races he has never scrupled to

minge his blood with theirs. The sons of the gods are ever prone to look lustfully upon the daughters of men. There arises a composite progeny which enters as an important factor into race-adjustment. In this regard it is necessary to make a sharp distinction between the Teutonic and the Catholic races of Europe. The Latin or Catholic nations give the mongrel offspring the status of the father, while the Teutonic or Protestant races relegate them to the status of the mother race. In the one case, the white race becomes mongrelized while the feebler element remains comparatively pure; whereas in the other, the white race remains pure while the lower race becomes mixed. In Cuba, where the Latin dispensation prevails, the mixed element is returned as white; but in the United States it is classed with the Negroes. In Cuba, Porto Rico, and South America, the mongrelization of the races is either an accomplished or an assured result.

The Mohammedan religion and the Catholic branch of the Christian faith are, without dispute, superior to the Protestant type in allaying the rancor of race-passion. The amity of race-feeling in Constantinople and Rio de Janeiro is in marked contrast with that at Richmond and Baltimore. If the Mohammedan and Catholic races were in the ascendancy in the world's affairs, the mongrelization of races would assume a different aspect from what may be predicted under the dominance of the Teuton. But as these more tolerant races seem to have spent their force as world-ruling factors, we may as well place the stress of attention upon what is likely to take place under the dominance of the more intolerant races of Northern Europe. An increasing mixed breed will be the outcome of illicit intercourse between the white male and the darker female, and will be thrown back upon the status of the mother. Where the number of the weaker race is small in proportion, this will form an important factor in the final solution, but where the number is relatively large it

may be regarded as a negligible quantity.

A continuous infusion of white blood would bring about a closer and closer physical approachment between the two types, until all social restrictions would be removed upon the disappearance of the ethnic difference upon which it rests. If the Negro element in our American cities was not constantly reënforced by black invasion from the rural districts it would be easy to predict its final disappearance through extinction and amalgamation. But in South Africa, portions of the West Indies, and the heavy Negro states of America, race fusion will have but little determining effect upon the general equation.

According to the United States census of 1890, there were 956,689 mulattoes, 105,135 quadroons, and 69,936 octoroons. The proportion of Negro blood in this admixture would represent about 500,000 Negroes of pure type. It must also be remembered that illicit intercourse between the races is largely limited to the mixed element, and there is likely to be very little fresh absorption of the undiluted blacks. On the other hand, the degree and grades of admixture returnable in the census represent but a small proportion of persons actually affected by admixture of blood. It is estimated that fully three-fourths of the colored race are affected by some slight strain of white blood. The octoroon and quadroon class will be apt to pass over clandestinely to the white race, in order to escape the inferior status of their mother blood. Such transition tends to widen the breach between the races. The white race will take in only such homœopathic dashes of Negro blood as to remain substantially pure. The white blood already infused in the Negro race will be more equably diffused, and the colored American will represent a more solid ethnic entity, being brown rather than black in color.

We are forbidden to prophesy any general fusion of races, by the sure knowledge that when the white race becomes

conscious of what it deems the evil of miscegenation, it bars the process both by law and public sentiment. In all the heavy Negro states the laws forbid intermarriage between the races, and, even where there is no law, public sentiment is pronounced and unmistakable.

4. There will be an attempt to relegate the backward race to an inferior status wherever the white race takes up permanent residence. When slavery was an accepted system throughout the civilized world, the process was simple and easy. But, in the absence of the fixed status of servitude, the same result is sought to be accomplished through contrivance and cunning. This policy is most clearly noticeable in the United States. Although the Negro enjoys theoretically all the rights and prerogatives of an American citizen, yet in public sentiment and in actual practice he is fixed to an inferior social, civil, political, and industrial status. But this scheme of subordination can only be local and temporary.

A caste system must be like a pyramid, each layer representing a broader area than the one resting upon it. It is impossible to form a lasting scheme of caste with a superincumbence of ten white men upon the substratum of one Negro. If the Negroes were everywhere relatively as numerous as they are in some parts of the Southern States, and if the whites were not smothered out by numerical predominance, the permanence of caste might be counted on as a calculable factor. The slave system in America was doomed to destruction because the slave element was not sufficiently numerous to support the entire white population. Even in the South there were only 500,000 slaveholders, who controlled 4,000,000 slaves, leaving 6,000,000 free whites practically on the level with Negro bondmen, a condition which could exist only until the non-slave-holding class became conscious of their condition. The free laborer of the North was the first to awake to conscious-

ness of the fact that he was made the competitor of slave labor, a condition which he resented and resisted to the bitter end. The overthrow of slavery was due to economic, as well as to moral and philanthropic, causes. It is impossible to relegate the Negro to any status without at the same time affecting a sufficient number of white men to make up the full quota of that status. Any degradation placed upon the Negro laborer must react upon white workmen of the same grade.

The caste system in America is bound to fail, not so much from humanitarian considerations, as because it lacks a sufficient physical basis upon which to rest. Abraham Lincoln possessed an illumined understanding. His motto that a country cannot exist half-slave and half-free is just beginning to be appreciated by those who are devoted to the study of our complex national problems. New England does not make a fixed status for the Negro because, as President Eliot informs us, she does not deem it worth while. The country at large will ultimately be brought to the view that it is not worth while to establish a separate and distinct status for a diminishing fraction of the total population.

5. After the red and brown races shall have perished from the face of the earth; after the fragmentary peoples have been exterminated, expelled, or absorbed; after the diffusion of knowledge has established a world-equilibrium, there will be left the white, the yellow, and the black as the residuary races, each practically distinct in its ethnic identity, and occupying its own habitat. We can only prophesy amity, peace, and good will among these types, who will more fully appreciate than we do now that God has made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth, within assignable bounds of habitation. Whether this will be but a stage in the ultimate blending of all races in a common world-type transcends all of our present calculable data, and must be left to the play of the imagination.

THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

III

THE RAILROADS AND EFFICIENCY OF SERVICE

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

THERE is in this country to-day an ever widening circle of people who desire to look beneath the surface of things. In this way the teachings and works of politicians, merchants, ministers, and railroad men, are being constantly subjected to a searching probe of inner criticism. In a score of different ways we desire to get at the truth and meaning of life, whether in regard to labor conditions or to social surroundings.

The public anxiety to which I refer has a very practical origin. On the railroads, for example, the problems relating to efficiency and safety of operation are peculiarly calculated to arouse widespread interest. But safety and efficiency are results; consequently we are first called upon to consider the methods by means of which these desirable conditions are now being encouraged and worked out in industrial circles. From the fact, then, that on our railroads labor is organized and firmly intrenched, and for the additional reason that the organization to-day is probably the most powerful influence at work in forming the type and ideals of the American railroad man, the following declaration of George B. Hugo, President of the Employers' Association of Massachusetts, should receive attention and analysis:—

"The strength, power, and cornerstone of the union structure," he affirms, "is inefficiency. Inefficiency makes stanch union men. Unionism destroys individuality, and the competitive spirit which urges men to strive to reach the top; it retards growth, offers no goal, discourages effort, says to its members,

'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther,' and teaches the doctrine, 'Get all you can, and do as little as possible.'"

It would hardly be possible to submit this statement to the test of a practical analysis, without first glancing at the railroad man and the railroad manager, and at their relations to each other, and to the business of the common carrier.

If the reader were to accompany an engineman, a conductor, or a trainman on one of his daily trips, I am sure he would be very much impressed with the importance and variety of his duties. If any of these men were to explain to him the system of switches and signals as the train is drawn out of one of the great terminals, his respect for the men and their jobs would be still further increased. Continuing his story, the man might post him on a variety of matters to which, perhaps, he had previously given little attention, such as the location of switches, side tracks, and branch tracks on his route, as well as on a score of rules relating to the safety of travel, and the right of way of trains of every description, at different points on his trip. Summing up, I think the investigator would come to the conclusion, not only that brainy, careful, and conscientious men are absolutely essential for the proper conduct of a railroad, but that the men he had met in his travels were of this description and calibre.

Turning his attention to the other side of the problem, if he were to pay a visit to the general offices of any of the big railroad corporations, he would doubtless be gratified to discover that probably ninety-five per cent of the men who occupy po-

sitions of responsibility and influence have risen from the low, and sometimes from the lowest, strata of railroad life. He would be informed that in the past this rule has applied with equal force to roadmasters, to foremen in shops and on the road, to trainmasters and train-dispatchers, to superintendents and managers in every branch of the service.

Furthermore, if the reader should happen to be acquainted with any of these men in private life, he will, I think, agree with me that they are, as a class, more than usually gifted with breadth of intelligence, honesty of purpose, and sympathy of disposition, qualities that are universally judged to be the best qualifications for successful leadership.

So far, then, as material is concerned, the public has little reason to complain of its servants. Furthermore, it must also be confessed that to the outsider the relations between men and managers are apparently harmonious and friendly. Once in a while, it is true, there is a disturbance, and things leak out that immediately set the public mind thinking and wondering.

However, at this stage of our study, we find ourselves confronted with a peculiar situation. We have good men, good managers, apparently good intentions, but unsatisfactory results. While, for the most part, these unsatisfactory results are connected with the safety problem, which of course is of great interest to the traveling public, the fundamental issue is efficiency of service from a much wider standpoint. In a word, the railroad accident, and the question of efficiency of service in connection with it, is a problem of industrial loyalty. The problem, and the community interests that are at stake, have been connected with organized labor by Mr. Hugo, in his published opinion, with an emphasis that is quite startling. The question remains, can we bring Mr. Hugo's declaration home to the principles and policy of the unions and brotherhoods of railroad men?

To begin with, and turning our attention for a minute or two from men and managers to the methods by means of which the business of the railroad is carried on, we find the situation regulated, and to a great extent dominated, by an agreement which is always spoken of as a schedule. This schedule defines and limits the responsibilities of both manager and employee. Enginemen, conductors, firemen, trainmen, towermen, and telegraph operators have different schedules, which have been drawn up, discussed, amended as necessary, and finally signed by railroad managers and committees of employees. In this way both man and manager are unionized to the extent, and under the terms, of the schedule. Broadly speaking, it can be said that this schedule has had the effect of limiting the initiative and personal authority of the manager, but there is one peculiarity about it that is worthy of notice. It is a secret document, and as soon as signed it is buried from view, and exempt from public discussion. In effect, the schedule says to man and manager, "Take your medicine, or your increase of pay for another year, and keep quiet."

This secrecy accounts for the lack of interest manifested by the public in a document which is so vitally interesting to the community. The press, also, is not interested where no discussion of any importance seems to be called for. Neither does the press show any disposition to ask men or managers a single question which would be liable to create a ripple on the surface of such harmonious relations.

Now, there is a distinct line to be drawn through the middle of this schedule, the result and working out of which, it is evident, is what the public secures in terms of service. On the one hand, we have the clauses that define the railroad man's hours of labor, the nature of his duties, and the remuneration connected with them. On the other, we have certain stipulations in regard to discipline, to the right of appeal, to principles and methods

of promotion, and to kindred matters that relate to the fulfillment of the service which every employee owes to the public as well as to the railroad.

It is with the latter we have now to do, and it is evident that if Mr. Hugo's interpretation of organized labor can be applied to railroad men, and the service they render the public, the trouble must be looked for in the schedule, and in the allegiance of the men to its principles.

But Mr. Hugo has not raised a question of detail. In plainest language, he is describing a state of industrial disloyalty to certain fundamental social requirements. Organized labor, according to him, is a menace to the best interests of human society. We understand this at once when we compare his statement with the following extract from *The Social Unrest*, by Mr. John Graham Brooks: —

“The Race sets no such value upon anything as upon individuality and freedom.” And again, “Unless Society deteriorates, it must give free play to liberty, variety, and individuality.” What then have American railroad managers and employees to say to this indictment? Let the situation on the railroads to-day speak for itself.

A short time ago, in a lecture at Harvard, a high official of perhaps the largest railroad system in America made a statement somewhat as follows: —

“In the past it has been the invariable rule and policy of nearly every American railroad to bestow upon their own men the higher offices and executive positions as they become vacant, or as opportunity offers. But I am sorry to say we are being gradually compelled to abandon this policy, and to look elsewhere, particularly to the colleges, for our material. It takes a great many years of close touch with, and of practical interest in, the managing department to fit any employee for an executive position, and with the situation as it is to-day, no employee could consistently follow out such a line of endeavor without becoming estranged from his union. But when loyalty to the union

takes precedence of loyalty to the railroad, our supply of capable men is cut off. And besides, in a number of ways, the labor organizations require the services of their best men for their own offices and purposes, so the railroads must now look elsewhere for their material.”

Here is a condition of affairs in which the legitimate growth of the railroad man is checked, and stanch union men are being created at the expense of the railroad and the interests of the traveling public. The point is, not that a man prefers an office in his organization to one on his railroad, but that the company should have the first call on his loyalty and services, and does not get it. The general efficiency of the service suffers in consequence.

But, comparatively speaking, the situation I have alluded to is an insignificant phase of the problem on our railroads. The real issue is the seniority rule, and what follows in its train. This rule is responsible for the obliteration of incentive, and the discouragement of effort, to which Mr. Hugo calls attention in such forcible language. There is no concealment about the nature or intent of this rule, or the quarter from which it has emanated. It was initiated, and it is now upheld, as the corner-stone of the union structure on the railroad, by the employee himself. He has elected to stake his own future, and that of coming generations of railroad men, upon a principle that cuts out merit and ability as factors in promotion, and converts ambition and the desire to excel into the inflexible mandate, “Take your turn.”

But the American railroad man is wide-awake and intellectual. He realizes the weakness of his position. In his own organization, seniority cuts little figure; merit and ability are the prime factors considered when committees are appointed or officials are elected. But the employee, after giving years of thought to the matter, has come to the conclusion that the existence of his organization depends upon the maintenance of the prin-

ciple that ranks the best type of man with the lowest, so far as his standing and opportunity to climb are concerned. In this way race ideals are upset, for the man is simply commanded to take his turn, to hold his tongue, and to watch what his organization with its immense power will now do for him. In a word, with his eyes wide open, the employee has consented to retard his own growth, to limit the field of his own effort, and to destroy his individuality, for material considerations, at the behest of his union. It now remains for his organization to "make good," at the expense of the employee's individuality, of the interest of his employer, and of principles which have always been considered the pillar of social life.

At this stage of the discussion, a very simple question presents itself: "Where has the railroad manager been all this time?" The president of one of the largest railroad systems in the country answered my inquiry as follows:—

"I am going to criticise one or two features of your book, because I think they give a misleading impression.

"In respect to the seniority rule: I agree with you that this rule is a very bad one, if the employing officer has no latitude; but, on the other hand, the rule of favoritism is also a bad rule, and to look at the thing fairly and squarely, one must realize that the seniority rule was urged by the employees because they thought there was an injustice in the old rule. It is a good deal like what we see in the Government Civil Service. The Civil Service method of making appointments was urged by many reformers because the old 'spoils' system of making appointments was very vicious. Now I think, however, many reformers and the most intelligent men generally will agree that the Civil Service method of making appointments is very faulty; that it leads, in the first place, to the selection of men who may be 'glib' at answering questions and passing examinations, and who, after once receiving their positions, are apparently fairly secure in them, regard-

less of their general worthlessness and unfitness. In other words, we are confronted by the fact that a reform which was intended to improve existing conditions has been found wanting in an unexpected direction. So, it seems to me, that while you point out the real serious objection to the seniority rule, you omit the statement that the seniority rule became effective because another rule was objectionable, and you do not suggest a plan which is free from the old or new objections.

"If we are to look the facts squarely in the face, I think we would have to admit that if there had never been an unjust or dishonest employer, there never would have been trades or labor unions. In other words, trades unions grew and developed as a means of enabling the employees to protect themselves against injustice; and having once grown and become strong, like many another unbridled power, it has gone too far, and become tyrannical."

Here we have a very fair and reasonable criticism of my position. It is at once apparent, however, that it is more of a confession than a criticism. Interpreted in this light, the railroad president's reply must be construed as follows: "The seniority rule is a very bad one. Being a rule, however, the 'latitude' of officers must be looked upon as referring to its working in exceptional cases and nothing more. We, the managers, are obliged to confess that we surrendered to the employees, and granted this rule with all its vital principles, in order to avoid the evils of favoritism; a very important, yet probably a minor consideration, and one which we must have forgotten could have been eliminated by improving and raising the ethics and standards of management. We substituted a superlative evil for a comparative and removable objection, because we had to surrender, horse, foot, and artillery; and now, in this reply, and elsewhere, we are trying to make the best of a bad bargain."

The necessity for a return to reasonable and businesslike methods in rail-

roading must be evident. The remedy is a high standard of personal management, the recognition and reward of merit and ability in promotion, and the reinstatement of the manager as judge of the qualifications of employees.

Now, if my diagnosis of conditions on the railroads be a correct one; if, with constantly increasing emphasis, loyalty to his organization is superseding and undermining the man's loyalty, not only to his work and to his employer, but to society as well, one must be pardoned for examining his work and service for indication of inattention and apathy in matters relating more especially to the common weal. With equal reason and force, if the railroad manager has been made a party, either willingly or unwillingly, to an arrangement or schedule under the terms of which he has signed away his birthright, and the prerogative of his order, one would naturally expect him to be silent and sphinxlike on the business from beginning to end. It seems to me this is just the position we find him in to-day. And in regard to the apathy of the organization and the men composing it, in matters relating to safety, and to problems other than those that immediately concern the union, a glance at the accident situation should prove very enlightening. For the close and vital connection between the sympathetic attention of the labor organization and the railroad accident is worthy of most careful study.

In regard to these accidents there is this to be said, that you cannot localize them; that it makes little perceptible difference, according to our statistics, whether the man who disobeys rules is a greenhorn or a veteran, on duty for six hours or sixteen; whether he happens to be running fast or slow, crawling through the yard as a switcher, or across the prairie as a flyer. We have illustrations on hand to suit every condition and circumstance.

Naturally, this state of affairs calls into being a great number of specialists, who

go to work and diagnose the symptoms. Nostrums by the score are volleyed at every tissue of the railroad man's anatomy that is open to moral, medicinal, or surgical treatment. It is very doubtful if any section of our fellow creatures has ever before been subjected to such comprehensive and analytical scrutiny. Examine his eyes, his ears, his diet, his alcoholic affinity, his domestic troubles, his mentality, his capacity for prolonged attention under the circumstances, not to mention the discipline he is subjected to, and all the different theories and methods of management. I must not be misunderstood. There is more or less importance to be attached to every one of these considerations. They are all spokes of a wheel, with the man himself and his complete personality as the heart of it all.

Now, for a number of years the public has been furnished with certain statistics relating to preventable accidents. As a matter of fact, we are not immediately concerned with the proportion of the fatalities or expense that can be definitely laid at the door of the employee. Indeed, if we could be convinced, and I think we can, that the employee is actually doing his best according to his light and education, the fact would be comparatively insignificant. What we desire to bring out is that the trainman and engineman are actually and soulfully impressed with the deplorable loss of life and suffering, and that they publicly and privately make known their desire, and make manifest their intention, to improve the records. We desire to make this public spirit of the employee so unmistakable that it will become the strongest factor conceivable in the good work of decreasing the number of those who disobey rules and disregard signals.

But unfortunately, up to date, the railroad employee, represented by his organization, has given no intimation to any one that he is in any way responsible or in need of treatment. The statistics that appeal the public have not yet aroused him as a class to definite action that you

can place your finger on and say, Here is a public declaration, here is a private circular from a labor leader, or here is an account of a convention of railroad men called together to consider and talk over the safety problem. So far as I am aware, we feel no special call for consultation or agitation of any kind. We seem to think that all matters relating to efficiency of service can properly be left to take care of themselves, without our personal assistance or that of our organization. Of course, if it can be shown that the employee, the labor organization, and the labor leader have taken up this matter of wreck and suffering on the railroad with the same businesslike determination that has been applied to the matter of wages and service, my argument falls to the ground. I am not raising questions of conduct, or making inquiries into the habits and thoughts of employees. My point is, first and last, to connect the rule and the signal with the mind of the employee in the most reasonable and sympathetic manner. This matter of personal and sympathetic attention is the key to efficiency.

But from my point of view there is quite a distinction to be drawn between *attention* and *interest*. Interest, real and sympathetic, is the soul of attention. Not forgetting other incentives, good work has always been distinguished from imperfect work by the amount of soulful interest that has been brought to bear upon it. Not only is this true, but the very defects and idiosyncrasies of attention are, to a wonderful degree, at the mercy of interest of this description. As a mental clarifier, as an eye-sharpener, as a rule-reminder, as a purifier of environment, as a moral and physical regenerator, its efficacy is universally recognized. Along these lines it is, and has been, the only miracle-worker to which science pays any attention. "In spite of" has always been its motto. External treatment of conditions relating to overwork, disease, automatic tendencies, and wool-gathering is, to a great extent, mechanical according

to common sense, and comparatively efficacious; but the internal application, comprising the conscientious initiative of the employee, the public expression in various ways of the interest and concern of the labor organization, backed by the hearty encouragement of public opinion, is the superlative method of treatment.

That the problem of efficiency of service and safety of travel has now been advanced to the stage when the railroad organization will be compelled to give an account of its stewardship was never so forcibly brought to the public notice as in an able and convincing article written by a brotherhood man, which appeared in the *Santa Fé Employee's Magazine* for December, 1908. The following paragraphs speak for themselves:—

"One reason for such lack of interest in a matter (safety) in which railroad men should be so vitally interested, is the general idea among them that the subject is one for the railroad managements to take care of.

"In all my experience in attending lodge-room meetings I have never heard the subject discussed there, and I also note that it is an extremely rare thing to find anything in the numerous brotherhood magazines touching thereon.

"I may be mistaken, but it does seem to me that the American people are going to look more and more every year to the individual employee, instead of to the railway companies, in placing blame for disastrous wrecks.

"The abuse of the power of the railroad brotherhoods in their relation to safety, or rather their interference with the disciplinary measures of railroad managements, has a very direct bearing on the safe and expeditious handling of traffic. This abuse owes its origin to a deep sympathy for a brotherhood man in trouble. The result is that certain classes of employees are careless in their observance of the rules, in accordance with the attitude of their organization in fighting for disciplined members. Officials are well aware, and brotherhood men

well know, that these conditions exist, and that they vary, too, according to the conservative methods employed by the different organizations — but we all know that they *do exist to a greater or lesser extent in all of them*. And yet brotherhood men, through a mistaken sense of loyalty or fealty to their order, refuse to admit, except to other members, that such things are done. I believe that it is a very serious abuse of power, and one that *does not* advance the interests of organized labor; and which also has the grave tendency of blocking the proper enforcement of disciplinary measures.”

Brotherhood men all over the country have had their attention called to this article in the *Santa Fé Employee's Magazine*, and they are giving the subject serious attention.

Having thus described to the best of my ability the status of the race problem as we find it to-day on our railroads, and the dilemma in regard to it which society has to consider, one turns naturally to remedies and influences that are now engaging the attention of sociologists and thinkers. Turn where we will, there are indications that the problems relating to efficiency, and to the educating and training of the worker, are being studied with the greatest seriousness.

Sociologists and others who make the study of industrial conditions a specialty, are insisting upon the establishment of trade schools as the best possible remedy. President Eliot, of Harvard University, for example, has very decided opinions on the subject. He has this to say: “Public trades schools, which are greatly hampered by trades unions, are being started in Boston, and all over the United States. The movement must be persevered in by the American people. Employers and the people cannot, must not, yield to the unions.”

Among the first to recognize the soundness of this advice, and the necessity of taking action in the matter, are the railroad managers. Complaint is constantly being made that the supply of skilled

workers in the railroad shops is short, and that the majority are incompetent. To supply the demand, the Grand Trunk railway system has adopted a form of apprenticeship, which has been in successful operation for a number of years, and has been the means of supplying that company with skilled mechanics.

All apprentices are indentured to the machinist's trade for five years, and to the blacksmith's, boilermaker's, or other trades for four years. The system insures thorough education in all details of the trades. It has been found of great advantage both to the company and to the apprentice. It has a tendency to keep the apprentice satisfied, and to steady his energies along the required lines.

The advocates of the trades schools point to Europe, and in particular to Germany, and say, “Study the schools and methods of these foreign countries, and take warning in time. Bring up the youth in the way he should go, and when he enters the service of the railroad, he will not depart from it.” But any one who has worked in a machine shop, or drawn a day's pay on the railroad, if he chooses to give an impartial opinion, would tell these sociologists that technical education is by no means the complete guide and key to efficiency of service.

Altogether this question of efficiency, of the best possible service, is the goal to which the best endeavors and the industrial conscience of America are now pressing forward. Public opinion demands that we dig to the root of the matter, and begin at the beginning. So we are now going into our schools and colleges, and we propose to give the rising generation all sorts of facts and information relating to industrial life. This education of youth is to include mental and technical equipment of every description. After the student has received the instruction that will enable him, not only to run the machinery, but to know all about the ingenuities and forces connected with it, he is to be given an insight into the world of affairs. No phase or incident connected

with the managing department is to be considered too trifling; no world issue or abstract proposition too large. His education is to begin with the trifles connected with the routine of a day's work, and is to be followed all the way up to the realm of high politics that enables Mr. Harriman to manipulate millions of dollars, and Mr. Gompers to handle millions of men. In a word, the young man of the future is to be equipped from head to foot with industrial facts and information.

When we look into the matter carefully, we find the simplest kind of a reason for the difficulties with which, at the present day, the problem of efficiency is surrounded. It is essentially an American problem, due to abnormal expansion of the national mind, which in the past has been so much occupied with size and material results that there has been no time to pay attention to detail and thoroughness. In this way the spirit with which the community has become possessed is actually the father and prompter of inefficiency. This is true to a great extent in the public schools. When I read the curriculum, or am informed of the opportunity of the boy to absorb, if he only will, or can, every branch and byway of knowledge, my admiration is unlimited; but when the boy has left school, you find to your sorrow that, generally speaking, he is all sprouts and rarely knows anything well.

But it is to little purpose that you single out the railroad man and concentrate your attention on him and his failings. So far as railroads and railroad accidents are concerned, public methods and public opinion are actually the promoters of inefficiency. This is not only a curious statement, it is also a very important and interesting one. We are all aware how interested the American public is in generalities, in totals, in conditions relating to labor or accidents, reduced into the form of short and eloquent tables of statistics. The press, in touch with the requirements of the public, delights in this kind of educational literature. There seems to be

little desire in any quarter to concentrate attention on the concrete example, to take hold of, and so far as possible settle, a question or an accident on some particular spot, and then extend our exact remedy and method until we are able to arrive at general and well-grounded conclusions. Far from desiring such minute and thorough investigations of conditions, the following report may be taken as a sample of what the public has been satisfied to receive from its different bureaus as the limit of practical investigation, ever since commissioners and other investigators began to draw salaries.

How much does America pay every year in human life for her civilization? The government is always discovering remarkable facts through its various bureaus of statistics. This is one of the most startling of all. More people are being killed every year in the United States during times of peace than in the bloodiest battles of history. America is the world's slaughter-house for human beings. It is the price America pays for her civilization. During a single year 57,513 American men, women, and children were killed or wounded by accident. During the last nineteen years the railroads of America have killed 143,527 persons. During the same period 931,450 persons have been injured by American railroads. The railroad toll alone for twenty years has been more than 1,000,000 American fathers and wives and children. During the last seventeen years American coal mines have killed 22,840 men, made at least 10,000 widows and upward of 40,000 orphans. The total cost of Cuba and the Philippines has been less than 2000 American lives. During a single year American street railways killed and injured a few less than 49,000 persons. In New York the record of only twenty-seven days showed 42 deaths and 5500 injuries. Every year 6000 Americans lose their lives in fires. American industrial plants are estimated to kill every year at least 25,000 men, and to injure 125,000 more. American building opera-

tions cost 3000 lives every year, and 10,000 other persons sustain injuries. Pleasure costs more than 1000 American lives each year. The American automobile accidents of last year took 229 lives, without estimating the thousands more or less seriously injured. American drownings last year numbered 492. There are 1000 American murders each year. Each American Fourth of July costs approximately 500 lives, with injuries to 4000 other merry-makers. All of which means that each and every year the United States yields up the lives of 60,000 of its citizens in payment for its civilization.

Of course it is evident that a great deal of honest work has been expended in securing and tabulating reports of this nature, but I think it goes without saying that something more definite and useful is called for in the treating of railroad accidents, which, bunched together for public instruction, reveal such astonishing totals.

Let us take an illustration: The other day in a Boston freight yard, an employee waited for a freight train to pull by, and then, being in a hurry, he ran over on to the next track and was instantly killed by a locomotive moving in the opposite direction. Catching a glimpse of the man in front of the engine, the engineer had given a sharp whistle, but of course it was too late. Without any comment, this accident was looked into by the authorities and added to the list of unavoidable fatalities. A few days later, a telegraph line-man met the same fate in the same way in a different locality.

As a matter of fact, hundreds of lives are annually sacrificed in identically the same way. This has been going on for years, and if one consults the reports of national or state commissioners, no reference to, or at any rate no study of, this particular kind of an accident will be found except as it can be imagined under the general head of "Miscellaneous." Studying this accident for ourselves, however, we find that these human lives are thrown away because the victim forgets

to stop, look, and listen. The fact that theoretically it is the victim's own fault has actually silenced all public inquiry or endeavor on the part of men, managers, or people, to come to the rescue of unfortunates who are liable to get caught in this way. And yet, if humanity were to apply the same method and principle to sickness, or to forgetfulness in warding off other dangers that our flesh is constantly exposed to, society now-a-days would be in a pitiable position.

As regards this specific accident, railroad men are well aware that the most careful employee is at all times liable to get killed in this way, as well as the farmer on the crossing in the country.

In my opinion, the public and the management of the railroads could immediately cut the casualty list, from this and similar causes, in half, by getting after every specific accident and by treating it in a common-sense and practical manner.

There is still one point or phase of the efficiency problem on American railroads to which the attention of the public is frequently directed. Briefly stated, we all look with astonishment and envy at the accident records of European railroads. From various quarters come statistics in regard to the roadbed, the density of traffic, the general condition under which trains are moved, from which information we are called upon to bunch together and frame our excuses for inefficiency as best we can. It is all to no purpose. If people will only take the trouble to study the actual accidents and the way they take place, they will quickly discover that very few accidents are common to European and American railroads. The American accident is a characteristic of personal behavior which, in fact, has no counterpart in any other part of the world.

The compass and trend of American progress points to these accidents as the natural outcome of freedom of thought and action running riot. This is no ill-considered statement. For a number of years there has been a scramble in al-

most every line of industrial behavior to kick over the traces. In many directions the results have been surprisingly beneficial, but on the railroad the principle has proved to be surrounded with numerous and well-defined dangers. Illustrations of this fact are to be met with on every side, and they are very significant.

For example, "taking chances" is distinctly a characteristic of American railroading. You will search in vain on European railroads for accidents of this nature. The European railroad man is too stolid — too stupid, if we prefer the term — at any rate he is too methodical, to get caught in this way. He has been too long accustomed to the rut of unquestioning obedience in matters relating to the safety of travel; and I think it would be an easy matter to demonstrate that the difference between the records on American and European railroads is to be found in these accidents that are distressingly typical of American temperament. Making use of a significant illustration, — on our railroads to-day the kicker is king. We kick against discipline, we kick against merit and ability as factors in promotion, we kick against publicity of almost any description; but there is one feature of our occupation and duties that has escaped our attention: We don't kick against the accident record.

Summing up then, and reviewing the evidence, what is the conclusion to be arrived at in regard to this charge of industrial disloyalty on the railroads which Mr. Hugo makes in such emphatic language? "Unless society deteriorates," we are told, "it must give free play to liberty, variety, and individuality." The railroad man is world-wide in his sympathies, but I think I have made it plain that his behavior and duties on the railroad are arranged and regulated by his committee. He now consults his schedule to discover how much liberty, how much variety, how much individuality, it is lawful for him to exercise. The man is organized,

grouped, and scheduled into items, and when the mechanical process is complete, liberty, variety, and individuality have disappeared. The future of the race depends upon the cultivation of these social forces, and efficiency of work and service are very important branches of social development. Finally, then, the efficiency problem is the employers' problem. Far be it from me to criticise the American railroad employee so far as his honesty of purpose is concerned, but we must all agree that a certain number of deplorable accidents have happened, and are still continuing to happen. A minority of railroad men are accountable in some way for these fatalities. Now, the only power in the United States to-day that is able peacefully, radically, and permanently to reach and influence this responsible minority is the railroad labor organization. The centre of influence upon the personality of the men has passed, to a very great extent, into the hands of the Union. This is the power behind the men at the present day, that can be exerted in a variety of ways in the interests of efficiency.

Just at present along these lines there is very little doing. Nevertheless on all sides, among railroad men, there are indications of awakening. We are all right and wrong in spots. But this safety problem, and the wider problems of efficiency in industrial life, are bigger than any man or collection of men who dislike to be criticised. I am a firm believer in the splendid prospects and future of the railroad man, but there are breakers ahead of him, and storms to weather.

So intimately related to the conduct and policy of the railroad organization is this matter of efficiency, that I think I am justified in applying the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln to the accident situation, and in saying that it is now for railroad men themselves to determine that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that we by our policy and conduct in the future, under God, shall take on a new birth of freedom.

THE TREES

BY WINIFRED BALLARD BLAKE

ETCHED in traceries black and brown
On the sky-line up and down,
Interlaced against the gold,
Or on scarlet background scrolled,
Carved in branching coral white
Where spring snows are sifted light,
Woven thick against the gray
Of many a sombre April day,
Brave in barren beauty stand
The naked trees through the dead land.

But at last amid the gloom
Comes a breathless hint of bloom;
Slowly, slowly creeping through
The broideries traced against the blue,
Breathes a re-incarnate soul,
Softly swathing branch and bole
In a wraith-like emerald mist,
As by loving dryads kissed
From their tranced spell of night
Gently back to life and light.

Then, as May-magic flutes and sings,
Each a separate beauty brings:
A powdered sweetness drifts and falls
From plum trees by the orchard walls;
With fiery lips some fairy prince
Has touched the blossoms of the quince,
And kissed from dreams, to white and rose,
The apples in the garden close.

The forest trees in bark and bud
Feeling the sap's slow-mounting flood,
From earth and air and dew and sun
Their glimmering gray-green veils have spun.

Slim maples, fringed and tasseled, shine
 In virgin shyness, half divine;
 Fretted with shifting silver light
 The birch trees shimmer, slender, white:
 Horse-chestnuts light their candles tall;
 With gem and star and bud and ball
 And many a tiny green rosette
 Along the glistening branches set,
 Each tree and shrub is decked and gay:
 For this sweet festival of May.

A wizard flame within them burns,
 That, when the spring to summer turns,
 Runs keen and fine through every vein,
 Till flashing glory leaps amain!
 Sun-blazoned oriflammes unfurled
 Toss to the winds of all the world;
 Immortal fragrance breathes and shakes
 From every tree, and subtly breaks
 To crimson fruit and scarlet leaf
 As Autumn bends to bind her sheaf.

Safe through the winter cold and sere,
 The bush wherein the Flames appear
 Burns unconsumed from year to year.

RELIGION AND TEMPERAMENT

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE fact of difference is elemental in the history of religion, but it has always been disliked. It has been regarded as synonymous with dissent, with rebellion and revolution, even with anarchy and atheism. The man who differs from us is a disagreeable, perhaps a dangerous, neighbor. We may endeavor to take the matter lightly, and to recite with more or less seriousness that fine ironical sentence of Emerson: "Difference from me is the

measure of absurdity." But the situation is unpleasant.

Difference is a form of criticism. It puts us instinctively on the defensive or offensive. In the early days of Christianity, the Christians were persecuted because they were different from other people. They did not do the conventional thing. They were queer. Human nature resents the appearance of queer people. In the country, the boys throw stones at

them. The martyrs were queer, and were burned at the stake on that account. They had no right, men said, to be different from their neighbors. But they persisted in their singularity and suffered for it. What we call tolerance is a friendly acceptance of the fact of difference. But tolerance is the youngest of the virtues, and even now is accounted, perhaps by a majority, to be a vice! So difficult is it to overcome an inveterate prejudice.

Nevertheless, the fact of difference is not only elemental, but inevitable. Here it is, and here it will remain to the end of time. It is not only inevitable, but beneficent and divine: a providential ordering for our good. Darwin began to demonstrate its usefulness in science just half a century ago this year, maintaining that all progress has been made by variation; here a difference and there a difference, until the old order changes, giving place to new, the old difference becoming the new uniformity, and then another beckoning us on. And this is true in society and in religion.

One of the potent causes of difference in religion is temperament. People are temperamentally different. Diversity is innate. Indeed, every individual is unique, and varies from all others in nature as in feature. It is one of the everlasting mysteries, perplexing parents, and making domestic distinctions in the face of all the uniform influences of environment. It defies environment. Professor Bousset, in *The Faith of a Modern Protestant*¹, declares that this doctrine of the uniqueness of the individual is essential in Christianity. "Modern biologists are especially interested in the fact that every form of organic life, every plant, even though it is in conformity with the law of its development, has something peculiar, individual, incalculable in it. And it is this same riddle that confronts us everywhere, that meets us in human life, only with far greater potency and dis-

tingness." This idea, he says, "has remained peculiar to the Christian belief." One of the reasons for the vast progress of the Christian nations, as compared with all their pagan neighbors, is this emphasis on the value and the unique importance of the individual. Anyhow, here it is, a discoverable and potent fact in universal life, bringing about the most surprising social consequences. Edmund Gosse, in his extraordinarily interesting biographical recollections, under the title *Father and Son*,² makes this as plain as the shining day.

Here is a grave father, by profession a naturalist, by vocation a theologian. He has the systematic instincts of a man of science. As a theologian, he applies these to the materials contained in the Bible. He has a mind so independent that he dissents from all the conventional and traditional forms of contemporary religion, and becomes a Plymouth Brother. At the same time, this independence is wholly in subjection to the authority of the Word of God. The subjection is so complete that, when the evolution controversy compels him to choose between the evidence which as a naturalist he finds in nature and the statements which he finds in Genesis, he resolutely abides by Genesis. Here he is, determined by temperament to take the Bible as he finds it, asking no questions; whatever is there written is the truth, decisive and ultimate.

But here is an inquiring son. He breathes the atmosphere of theology; he learns to speak in the dialect of theology. He is wholly unacquainted with fiction, or with any imaginative literature. Nobody, he says, ever pronounced in his presence the magic formula, "Once upon a time." The only literary fun which he has in his early youth is derived from the *Penny Cyclopædia*. He reads aloud to his parents the commentaries of Jukes on the prophets. He has no playmates. The great world, with its sins and invad-

¹ *The Faith of a Modern Protestant*. By WILHELM BOUSSET. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

² *Father and Son*. By EDMUND GOSSE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

ing doubts, exists only in the dim presentiments of his father's sermons. There he learns that it is an awful thing to be a pagan or a papist. He is a little Plymouth Brother, apparently destined to become a parson of that sect. But, in some mysterious way, he introduces into the theological serenity of the household, in which he is the only son, the fact of difference. He is impelled to ask questions, and to test things for himself.

For example, he hears much at meeting about idolatry; he has a fearful interest in it. "What would happen," he asks his father, "if one were to be an idolater in England?" His father gives him an immediate and absolute answer: "No doubt such a person would be visited with the manifest wrath of God." But the small boy is not satisfied. He is only six years old, but the combined authority of his father and the Bible does not convince him. He resolves to try it. He has no stone at hand to which he may bow down, but wood may do as well. He takes his little chair and sets it on the dining-room table, and, with his heart beating hard and high, kneels down and begins, "O Chair!" and says his prayers. He has committed idolatry. Then he goes to the window, and inspects the sky, and waits for something to happen. And when nothing does happen, he makes up his mind that his father does not know so much about God as he thought he did.

The book is full of like illustrations of the phenomenon of difference. Under conditions which would seem to make independence impossible, the lad asserts himself. One day he is invited to the Browns'. This is an unprecedented matter, and the father does not like it. The boy ought not to like it. It is pretty sure that the Lord would not approve. But let us ask Him; let us lay the matter before the Lord. So they kneel down together, the small boy and the great, grave father, beside the haircloth sofa. And the old man prays aloud, reminding the Lord of all the perils which accompany the pleasures of evening parties. Then

they get up and the father says, "What is the answer, my son, which the Lord vouchsafes?" And the small boy, after a moment of trepidation, answers, "The Lord says I may go to the Browns'!" There it is, the fact of difference, finding its way into this positive family as the fairy prince penetrates the impenetrable palace in which the princess is imprisoned. "As I knelt," he says, "feeling very small beside the immense bulk of my father, there gushed through my veins like a wine the determination to rebel."

"This book," says the writer, "is the record of a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and almost two epochs." But back of the epochs and the consciences, explaining in great part why the consciences and the epochs differ, is the antagonism of temperaments. It is at the heart of change in religion. It is the reason for non-conformity, for dissent, for the founding of sects, for heresy and schism. There it is, an everlasting fact.

Then, out of temperament grows experience. Indeed, it is by temperament that we are sensitive to special experiences and responsive to them. In the matter of reading, for instance, young Gosse was not responsive to Dr. Young's *The Last Day*, Blair's *Grave*, *Death* by Bishop Beilby Porteus, or *The Deity* of Samuel Boyse; he was immediately responsive to the plays of William Shakespeare. This is true of most of the details of environment. Temperament and experience go on together, hand in hand, acting and reacting. The surroundings provide the materials and the language; they fortify the soul with prejudices; but they do not insure obedience. Presently, in the midst of the environment, the soul chooses and refuses. It determines its own experience. And this experience decides in great measure the characteristics of individual religion. When Mr. Bernard Shaw begins his essay *On Going to Church*¹ by saying, "As a modern

¹ *On Going to Church*. By G. BERNARD SHAW. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. 1905.

man, concerned with matters of fine art, and living in London by the sweat of my brain, I dwell in a world which, unable to live by bread alone, lives spiritually on alcohol and morphia," the reader perceives at once that the parson will not be able to distribute this as a tract. This is not the kind of temperament or experience in which normal religion has its growth. Mr. Shaw says that the letter which he wrote to the press in his tender teens announcing, to the great horror of his respectable connections, that he was an atheist, was largely due to his hearing every Sunday "that most accursed Te Deum of Jackson's." But most of the congregation probably liked Jackson's Te Deum; that is why they had it every Sunday. Finally he says, "There is still one serious obstacle to the use of churches on the very day when most people are best able and most disposed to visit them. I mean the service." This is as logical as anything in Euclid, or in *Alice in Wonderland*.

This determination of religion by temperament is set forth in a very different way, and with a wholly different result, in a book which is now called *My Spiritual Autobiography*,¹ but which in its first edition had for its title *The Unselfishness of God*. The writer was bred a Quaker, and in her childhood was as completely surrounded by the convictions of the Quakers as was Edmund Gosse by the dogmas of the Plymouth Brethren. She remembers how all things were divided for her into "plain" and "gay." The Quaker ways were plain; all departures therefrom were gay. To kneel in prayer was "gay;" the Quaker children said their prayers after getting into bed. To repeat the Lord's Prayer was "gay." But while the Plymouth Brethren put the emphasis on doctrine, and were wholly occupied with theology, the Quakers emphasized emotion, and were concerned with feeling.

¹ *My Spiritual Autobiography*. By HANNAH WHITALL SMITH. New York: Fleming H. Revell & Co. 1908.

The unreflecting acceptance of this presentation of religion gave Hannah Smith much satisfaction until, as she passed out of childhood into womanhood, she suddenly found that she had no feeling. Convinced as she was that the salvation of her soul depended on herself, and discovering that she could do nothing, she fell into despair. The result was an eclipse of faith. "The religion of my years between sixteen and twenty-six," she says, "was nothing but a religion of trying to feel; and as I was a very natural, healthy sort of being, my feelings were not likely to be very sentimental or pious; and my agonizing futile effort to bring them up to the right religious pitch is something pitiful to consider. My soul hungered for God, but I could not find Him."

She had that sense of "strain" of which President King speaks in his book on *The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life*.² "The spiritual life," says Dr. King, "is not a life of strain, either in the sense of putting pressure upon the mind to hold certain beliefs, or in the sense of keeping up a certain continuous stress of attention. . . . Any theory of the religious life that calls for this sort of psychological tension really leaves God out of account. . . . God can be counted upon. The life in relation to Him is no mere imaginary one, which you are forced to make; it is a real life in which He is constantly at work." If Hannah Smith could have read President King's book, she would have been saved a deal of hard distress. She had to come at its conclusion by that divine disclosure which is made possible by experience.

Out of this forlorn condition she was saved by a series of spiritual discoveries. One after another, she got hold of certain fundamental facts. These came to her, she says, by a process of revelation. "Suddenly something happened to me. What it was or how it came I had no idea, but somehow an inner eye seemed to be

² *The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life*. By HENRY CHURCHILL KING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

opened in my soul, and I seemed to see that after all God was a fact, — the bottom fact of all facts, — and that the only thing to do was to find out all about Him. It was not a pious feeling such as I had been looking for, but it was a conviction, — just such a conviction as comes to one when a mathematical problem is suddenly solved. One does not feel that it is solved, but one knows it, and there can be no further question."

The next step was to find out what God said. Not "How do I feel?" but "What does God say?" became the impelling question of her life. She found it answered in the Bible. In her diary she says, "I have brought my Bible to Atlantic City this summer with a determination to find out what its plan of salvation is. My own plans have failed utterly; now I will try God's, if possible." The conclusion at which she arrived by this study was, that God was somehow or other in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. "There need be no searchings within or raking up of one's inward feelings to make things right with God. Christ had made them right, and we had nothing to do but to accept it all as a free gift from Him." This again flashed in upon her soul as an immediate revelation, as good news from heaven. "I began," she says, "to buttonhole everybody, pulling them into corners and behind doors to tell them of the wonderful and beautiful things I had discovered in the Bible about the salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ." She made herself a great nuisance, she says, so that her friends dreaded to have her visit them. She used to go up to the preacher after the sermon and expostulate with him because he had not preached the gospel clearly. But the joy of Christ possessed her. "I had begun to know God, and I was finding Him to be lovely and loveable beyond my fondest imaginings. The romance of my life had dawned."

But there were questions still remaining. The fact of sin and its consequences in the loss of God deeply distressed her.

How could it be reconciled with the eternal love? How could God be love, who had made sinners? "I remembered some mothers I had known, with children suffering from inherited diseases, who were only too thankful to lay down their lives in self-sacrifice for their children, if so be they might in any way be able to undo the harm they had done them in bringing them into the world under these disastrous conditions; and I asked myself, Could God do less? I saw that, weighed in a balance of wrong done, we who have been created sinners, had infinitely more to forgive than any one against whom we had sinned." One day, on the tram-car in Market Street, Philadelphia, she had another sudden and satisfying disclosure of the divine will. "If I were Christ, nothing could satisfy me but that every human being should in the end be saved, and therefore I am sure that nothing less can satisfy Him."

All this culminated in the discovery of the unselfishness of God. She confesses that she had thought of God as one of the most selfish, self-absorbed Beings in the universe, far more selfish than we could think it right to be ourselves, — intent only upon His own honor and glory, looking out continually that His own rights were never trampled upon." Now she perceived that God, as revealed in Jesus Christ, is inconceivably unselfish; and that His will is not only just and wise, but the complete satisfaction of all our happiness.

And then she found that these revelations, thus made known from heaven, had been written all along, not only in the Bible, but in the Quaker books, and had been preached in the Quaker sermons. She had heard them from childhood without attending. They had been translated for her, as from a foreign language, by her religious experience. Mr. Chesterton, in his discussion of orthodoxy,¹ imagines an English yachtsman who miscalculates his course and discovers England, under

¹ *Orthodoxy*. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. New York: John Lane Co. 1909.

the impression that it is an island in the South Seas. I, he says, have done that thing. "I am the man who, with the utmost daring, discovered what had been discovered before. With toil and pain, I worked out the articles of a new religion. I came to laborious conclusions. And at the end of my endeavors I found that all my discoveries had been preached for years, Sunday after Sunday, in the parish church around the corner. When I fancied that I stood alone, I was really in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom. I did try to found a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was orthodoxy." But the trouble with orthodoxy is that it is truth conventionalized. Having become everybody's accepted opinion, it ceases to be the actual opinion of anybody in particular. It is continually in need of rediscovery and consequent realization by the individual. The mariner's compass for such adventurous voyages is temperament.

This is perhaps the reason why Mr. Chesterton and Mr. H. G. Wells arrive at somewhat different destinations. Mr. Chesterton's exploration of the Land of Things-as-they-are brings him to the tall top of an island in the sea. It has a wall about it, and within the wall are children playing merry games, racing and leaping. The cliff is steep on every side, but that does not matter so long as the walls stand strong. The walls, to Mr. Chesterton's mind, are the symbols of authority. The heart of Christianity, as he plainly sees, is happiness; but one of the conditions of happiness is the sense of security, and that comes when we perceive that all around us, fencing the perilous places, are the solid protecting walls of the church. Liberalism takes away the walls, leaves the playground all unfenced, and stops the games by the fear of falling over. Thus liberalism is a species of limitation. "It is often suggested that all Liberals ought to be free-thinkers, because they ought to love everything that is free. You might as well say that all idealists

ought to be High Churchmen, because they ought to love everything that is high. You might as well say that Low Churchmen ought to like Low Mass, or that Broad Churchmen ought to like broad jokes. The thing is a mere accident of words." Accordingly, Mr. Chesterton finds that true liberty is inclosed within stout walls, and that the best beginning of free thought is a devout submission to authority.

But to Mr. Wells, undertaking in his turn to give an account of his religious life, these paradoxes are impertinent. Casting up the first and last things,¹ which give the title to his book, he finds the account a much more serious matter. Indeed, it is possible that thereby he verifies Mr. Chesterton's fable of the playground; for the sides of his world have no walls, and he is manifestly in fear of accident. He is all the time on careful guard, watching his words lest a misstatement prove a mis-step. Thus, he confesses that at times his sense of personality in the universe is very strong. "At times, in the silence of the night and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself, and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language obliges me to say that this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person, — and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are the supreme fact of my religious life to me; they are the crown of my religious experience." Then of a sudden he perceives that he is close to the unvalled edge of things, and he draws back. "None the less," he says, "I do not usually speak of God."

At the same time, Mr. Wells inspires a confidence in his conclusions, such as they are, which the reader hesitates to give to Mr. Chesterton. All this about the frivolity of the patriarchs and the practical jokes of the patron saints may be very well, — and it is probably true

¹ *First and Last Things*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were not such solemn persons as we think, — but there is a decent prejudice among many in favor of taking religion somewhat seriously. Mr. Chesterton's orthodoxy will not altogether commend him to the orthodox. It is true that Mr. Wells confesses that the personality of Christ does not attract him. "To me the Christian Christ seems not so much a humanized God as an incomprehensible sinless Being, neither God nor man. His sinlessness wears his incarnation like a fancy dress, all his white self unchanged. He had no petty weaknesses. — The Christian Christ is too fine for me, not incarnate enough, not flesh enough, nor earth enough, nor failure enough." But this means only that the explorer is still upon his travels. He has a good way yet to go, and old discovered lands, with spicy ports and shining roofs, still to discover. The romance of religion, as Hannah Smith calls it, is yet before him. It is plain that he is reading the Gospels too conventionally. The life of Jesus Christ was so full of failure that to those who looked on indifferently that was the whole of it. First his own town, then his own province, then finally his own nation, rejected him. And his sinlessness was no blank, cold, and colorless monotony of perfection, but had in it even for him such elements of strong endeavor, such attainment of obedience through suffering, such intelligent sympathy with the alternatives of the common day, that they who know Him love Him, not only because He is so completely divine, but because He was so completely human. The reader of Mr. Wells's book feels that he will presently come into this nearer knowledge, and that as he knows more about socialism now than he did a few years ago, he will know more about Christianity by and by.

For there are two temperaments in religion, each with its consequent experience and revelation of the truth; and each of these is imperfect and delusive until it is corrected by the others. Those varieties of churchmanship of which Mr.

Chesterton speaks — High and Broad and Low — are manifestations of them. Baron von Hügel, in *The Mystical Element of Religion*,¹ entitles them more accurately. One is the institutional, another the philosophical, the third the mystical. The High Churchman is concerned with the precedents of history; the Broad Churchman, with the synthesis of the facts of life into an intelligible whole of religion; the Low Churchman, with less concern for either past or present, would enter into immediate communion with God. Baron von Hügel shows how institutional religion came to its logical conclusion in the Inquisition; and how philosophical religion, having its own way at the French Revolution, worshiped the Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame; and how mystical religion disclosed itself in the madness of the Anabaptists of Münster. Mr. Chesterton is a High Churchman, Mr. Wells a Broad Churchman, Mrs. Smith a Low Churchman. One reason why the defects of temperamental emphasis, while evident in each of them, do not proceed to their logical extremes, is that they have each a saving sense of humor.

Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna, the heroine and text of Baron von Hügel's book, had no sense of humor. In all her visions of the world invisible she never became acquainted with "that truly exalted order of angels who are correctly called High Spirits." It is true that at one time "she was in a state of jubilation of heart which manifested itself exteriorly in merry laughter; and having been asked as to the cause, she said that she had seen various most beautiful, merry, and joyous countenances, so that she had been unable to refrain from laughing." But this was in her last illness. For the most part, her life was marked by "a certain monotony, a somewhat wearying vehemence."

It was perhaps this quality in Catherine which led her husband to stay away

¹ *The Mystical Element of Religion*. By BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1908.

from home as much as possible. They were married by their respective aristocratic families, — thereby reversing the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet; but there was tragedy enough in consequence. He was idle and selfish, she was ardent and aspiring; both were nervous and impatient. The result was ten years of domestic distress. At first, for five years, the neglected wife lived apart from the world, and wept; then for five years she returned to society, and danced and sang and made as merry as she could, with ill success. Then she had a vision.

In Genoa, in the days when Columbus was young, on the eve of the Feast of St. Benedict, and in the chapel of the convent of Our Lady of Graces, a vision seems a natural and appropriate event. It is what we would expect. When Hannah Smith has a sight of the splendor of heaven in a horse-car on Market Street in Philadelphia, that is a very different matter. But Hannah Whitall Smith and Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna, in spite of the contrast of their names and of their surroundings, had the same spiritual experience, and it grew into the same kind of religion. "My heart," cried Hannah, "is filled with the exceeding preciousness of Christ, and I am lost in wonder at the realization of His infinite mercy to me, who am so utterly unworthy of the least favor at His hands. — I have so long bewildered myself with trying to work out my own righteousness, and have found such weariness in it, that I feel as if I could never appreciate deeply enough the blessedness that is for me in Christ." "Her heart," says the biographer of Catherine, "was pierced by so sudden and immense a love of God, accompanied by so penetrating a sight of her miseries and sins and of His goodness, that she was near falling to the ground. And in a transport of pure and all-purifying love, she was drawn away from the miseries of the world; and, as it were, beside herself, she kept crying out within herself, No more world, no more sins!"

The place matters little. God and the

soul are the only essentials. "O young prophets of the truth," cries President Faunce in his fine Yale Lectures, *The Educational Ideal in the Ministry*,¹ "the idea that God is confined to any place or time is the master falsehood of humanity. It is the one fundamental untruth which will put unreality into every sermon and impiety into every prayer. Our God was, and is, and is to come. In your familiar garden you may hear His voice in the cool of the day. Moriah is to Him not more sacred than Monadnock, nor did Aaron's rod bear diviner blossoms than our golden rod." The form of the divine manifestation changes, but not the fact.

Then Catherine entered upon a life of penance and contemplation. "She wore a hair shirt; she never touched either flesh-meat or fruit, whether fresh or dried; she lay at nights on thorns." She endured extraordinary fasts, keeping a whole Lent without eating, and repeating the same abstinence at Advent; though these were undertaken, not so much from a desire to inflict suffering upon herself, as from a positive distaste for food. These penances were the conventional expression of the mystical life: that was the manner in Italy. Hannah Smith would have done the same had it been the manner in Pennsylvania. More important is the fact that Catherine took up her residence beside a hospital. Her husband, by a blessed coincidence, was also converted, and there they lived together, a long and useful life. After a while they moved into the hospital, where Catherine was first a nurse, then matron, and at last a patient. It is remembered of her that, in the midst of her devotions and visions, she kept the hospital accounts with unfailing accuracy. It is also characteristic of her that though she partook daily of the eucharist, she made but little use of the services of a confessor. She declined direction; she was the mistress of her soul.

Baron von Hügel has told the story

¹ *The Educational Ideal in the Ministry*. By WILLIAM HUBERT PERRY FAUNCE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

of this devout life with deep sympathy, but with entire restraint. He has studied it as a significant phenomenon in the realm of mystical religion, taking note of all the psychological and even of the physiological details. He finds a text for a discussion of the whole field of mystical religion in the records of Catherine's teaching, which was held in high esteem by St. Francis de Sales, and Cardinal Bellarmine, and Bossuet, and Manning, and Newman. Newman, in his *Dream of Gerontius*, found his text and inspiration in St. Catherine's doctrine of the pleasure of Purgatory; into the pain of Purgatory plunges the eager soul as into a bath, accepting and willing the punishment which belongs to sin, and

thereby entering into peace and content and harmony with the heavenly will.

To attain such harmony in this present life is the supreme achievement. That is the goal toward which the traditionalist, the rationalist, and the mystic are pressing, each along his own way. Happily, that blessed destination is reached by many roads. We have a notion that our own path is the only way to get there, and are moved to call across the fields to other travelers who are trying the great quest in other directions to tell them that they are off the track. Hence the contentions of the churchmen. But he who would ascend a hill may start from the north or south or east or west. All that is necessary is to keep on going up.

THE SKELETON IN MY CLOSET

BY JOHN D. LONG

[The recent centennial of Poe recalled the fascination which he had for me in my youth. Under its spell, nearly forty years ago, I wrote this story, which at least attests his influence, and which has been lying tucked away in an old scrap-book.

Poe was so intense a writer that whoever reads his stories, and attempts to write one, is apt consciously or unconsciously to follow, *longo intervallo*, after him. — J. D. L.]

In the summer of 1861 I was obliged to ask the society over which I was settled to give me an extended leave of absence. My health was impaired; my wife, who had already begun to exhibit signs of lunacy, had been taken, by the positive command of our family physician, to the Asylum in Lenox; and with my three children and my housekeeper I retired to the quiet inland village of Harkshire. Here we remained till the later autumn. We saw the apples grow ripe and fall,

the leaves put on their glory of red and orange; and in early October we woke one morning to see the delicate snowflakes, half timid in their coming, sifting through the air, and weaving their slight traces on the bared limbs and on the tops of the stiffening furrows.

The kind-hearted farmer and his wife, who sacrificed for us the best part of their roomy house, had assigned to me, for a sort of study, the large parlor on the lower floor, which had windows in front, a long French window at the end leading directly upon the piazza, and on the interior side a huge fireplace, in which, as the days grew more chilly, the great rock-maple back-log was set ablaze, — the very soul of cheer, — and round which the whole household gathered at nightfall, to the great delight of the children, and sang and read and talked the evening through. I slept in the room above; in the adjoining chamber were my two boys, and in the little apartment across

the hall were the housekeeper and my little girl, then only a year old.

I recall with a curious minuteness the details of one night. At sundown a heavy wind had come, laden with rain, beating violently against the windows and making the house tremble with its gusts. We had retired early, and I had stayed for a while with my little boys after they had gone to bed, quieting the nervousness which the storm occasioned them by sitting on their bedside and telling them cheery stories. Then, when they had said their prayers, which began eagerly but grew drowsy towards the close, I kissed them at parting, and as I left them heard their sweet childish "Good-night, papa."

I am not a nervous man, but the moment I entered my room I became conscious of a feeling, not so much of fear or of apprehension, as of annoying uneasiness. It was not the storm that howled outside and tore at my window and shrieked at every crevice, but it came from within, from the infusion into the atmosphere of my chamber of something foreign, something weird and unnatural. Ashamed of my weakness, I yet could not help opening the door of the closet, though nothing rewarded my gaze but an innocent linen duster; and I even instinctively looked over my shoulder as if I expected to meet the face or hand of some one stealing cautiously upon me.

It is a usual, though anything but a laudable, habit of mine after getting into bed to read for a time. I put my candle on the table at the head-board and choose some light and easily digestible work. I fancy that in that way I am sooner disposed to sleep; that the quiet concentration of my thoughts and eyes upon the page withdraws my mind from the cares of the day, allays whatever of nervous friction its labors have created, and induces slumber so that anon, the lids growing heavy, I have just consciousness enough left to blow out my light and go off like a child to unbroken sleep.

On the night in question I retired and began to read as usual. But the feeling

of uneasiness did not pass away. It was almost impossible to fix my mind upon the page before me. I became conscious that there were sounds other than those arising from the storm, which came from the parlor underneath my room and from that part of it where the French windows opened upon the piazza. And yet these sounds were so indistinct, so vague, that my better reason told me they were the freaks of an excited fancy. Again I sought to concentrate my attention on my book. I resolutely fixed my eyes upon the printed page. I exerted my will, my common sense, and every sound faculty of my mind, to throw off the delusions of an imagination, distorted perhaps by nothing more than a cup of tea a little stronger than usual, and to induce that composure which precedes slumber. My efforts were not entirely in vain. Gradually I found the lines before me losing their steadiness and beginning to waver and grow confused, and then, as my eyes closed, fade out altogether. Taught by long experience, I knew that sleep had come and was already hovering over me with its blessed wings, and I laid down my book and blew out the candle. Then came that half minute which always seems indefinitely long, in which there glide over the senses those exquisite and delicious pictures of lovely landscapes, of beautiful groups, like the sweetest panorama of an opium-eater's dream, and I slept.

I know I slept, for I awoke—awoke, I know, beyond all question—before I had reached the profounder depths of sleep; and awoke because I felt, as distinctly as I now feel the pen in my fingers, the pressure of a hand upon my forehead. There was no illusion. It was not a freak of the imagination; it is the vivid, accurate, simple fact, which I do not fancy indistinctly, but recall with the nicety of actual observation and perception. I recall not the vague idea of something touching me, but the very feel and quality of the hand, of the soft, delicate hand of a woman, its fingers small but full, the ring upon one of them distinguishing it from

the rest. I recall the very degree of tenderness with which it first was laid on my left temple, and then slowly and soothingly drawn, as a mother soothes her child, across my forehead. So natural and so pleasant was it that at waking I was not startled, and not till I was fully roused did I rise from my pillow and ask aloud, "Who is it!" Nor was it till I had spoken and no answer came back to me save the blessed breathing of my children in the next room, that I saw that my candle was burning. I had blown it out. There can be no mistake. I had not gone asleep while reading, for there was my book, on the table where I had laid it; and the candlestick, instead of being within arm's length of my pillow where I had read by it, was now removed to a corner of the table so remote that I could not reach it.

I was up in a moment, but I was alone. Hastily dressing myself, I passed into the next apartment, and there lay the two boys fast asleep and undisturbed. As I held the light above them, it fell on their cheeks, and on their heavy lids which trembled under the glare. The warmth of their sleep made their faces rosy, and moistened their curling tangles of hair, and they stirred and murmured in their dreams. Going out and closing the door behind me, I softly tried that of the chamber in which the babe was sleeping with the nurse, but as it yielded to my touch, the sonorous nasal music of the good woman's slumber made it certain that it was not from that direction that my visitation had come.

For the first time a feeling of terror crept over me, — that animal instinct of fear which is a part of the brutal side of our nature, and which comes upon the bravest of us when, in darkness or in solitude, some phenomenon occurs, unaccountable, arising from no known cause, as if the supernatural had projected the dark shadow of its eclipse over the ordinary orbit of our lives, and we are at a loss where to look or what to apprehend. We know, but how rarely do we realize, what creatures of habit and routine we

are, and that the slightest disturbance of the usual order, the first approach of that for which the common range of circumstance does not account, terrifies us like the unreasoning brutes that tremble at the roar of the harmless thunder!

I fluttered so that the light shook in my hand. The sweat stood in cold drops on my forehead. I would have given the world to shout aloud, to awake the inmates of the house, to see the face or hear the voice of a human being; and yet, in the midst of my fear, a sense of shame restrained me. To what could I point? What could I tell but the seeming idle dream of a sleeper?

Thank God, the storm at least was abroad. Had it been utterly silent as I stood in that entry at the head of the stairway, scarce daring to turn my head, I believe I should have fallen or gone insane; but the very rage of the elements gave me courage; and with its wild and boisterous sympathy linked me with the world of life and motion. As I listened, I again heard the same indistinct sounds that had struck me when I first retired.

Waiting no longer, I hastily descended the stairs and opened the study door. It seems to me now that I had by that time nerved myself into a state of forced composure, and that I acted with the coolness that comes from perfect possession of all the faculties. I sincerely believe that such was the fact. Terror, alarm, surprise, operate on the mind only like all other great and sudden emotions. They stun it for a moment, but the reaction, in a well-balanced and disciplined nature, is always to the best capabilities of the soul; and the danger or the occasion is then met with the very concentration of human might, and the man is stirred with the strength of a thousand heroes.

There was probably in my very touch the nervous spring of the intensity that possessed me, for I threw back the door, not merely sufficiently far to enable me to enter, but wide ajar, so that it swung violently on its hinges; but I did not recall till afterwards that, instead of remaining

back against the wall, it rebounded from it and swung to again, till it stood at right angles with the threshold and hid from view, as I passed in, any object that might have been concealed behind it.

When we retired, the front of the great back-log had already crumbled into coals, and these again faded into ashes; little jets of flame had shot up fitfully from its unburned ends to bid us their dying good-night, and the farmer had raked the cinders over it to keep it smouldering till daybreak. It was now all ablaze; the flames curled in licking spirals round it and lighted the room with a weird brilliancy, gleaming on the polish of the furniture and on the face of the mirror, and throwing upon the walls and ceiling fantastic shadows that danced and leaped at me as I came in. Of the chairs which had been, according to invariable rule, moved far back from reach of any possible spark, one was drawn forward and stood close to the hearth, suggesting beyond all doubt that its occupant had sought the warmth of the fireplace and re-aroused its blaze. How keen and minute is every observation in such a state of the faculties as I have just described! God only knows what I felt or feared at that moment; and yet, as if there had been nothing else in the universe, I remember that I noted a neglected apple lying between the andirons, and measured with my eye just the richness of the shining black into which one side of it had been roasted by the fire.

Of course, I saw no one, but you might as well have told me that I do not live as that I was alone. Alone! Why, the room was full of the consciousness of the presence of a human soul, and I felt its touch upon mine, its approach and communication tingling in every sense, more keenly than if the subtle sympathy had been broken by any means of converse so discordant and gross as the utterance of a voice or the contact of a hand.

I lifted my candle. Its feeble light, overpowered by the glare of the fire, only cast faint shadows of the chairs and table into

the corners of the parlor. Another moment, and in the surge of the storm, a sudden draft from the French window blew it out, and sent the blaze of the back-log roaring up the chimney. Remembering the sounds I had heard, I approached the window I have named. As I neared it I saw that it was unbolted and that, though closed, it was not entirely so, nor latched. I was reaching towards it with my hand, when again, with redoubled force, came the very demon of the tempest dashing its volley of rain and hail against the panes like grape-shot from the cannon's mouth, and then with one irresistible assault forcing the folded sashes in against my face, staggering me with the blast and drenching me with the storm. At the same moment, whether by force of the draft or from whatever other cause, the parlor door, at which I had entered and to which I had turned my back, closed with a sharp concussion.

In the lull that followed it was only the work of a moment to close the French window and secure the bolt. It was evident that some one had entered the house, and that my senses had not deceived me. I became aware, too, that the consciousness of human presence had left me since the shutting of the parlor door, and now I remembered that I had not looked behind it. From that moment all feeling of personal danger fled, and there came in its place a sense of sudden anxiety for the dear ones in the room overhead. Stooping, I lighted my candle at the fire, and, even in the half second of time that then elapsed, my mind ran accurately through the process of reasoning which told me that neither robbery, nor desire of plunder, nor personal harm to me, was the motive of the intruder, who had had every opportunity to accomplish any such purpose, but that something more terrible impended, and that my babes were in danger. And yet I had not even heard a footfall or a breath.

I ran upstairs. On the landing, the housekeeper's door, which I had carefully closed, was wide open. The rays

of my lifted candle fell on her face. She was still fast asleep. *But the babe was gone.*

What was it that even in that moment of agony told me how idle it was to rouse her and ask what had become of the child? I ran from the room. I leaped across the landing. The door of the chamber in which the little boys slept, and which I had left open, was shut. I lightly and swiftly opened it and entered the room.

Not a moment too soon. Let me not indulge in any words of dramatic coloring to heighten the effect of the terrible scene that burst upon me. Let me tell it as simply as I can.

The babe lay asleep at the foot of the bed. In it lay my darling boys just as when I had last bent over them such a little while before. But beside the pillow stood my wife, their mother, her hair falling down her shoulders, her face as soft and tender and motherful as ever God made, one hand with its palm laid on the forehead of the oldest child, in exactly the same position in which I had felt the hand on mine, and in the very act of being drawn soothingly along; while in the other, grasped and swayed in an uncertain and purposeless tremor, was uplifted, not the delicate, glittering poniard of the assassin (strange I should have noted such distinctions at such a crisis), but a horrid, coarse, brutal knife, stolen from the butcher's block, and dull and muddy with its homely use. At the same time, as if the accompaniments of an incantation scene had by some demoniac spirit been added to heighten the horror, the air was full of the bitter pungency of burning; and wreaths of smoke were beginning to rise and curl around that awful group. The light valance of the bed was on fire, and in its glare I saw the half-burnt match that had lighted it, lying on the floor.

All this and more I saw, but I must have seen it in a moment no longer than the lightning's flash, for in the next the eyes that looked softly on the child flamed at me with a look so wild, so fierce, so brutal, so fiendish, that I shrieked at the top of

my voice, in the very ecstasy of agony. The hand that lay so gently on the boy's forehead was twisted in his curls with the rapidity with which the serpent darts its venom, and with a violence that tore the cheruby head from the pillow bolt upright. The arm that held the knife grew rigid as a bar of steel.

I knew that the safety of my children depended on diverting the attention of my crazy wife upon myself. Perhaps it was with this motive that I had repeated the shriek and now shouted her name aloud. Still uttering her name, and, with all the mesmeric power I could exert, fixing her gaze on mine, though I almost quailed beneath it, I moved cautiously towards her. Not a muscle moved in her whole frame. But for the cruel gaze and stony murderous ferocity that had hardened her face into something more brutal than that of the most abandoned criminal, she seemed like some sculptor's dream of statuesque and majestic grace and beauty.

I had outstretched my hand. I had given it the disguise of kindly greeting. It was now just in reach of her wrist, which I hoped to grasp with an iron wrench. I might as well have attempted to deceive the arch fiend himself. Quicker than lightning the arm flew up; for the first time her lips opened, and with a yell of rage she fairly leaped upon me. I caught the dull gleam of the blade parting the air, I felt the blunt, painful thud and sting of the stroke, and saw her terrible face, as it flamed at me, sprinkled with the blood that spouted from my veins.

I remember the struggle, as if I was torn by the violence of a tiger, the deadly grasp, the stifling smoke, the startled faces of the little ones, their shrill cries, the feeling of swoon, in which all things swam, though through it all I never lost the desperate purpose to save my children, though I died. I remember the sense of falling, the sound of footsteps on the stairs, of voices entering the room, the terrible glare, always over me, of those implacable eyes, stony with hate and murder, and I remember nothing more.

A NOSEGAY OF SPRING POETS

BY LEONARD HATCH

THE VERY HUMBLE LEIT MOTIF

*Mud and raindrops and elm boughs gray,
Grass blades free of their wintry pall,
The note of a far-away robin's call,
And the thrill of fresh young life in the day.*

How Alexander Pope might have Expressed Himself.

Now all the Zephyrs sound the call to Spring,
As o'er the heaven's ethereal plain they wing;
Now all the Graces trip with stately mien
The wide enameled lawns' new-tinted green.
The radiant orb of Heaven blazes hot,
And pierces every shady forest grot;
While dwellers of the glades relax their throats,
To trill in feathered rivalry their notes;
Now every cloud weeps crystal tears of rain
For Man's proud foot to spurn in mire again.

Thus Nature's art is ever lavish spent
To make the earth Man's chiefest ornament:
So vilest Man may revel in the sight,
And learn the truth, What must be, must be right.

What Austin Dobson might Indite.

You need not far a-hunting go
A Triolet of Spring to seek;
For all about fresh blossoms grow,
You need not far a-hunting go,
Here at your feet there sprout the cro-
cuses and blue violets meek;
You need not far a-hunting go
A Triolet of Spring to seek.

After Lyly, Jonson, and Others.

Now Spring her fairest garlands strewed, —
Across the meadow and the wood, —
Of fragrant breezes, saffron morns,
Daisies and roses without thorns,
And daffodils and lilies white
That sleep like virgin maids all night.

The lambs curvet o'er stones and grass,
And sweet desire claims the lass.
And on that day within the shade
Cupid and my Corinna played:
The game was cards, and in good part;
The stake was fair Corinna's heart.

At last Corinna lost the prize,
And April showers drowned her eyes;
But Cupid in his wanton glee
Gave my chaste lady's heart to me;
And when Corinna saw 't was mine,
With April sun her eyes did shine.

What Rudyard Kipling might Dash off.

Ye have moiled and babbled and boasted
Of the Spring so far away;
Come, — leave your threshing of what has been,
For the Spring of the Great To-day.

Ye may maunder about the morrow,
Ye may christen it Golden Age;
But the Gold lies snug in its rift to-day,
For you if ye pay the wage.

Ye need not sweat to gain it;
Ye need no gems to pay:
For *now* ye may find the golden Spring,
The Spring of the Great To-day.

How Robert Browning might have Written.

Do you not see? (Ay, off swings my trick again.)
“By all Rome’s cassocks, I have eyes!” you say.
Good Wink-eye! Look then:—mirror framed below!—
So! Well enough for you, — for me, poor churl,
I need not scourge my port-beclouded brain
(Ill-omened port) to point the vista home.
So, win or lose, I — *solus* — up-perched there,
A-squat within the window’s mullioned frame
Fused (whack! whang!) by smithcraft of some Florentine.
— You’re with me yet? Troll me no lies, I pray! —
I gazed me down upon the rubble pave
Muddy, but a-sweetening in the April sun
Which shines (How know I? — God save the mark — I guessed)
Spring-wise upon these cobbles “*ad infinitum*”
(Meaning “forever” in the Briton’s vernacular).
Then, with a tilt o’ the eyelid, on buttress point
I glimpsed (Mark you the vista well, my friend!)
Two Spring-sprung pigeons, — carrier, belike.
So, gazing starward, whisked along my veins
The call of Spring. — (Think you I babble, sir?)

What Walt Whitman might have had to say on the Subject.

I feel that the Spring has at last come.
I, Walt Whitman, feel this:
For I can hear the chirp of the robin, — the male robin, the female robin, the
robin flying to the nest with a bit of string in his bill, the baby robins, their
mouths distended eager for the worm;
The cat-bird, the bobolink, the whip-poor-will, the red-winged black-bird, the
oriole, the vireo, the junco, the scarlet tanager, the cuckoo, the pewee, the
finch, the lark, the ibis, and the nightingale.
I can hear them all.
Did you ever try to hear a robin sing?
I can also hear the factory whistle, the boom of the surf, the vibrant thrill of a
trolley-car rounding its curve, the splash of a river among its reeds, the oath
of a gin-soaked stevedore, the cry of a baby pricked by a safety-pin.
Did you ever try to beat an egg with a crocus stalk?
Try it!
You may enjoy it.
Then again you may not.

I feel the April mud on my ankles.

I do not feel it alone.

Others feel it.

The little boy feels it as he hurries to the kindergarten; the typewriter girl feels it squunch round her new Oxford ties; the greasy immigrant feels it as he slouches with his dinner-pail toward the quarry; the broker — his lips still warm with the good-by kiss of his wife — feels it.

I feel the Spring in every atom of my terrestrial being:

I feel it in my eyelashes; in my finger-nails;

In my left elbow; in a wen on the right-hand side of my nose, I feel it;

In my ten toes; in my nine fingers, — for one finger I lost on a buzz-saw when a boy.

In every particular and separate scintilla of me, myself, I feel the Spring.

Do you also feel it?

I hope so!

As William Wordsworth might have Sung.

I found a ragged peasant boy

Asleep upon the lea;

I said to him, "My peasant boy,

Now tell how this can be!"

Said he: "My father ploughs the fields,

My sister darns the stocking,

My mother scrubs the pots and pans, —

But sir, I fear you're mocking.

"So here upon this grassy hill

I tend the parish sheep;

You did not find me wide awake

Because I was asleep."

"My boy," cried I, "you thrill my heart

With joy this very minute,

Since you can spend your time in sleep

Or listen to the linnet.

"You win a greater blessing here

Than any sage can bring,

Or any dried philosopher, —
For here you breathe the Spring.”

But as I spoke he fell asleep
Beneath that budding tree;
I turned away again, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Edgar Allan Poe's idea of Spring.

An isle, like a leaf on a stagnant tarn,
Sleeps on the liquescent sea;
The brooding waters around it crawl
Like gnawing worms o'er a tree;
Like the writhing blood-red worms of Spring
At feast on a Spring-time tree.

The filmy air enshrouds this isle,
The woodlands are dank and cool;
No Zephyr fondles the cypress boughs,
Nor sweeps the scum from a pool;
No bird-note wakes the putrescent marsh,
There is only the laugh of a Ghoul
In his Spring-time sport with a Will o' the Wisp, —
A chuckling, midnight Ghoul;
In his dalliance here with a Will o' the Wisp, —
A blood-bedabbled Ghoul.

As Robert Louis Stevenson might have Sung.

At morning first I raise my head,
Then sit up in my little bed,
Look out my window toward the sky
Where great white clouds go trundling by.

I see the fields all bare and brown,
The muddy roads which lead to town,
The bobbing white-caps on the sea,
The tattooed sailors by the quay;

I hear a Robin Red-breast sing,
 I smell the pleasant smells of Spring;
 And then I dress and go to play
 Out in the sunshine all the day.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BIRD FIEND

I USED to love the birds, and to await eagerly their coming in the spring. The gleam of blue wing or of ruddy breast has always been the best tonic in the world after the long winter waiting, though, even through the whitest months, the caw of the crow has sounded with unextinguishable courage, and the splendid jay has taunted our pale skies with his tropical coloring. In many a waving meadow of long grass I have listened with joy to many a bobolink; in more than one dark, sequestered spot in the woods I have harkened with reverence to the incomparable note of the hermit thrush, which archangels might envy. The companionship of silent wing, and of alert watching eyes, I have shared gladly in many a solitude. I used to love the birds, but now I think I hate them.

This sorry change in me is the work of the Bird Fiend. Do not be alarmed. My title does not allude to any newly discovered existing species, nor have I unearthed the bones of any pre-historic fowl with cruel beak and unimaginable talons. The genus to which I allude is to be found sitting quietly on any modest hotel piazza in the mountains, on any summer afternoon, or meandering innocently through the forest. It is very numerous; it is far from fierce, and, though it multiplies with fearful rapidity, it does small harm to crops or trees. Many a pretty bit of scientific description could be written of the different varieties, perhaps as follows:—

Male: slender, dull-colored, with mild

blue eye, no plumage on the top of head. Habits, migratory. Mountains in summer, lecture or school-room in winter.

Female: short, bustling, somewhat grayish; plumage slightly draggled; keeps up a constant twitter; is seldom known to pair. Summer haunts, the hotels of New England.

Seriously, have not you, too, grown to dread those people of despotic minds and unwearied muscles who are finding out all about the birds? As for me, I have followed up baking mountain-sides, and down into slippery valleys at their beck and call; through many a luncheon or dinner I have listened with an aimless smile to minute disquisitions, when in reality I did not care whether the bird in question went on two legs or four; I have tired my eyes in study of bird books, where my old friends appear in horrible chromos, their delicate tints dyed to impossible combinations of crimson and magenta. When I am out of doors the beat of a swift wing, which used to bring me always a thrill of pleasure, makes me nervous. If an unknown note sounds over my head, I glance stealthily at my companions, hoping that they have not heard. Always I tiptoe lightly in forest and meadow, lest some new species start up. I dislike the song sparrow, turn my back upon the scarlet tanager, and shun the Baltimore oriole. I could almost assist at that crime which is hinted of modern Italy as something worthy of the land of the Borgias, — I could almost eat a nightingale. I cannot help recalling something which I heard once in a Southern pulpit, where an

eloquent clergyman was preaching in early spring; and there are times when I would that what he said were true. He meant to say, "The buds are bursting on the trees," but, to his chagrin, he twisted it into, "The birds are busting on the trees." A second attempt succeeded no better, and I can still hear the angry assertiveness of his third statement: "The birds *are* busting on the trees."

As apology for this vindictiveness I can only say that it is not caused by mere physical weariness, but also by dislike of mental dissipation resulting from this passion. How often are you nearing the most interesting point in a conversation when, hist! it is broken off, while your companion, finger on lip, crouches earthward or strains heavenward, silently absorbed, or whispering in the noisy quiet of the lady scientist. Now, as every one knows, ideas are far more shy even than birds, and many a choice flock of them have I known frightened away forever in the chase for more tangible wild fowl.

I object, too, to the mercenary nature of the interest. This emulation in regard to the mere number of birds seen seems to me no noble one. They show, these pseudo-scientists, a passion for higher figures which would shame a stock exchange. I have known rival parties to rise at dawn and plunge into wet wood or meadow, to see which could boast the longest list of birds seen in a given season; and I have heard reluctant confessions of having counted the ever-present crow and the domestic rooster in order to swell the numbers.

I object to the absurd actions, as well as to the absurd ideas, of these enthusiasts. I once observed a whole piazza full of people peeping, whistling in imitation of different bird-notes; then, even the bell-boy falling into line, flying with flapping arms and hands. I could not help being reminded of certain mythological tales: the Children of Lir, changed into swans with golden chains about their necks; the wicked King Tereus, turned into a hawk, forever pursuing Philomela,

become, for her sins, a nightingale; Procne, become a swallow; and I have wished that, if my contemporaries are to be changed into birds, the transformation, as in the earlier cases, could be immediate and complete.

After all, it is a prying, gossipy interest that these naturalists possess. They care only for the surface, not the soul of the bird; they are feather-brained all. I, who have loved the birds for their suggestiveness, their mystery, for their undiscovered routes of air, their long trail southward, their sure return, object to hearing so many unimportant bits of information. "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom?" was divinely asked long ago, and never answered. It annoys me to know how many spots this species has upon the breast, how many bars that other species wears upon the tail. My mind is not a scrap-basket, and isolated facts worry me until they gain significance by falling into place. I live in perpetual apprehension of new discoveries, as of new inventions. Who knoweth the path of the wild fowl? Alas! I fear that the answer will soon be, the Brothers Wright.

THAT FIRST MUSKRAT

WE had been called to fireside conference in order that we might most wisely spend the succeeding twenty-four hours, already appropriated in our general bill of the future to certain familiar covers and known cornfields. But we straightway left the morrow to the councils of the morrow, and went hunting again in yesterdays. We foregathered with mutual dog-friends of large virtues and intellectuals, and hailed again certain mighty grouse-hunters who ere this, in unknown but surely happy hunting-grounds, have had communion with other great ones among the followers of the son of Cush. We wandered much, after the fashion of the night-before hunts, along dear paths that I could not plot, that were careless of time and space. I give the red gods the offering of a thankful heart that this is

ever the way of those paths. For they are leading somewhere always, with no more unpleasant abruptness in the change from here to there than one may find in the joyous turning of a hill-road or the story told by a close-aldered stream as one follows in its arches.

One of these paths took a far sweep to a very early yesterday and to a great pasture, divided by a little river which furnished a wonderful swimming-pool. Many things we had done by that river for the first time, and I now made afresh one of my first conquests. For it was altogether of the way of this world we were in, that there should suddenly appear, just over the pleasantly running water of memory (and without the least surprise or incongruity), the nose of my first, fat, oily muskrat, at quite the spot where a boy's eye caught him, that dismal, drizzling day of early spring — down where the fence-wires crossed the brook and the waters went swiftly over small stones to the making of a pool under the high bank below; only it was then a freshet stream and all boiling.

When I met that muskrat again, I must needs stay with him till I brought him home. For it had been a long reach of time since I had seen him, and Leal nodded from across the fire that he remembered the way from that pool and he would go with me. That special journey home is even more pleasant to me now than when I first took it.

I had stopped the noble animal with duck-shot, back of which was so much powder and so well rammed that the tingle came in my shoulder, where something had happened, never diagnosed, when the old velocipede went to pieces — the race almost won. But that was remembered much later, for the capture was important, and the prize must needs be promptly secured in the network game-bag; which I can almost feel now as it slops heavily on my back for the three rainy miles on the railroad ties before I reached home. The wind was with me, and those more appreciative of fragrances

and their opposites would not have done as I did. It is not so hard now to have sympathy with the feeling of my blood relatives and next friends, to me-wards, when I had laid my quarry on the family work-bench, which, as respects the rest of the house, was not impenetrably environed. But at that time it seemed strange that their manner, though without bitterness, was so little like welcome; which manner, as I recall, became accentuated after I had begun the task of separating the muskrat from his valuable coat. Doubtless some importance should have been attached by me to the fact that this great work was interrupted for the space of two-days, while I made a visit to the country.

Even under pressure, memory does not definitely bring back the experiences following my return, except that I took up the task where I had left it off. There is no clear vision, among the pictures of the past, of a perfect pelt or a peltless form; but I do recall a great deal of discussion among my elders, not at all clear to me, concerning the peculiar structure and endowments of my prey and certain delicate surgeries much to be desired at the outset of my task, which (by inference) were adjudged to have been omitted. And I remember that, though it came off cold, the windows of the house were open much of the time for days, and my uncle's smoking of his very black cigars was most welcome to the other members of the family. This did not mean much to me, for I had lived very close to the muskrat and was without regrets. Would that my muse were competent to the high opportunity of the memory of these few days, and might in any way fitly take-up the theme of parental love and fraternal forbearance!

FROM AN AVERAGE WOMAN

It is comforting to find a contributor to the February *Atlantic* intimating that the real domestic problem is in print. That has been my own impression, but the hue

and cry — in print — has been so long and so persistent that I had almost begun to doubt. I have always considered myself an average American woman, but of late I have been curious to know how many women there are in America whose working hypothesis is similar to mine.

Perhaps it is only fair to state, before formulating my hypothesis, that I am a free sample of our much maligned modern education, a graduate of a public high school and of a New England college for women. I am mediæval enough to be glad that I studied both Latin and Greek. The effort I made to translate the thoughts of the immortals meant more to me than mere discipline; all along the way I received little flashes of inspiration and illumination which enrich and sweeten life for me even to-day.

I have no quarrel with my alma mater, as has one of my contemporaries with hers, because she did not teach me "that if one is able to afford two vegetables with one's joint, they had better not be rice and potatoes." I learned that in my mother's home before I went to college, together with other domestic accomplishments, including the making of bread and the darning of stockings. Bread-making I consider of economic importance in my own home, and I look upon darning as "a good restin' job" (to quote my colored maid), very favorable to meditation.

My college training, whatever else it may have accomplished, and however faulty it may have been, has made me immune to boredom. It has also transformed in me the vulnerable snow-white of innocence to the invulnerable sunlight of scientific knowledge. This important transformation took place in the laboratories of botany and zoölogy, where there flashed upon me a knowledge of myself which has resulted in a sounder body and a saner mind. Quite aside from this, college increased my earning power, my sense of responsibility, my joy in literature and in life.

For five years after graduation I was a business woman, very happy in my work;

but I have been far more happy in my five years of married life, and more independent than when in business. I have a housekeeping allowance and one for my personal needs, as regular as my salary used to be; I have the control of my time, my work is not so monotonous, and my workshop is what I choose to make it. I do not feel like a "paid housekeeper," nor "an unpaid domestic."

Now for my hypothesis: I believe that housework is an interesting and worthy craft, and that the majority of women, those who are not fitted for a career, enjoy it, or would if it were considered fashionable. I believe that housekeeping is a stimulating profession. I believe that home-making is an art. I believe that motherhood is a divine mission. All these are platitudes; is there any woman, out of print, who really has a different opinion?

I believe that marriage is a life-partnership, to be entered upon only where there is mutual liking as well as love; a partnership of square dealing and equally shared responsibilities, dissoluble only by death, or by some disease, moral or physical, more dire than death.

It seems to me only reasonable that a young woman should not marry unless she is both able and willing to keep house; even as she studies typewriting and shorthand before taking a position as stenographer. There are schools of domestic science reasonable in price, if one cannot learn at home. Why should not the question of the young woman's father, "Can you support her in the style to which she is accustomed?" be supplemented by one from the young man's mother: "Can you so administer my son's salary that he will have as comfortable a home with you as with me?"

I believe — and here I may be considered a rank heretic, even by other average women — that housewives do not have a monopoly of the drudgery of life. My personal definition of drudgery is compulsory work that one does not know how to do well. "What one can do is always pleasant to do," says no less an au-

thority than Robert Louis Stevenson. Nor is the varied routine of the work of a house more monotonous than heating one iron bar after another, hour after hour, day after day, for instance; or adding up one column of figures after another. To my mind, who have tried both, the reading and editing of manuscripts grows monotonous and wearing sooner than the doing of all my "own work" without a maid.

Possibly women are less able to bear monotony than men, but if they are it is time they kept it to themselves. Women will do work far more monotonous and fatiguing, and even housework itself, to beautify the face or form or reduce the "tonnage;" — at least, women in print will (see the "Beauty Columns" in those most humorous of publications, pages and journals for women and the home).

In the conduct of my household I have dealings with the Chinaman, the Italian, the Greek, the African, the sons and daughters of Ireland and Germany. All the problems of race and creed are at my back door, and I am willing to follow where they lead; but if I do, and if I continue to make old age less a barren waste for the aged in my home, and start the young in the right way to independence and happiness, and share my home with all the relatives and friends who have a claim upon my hospitality, am I neglecting the "real work of the world"? I ask in all humility, for myself and for all the average women I represent, who rejoice with me that there are women of larger leisure and greater ability to espouse the cause of the working girl, and the child who should not work, and to secure better conditions in town and state.